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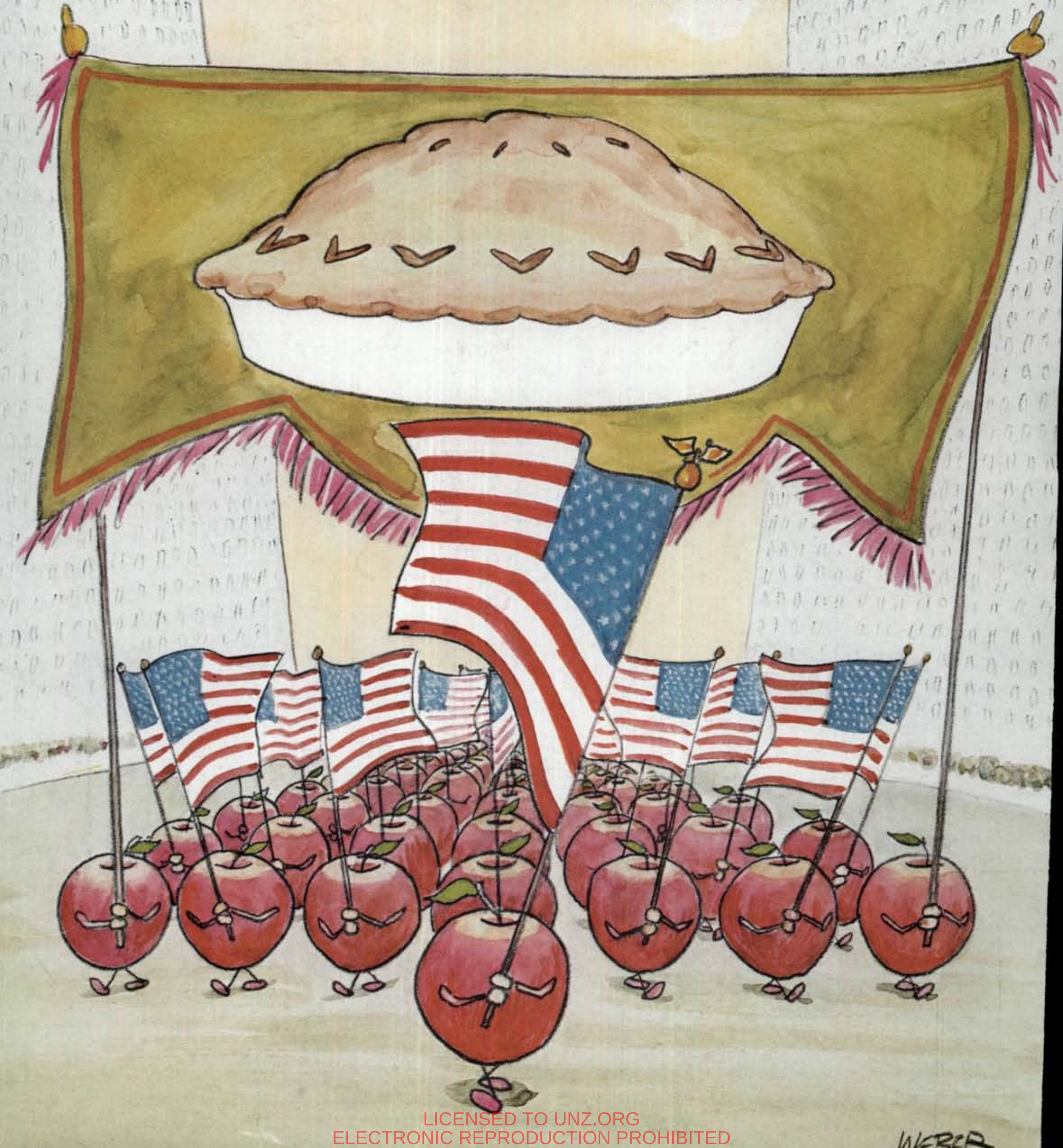

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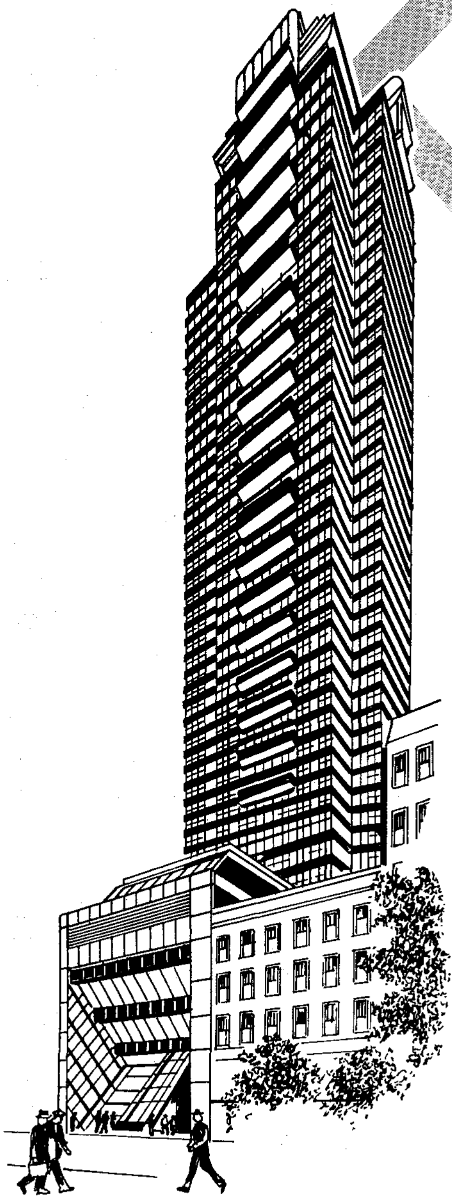

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

All Over Town—A crippled farce by Murray Schisgal. Eleven doors in a set are witty, but not witty enough. Directed by Dustin Hoffman. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Chicago—A musical that has nothing to do with its name and that intermittently comes to life, thanks to Gwen Verdon, Chita Rivera, and Jerry Orbach. Bob Fosse directed and choreographed. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

A Chorus Line—Twenty-four young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. This brilliant, innovative musical—conceived, choreographed, and directed by Michael Bennett—is a loving salute to the theatre and to every struggling actor who aspires to be part of it. The performances by the entire company are as near perfect as makes no matter, and so is the entire production. Score by Marvin Hamlisch, lyrics by Edward Kleban, book by James Kirkwood and Nicholas Dante, setting by Robin Wagner, costumes by Theoni V. Aldredge, and lighting by Tharon Musser. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Dance with Me—A musical mingling of real life and fantasy at a subway stop in Manhattan. Written by and starring Greg Antonacci, aided by members of a young and lively group that calls itself the La Mama Plexus Company. (Mayfair, 235 W. 46th St. 391-0063. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Death of a Salesman—George C. Scott in a superlative performance as poor, dying Willy Loman. With Teresa Wright, James Farentino, and Harvey Keitel. Directed by Mr. Scott. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7.30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Diamond Studs—A country-and-Western version of a life of Jesse James; the life doesn't bear close examination but is great fun to listen to. In a cabaret setting. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3 and Wednesday, July 9, at 2.)

Equus—Peter Shaffer's continuously exciting melodrama about a boy who mutilates six horses in the very act of worshipping them. With Anthony Perkins and Thomas Hulce, directed by John Dexter. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except July 2, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Friday, July 4.)

The First Breeze of Summer—The Negro Ensemble Company's wonderful production of Leslie Lee's interesting play about a crucial weekend in the lives of a fairly prosperous black family. Under Douglas Turner Ward's masterly direction, all the acting is good, and that of Frances Foster, Moses Gunn, and a young man called Reyno especially so. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 2:30.)

Not to Worry—A play by A. E. Santaniello. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Ritz—Terrence McNally's ingenious farce about the travails of a frightened heterosexual garbage collector in a homosexual bathhouse. Doesn't sound much like "Martin Chuzzlewit"? No, that's right, it doesn't. With Jack Weston and Rita Moreno. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursday, July 3, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

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Rodgers & Hart—Many samples of the handiwork of a great team of songwriters. What ought to be a zestful evening goes curiously flat. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Rubbers and Yanks 3 Detroit 0 Top of the Seventh—The management is extending the run and is now inviting nonsubscribers to this brace of funny one-acters by Jonathan Reynolds. In the second and better of the two, Tony Lo Bianco is splendid as a pitcher losing his control professionally and personally. Alan Arkin was the evening's expert director. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Same Time, Next Year—A new playwright named Bernard Slade has invented an erector set of one-liners that should last a lifetime. With Ellen Burstyn and Charles Grodin, directed by Gene Saks. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Shenandoah—Even thirty years ago, this would have been an old-fashioned musical. The star is John Cullum, who sings his dull songs beautifully. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Sherlock Holmes—A bright revival, under Frank Dunlop's direction, of the William Gillette classic. John Neville is the great, ice-cold ratiocinator. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 246-6699. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

What Every Woman Knows—An agreeable revival of the J. M. Barrie play. (Roundabout

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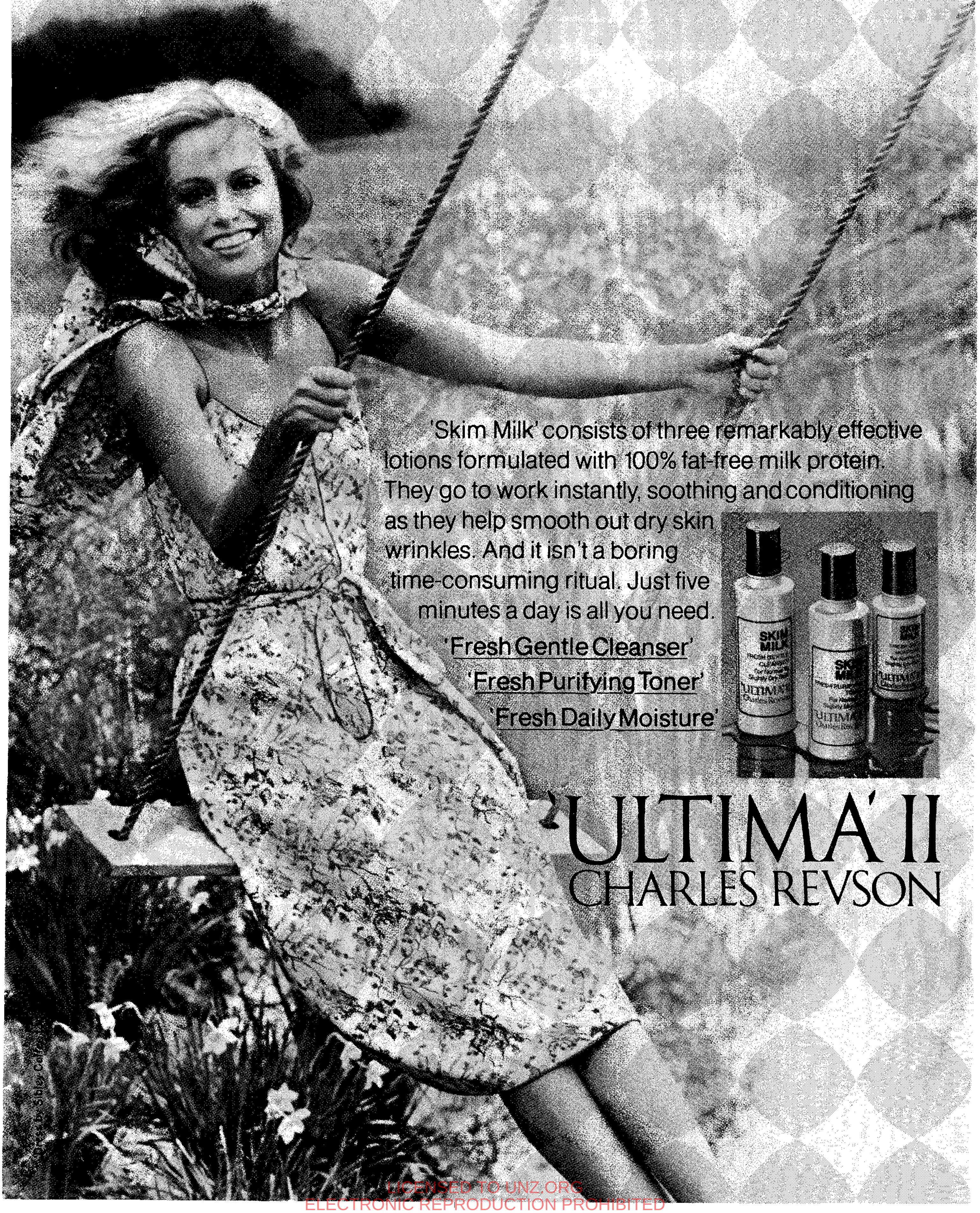
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

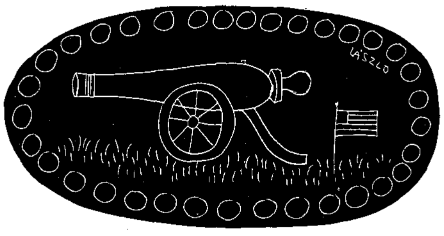
Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

The Wiz—An all-black production of a musical version of "The Wizard of Oz," with gorgeous scenery and costumes, tiresome music, and several first-rate performances. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**absurd person singular:** Three neatly linked and extremely funny comedies by the English playwright Alan Ayckbourn. With Geraldine Page, Paul Shyre, Carole Shelley, Fritz Weaver, Carol Lynley, and Curt Dawson. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **candide:** A triumphant version of the once-doomed Bernstein-Wilbur-Voltaire musical. Voltaire still comes out last, but it doesn't matter. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **the fantasticks:** 6,321 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **godspell:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **grease:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **the hot l baltimore:** Lanford Wilson's play about the assorted seedy residents of a once good hotel, now shabby and threatened by bulldozers, is synthetic and sugary, but it is quite entertaining, too. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **the magic show:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks by Doug Henning make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.). . . **pippin:** A big but skimpy musical that the director and choreographer Bob Fosse has turned into his very own "War and Peace," with everything but a yacht race. Eric Berry and Michael Rupert play Charlemagne and his son. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **raisin:** A jaunty and heartwarming musical has been made out of Lorraine Hansberry's old-fashioned play about a black Chicago family on its way to white-middle-class mediocrity. Directed and choreographed by Donald McKayle. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

BALLET

American Ballet Theatre—Wednesday through Friday evenings, July 2-4, and Saturday matinée, July 5: "Raymonda.". . . ¶ Saturday evening, July 5: "La Bayadère," "Pillar of Fire," "Don Quixote Pas de Deux," and "Concerto.". . . ¶ Monday evening, July 7: "La Bayadère," "Pillar of Fire," "Le Corsaire Pas de Deux," and "Concerto.". . . ¶ Tuesday evening, July 8: "Les Sylphides," "Epilogue" (première), "Jardin aux Lilas," and "Theme and Variations.". . . ¶ Wednesday evening, July 9: "La Bayadère," "Gemini," "Epilogue," and "Concerto.". . . ¶ Thursday evening, July 10: "The River," "Le Corsaire Pas de Deux," "Undertow," and "Les Noces.". . . ¶ Friday evening, July 11: "Theme and Variations," "Epilogue," "Jardin aux Lilas," and "Les Noces.". . . ¶ Saturday matinée and evening, July 12: "Swan Lake." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2. Through Saturday, Aug. 9.)



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Les Ballets Trockadero de Monte Carlo—"Swan Lake," "Snowflakes," "Siberiana," and "Carmen." (Vandam, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. Thursday through Sunday at 8. Closes Sunday, July 6. For tickets, call 675-0498.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which boldface type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.)

Arthur's Tavern, 57 Grove St. (CH 2-9468)—A pleasant, low-keyed little hideaway just off Sheridan Square, frequented on Monday nights by feverish devotees of Chicago jazz and Dixieland. The Monday-night band, known as the Grove Street Stompers, is composed of avocational musicians: they may just be tired businessmen when they begin, but by eleven-thirty or so, they have taken on the loose and limber and perspiring attributes of authentic jazzmen. The rest of the week—Tuesday through Saturday—is claimed by singer and pianist Mabel Godwin from nine to three. Closed Sundays.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Tenorman Charles Rouse heads up a quintet through Saturday, July 5. On Monday and Tuesday, July 7-8, Danny Moore plays trumpet in front of a lively but not too adventurous quartet. On Wednesday, July 9, stalwart altoist and flutist **sonny fortune** begins leading a quintet that features Charles Sullivan on trumpet. Music from nine-forty-five to three. Closed Sundays.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—**muddy waters** was first recorded by folklorist Alan Lomax on a Mississippi plantation in 1941. A couple of years later, Waters (his real name is McKinley Morganfield) landed in Chicago, where he began playing the rural blues he learned in the Delta from Son House on an electric guitar, and the resulting product was called Chicago blues. Many important Chicago bluesmen—notably, Otis Spann, James Cotton, Big Walter, and Little Walter—have passed through the ranks of Waters' band, and Waters is here singing and inspiring his audience and his latest band on Wednesday, July 2. **buddy guy** and **junior wells**—two Waters alumni, themselves—work with their own lively blues band Thursday through Sunday, July 3-6. Monday through Wednesday, July 7-9, two lightweight-rock teams—the Hudson Brothers and the Beau Brummels—trade sets. On Thursday, July 10, singer Esther Phillips begins cutting loose some Dinah Washington-inspired soul numbers. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dinner.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—**jimmy rowles** is again at the piano here, serving up the same lilting, unexpected single-note figures with their curious tipped-up ends, the rich, revolving chords, and the constant, loping swinging. The fine bassist Bill Takas helps out. Through Saturday, July 12, from about ten until two-thirty. On Sundays, from nine-thirty to one, **jaki byard,** a mansion with many rooms, is present with Major Holley. Dinner.

Buddy's Place, 133 W. 33rd St. (736-2888)—**dizzy gillespie** is at the helm of a sparks-flying, stampeding eighteen-piece band that could easily cut almost every other organization around—in spite of the fact that Gillespie's band is only a two-week-long project (through Saturday, July 5) and that most of the charts are at least twenty-five years old. Unsmudged by trendiness, Gillespie's arrangements eschew the current big-band pitfalls of anemic rock riffs or misguided, inappropriate arrangements of Carole King songs. Gillespie does utilize percussion and a conga player—fashionable assets, to be sure—but his use of Afro-Cuban rhythms predated most of the African- and Latin-percussion movements in this country of the last fifteen or more years. Gillespie, as always, chuckles, clowns, and dances in front of the band, but the drunks in the audiences in this Vegas-flavored club don't seem to realize that he's dead serious about his music. They go right ahead and yell out "Hey, Diz," or "Play it, Diz," or talk during the numbers. On Monday, July 7, **woody herman** arrives with his latest crop of graduates from North Texas State University and other jazz-degree-bestowing schools. The Herman herd works opposite guitarist and, lately, funky singer George Benson. Shows at nine-thirty and midnight. Supper. Closed Sundays.

Cookery—21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—**helen humes** is back, with everything in perfect alignment—the voice, the phrasing, the timing, the confidence. Her accompanists are pianist Jerry Wiggins, an Art Tatum admirer, and Johnny Williams, a fine bassist. . . . ¶ Still another fine singer has reappeared here, but on Sundays only—**nancy harrow,** a Mildred Bailey-Billie Holiday singer, with a small, direct voice, a genteel vibrato, and a neat, canny way of phrasing. She is backed by the accomplished pianist Richard Wyands and by bassist Richard Davis. Music from eight-thirty to one. Dining.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The third version, and an attractive one. The house band, which begins after nine, is made up of Ed Polcer, Vic Dickenson, Herbie Hall, Jim Andrews, Red Balaban (a bassist and the owner of the club), and Ronnie Cole. On Tuesday, July 8, veteran tenor saxophonist Al Klink is the guest musician. Red Richards mans the piano nightly from seven to three-thirty, and alternates with the sextet from nine-thirty. Closed Sundays.

Five Spot, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (730-9270)—**cecil taylor** ends his strenuous, long-distance performances here on Sunday, July 6, along with his accompanists—drummer Andrew Cyrille and saxophonist Jimmy Lyons—who ably keep pace with him. Starting Tuesday, July 8, drummer **art blakey** and the Jazz Messengers will light into a program of more familiar and considerably more relaxed jazz. The music begins after ten. . . . ¶ On Mondays: **dave mathews'** twelve-piece band, made up of studio musicians who range from their twenties to their forties. Music from nine-thirty to two. Chinese and American food.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—An up-to-date version of the neighborhood pub. Twenty-three-year-old stride stylist and Ellington fancier **brooks kerr** works with and learns from drummer **sonny greer,** who began his relationship with Ellington in 1919, and saxophonist **russell procope,** who joined the Ellington reed section in 1945. Wednesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty to three. Mondays and Tuesdays from ten to three, alto saxophonist **lee konitz** swaps ideas with pianist Dick Katz and bassist John Beal. Pianist **al haig** plays from six to nine every night but Sunday, when he is joined by guitarist Sam Brown and bassist Jamil Nasser for a few sets from four-thirty to nine-thirty.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—**roy eldridge** is sixty-four, his hair is whitish, and he wears thick glasses, but the old drive is still there. His accompanists—Dick Katz or Cyril Haynes on piano, Eddie Locke on drums, Major Holley on bass, Joe Muranyi on reeds, and Bobby Pratt on trombone—provide camouflage for Eldridge during the early part of the evening and ballast during the later part. Music from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Max Kaminsky takes charge of a group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Jim Smith's Village Corner, 142 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl. (473-9762)—A cheerful bar on one of the corners where the Village meets N.Y.U.'s academic industrial park. Pianist Lance Hayward plays nightly, except Wednesdays, and is joined on Sundays by singer Jane Valentine. Jim Roberts is the

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Wednesday-night pianist. Live sounds from nine-thirty to three.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Tania Maria, a Brazilian singer-pianist backed by two percussionists—Boto and Helio—alternates with guitarist Eddie Hazell's trio. Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen to one. Closed Sundays; on Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dinner and supper.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—Some intricate, super-cool, rhythm-and-blues is offered up by bassist Gordon Edwards, guitarist Cornell Dupree, pianist Richard Tee, tenorman Charlie Brown, and drummer Chris Parker; through Thursday, July 10. Their music is of the puristic, early- and mid-fifties variety—the basic and raw materials, untarnished by sixties and seventies rock-and-roll inflections or soul mannerisms. Friday and Saturday, July 11-12, guitarist Joe Beck and alto saxophonist Dave Sanborn collaborate on some rock-jazz numbers. Music from ten until three. Dinner.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Known for years as the Bitter End, these revamped quarters have preserved only the abused-looking brick walls and a multitude of posters, plastered everywhere, which announce coming attractions at the old club. The most noticeable changes or refinements: the school-day pews have been pulled out and replaced with infinitely more comfortable tables and chairs, and the list of ice-cream concoctions has been discarded and replaced by a wine list and a menu that features ham-and-cheese sandwiches and Perrier. The double-bill entertainment policy has been retained, although many of the opening acts still tend to be relatively unknown and, sometimes, futureless performers. The adjacent restaurant, also called the Other End, offers more casual proceedings, with fledgling folksingers and other musical types presented after ten. **Ramblin' Jack Elliott**, easily Flatbush's most convincing cowpoke, grunts and picks and hoots and sings blues, train, and night-herding songs in his kindly, reassuring way through Thursday, July 3. Friday through Sunday, July 4-6, there will be a mini-folk festival, featuring local Village folkies. On Monday and Tuesday, July 7-8, **Tracy Nelson**, whose voice was one of the wonders of late-sixties rock, sings (one hopes she won't be over-miked) with her band. Starting Wednesday, July 9, folksinger Jim Dawson will alternate with singer Bill Crystal. Shows begin after nine and eleven-thirty.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—**Earl Hines**, a patriarch of modern jazz pianists, holds forth with his little band and vocalist Marva Josie, at nine-fifteen and eleven-thirty every night, except Sunday. Dining and dancing.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—Woody Guthrie, who wrote songs about dams, migrant workers, and rambling around, also wrote a song about this sixty-five-story perch: "This Rainbow Room she's mighty fine/You can spit from here to th' Texas line!" According to Guthrie in his autobiography, "Bound for Glory," he improvised the lyrics while he was auditioning for an engagement at the club in the early forties. The management didn't much like the song, and Guthrie, as it happened, didn't much like the management, which had urged him to brighten up his act by prancing about in a Pierrot costume. Guthrie's song ended, "The Rainbow Room is sixty [*sic*] stories high, they say—/It's a long way back to the U.S.A." Since then, the club's entertainment policy seems to have grown up a bit. Composer and arranger **Sy Oliver** is currently leading a fine orchestra from seven every night but Sunday. Dinner.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—The most exotic night spot for blocks and blocks, with an enthusiastic clientele and a reverence for just about anything campy. Mary Bracken Phillips, a singer who has toured with Michel Legrand, trades sets with folkie David Patrick Kelly's band, Toïvo, and with gospel singer Gerri Griffin through Saturday, July 5. On Tuesday, July 8, country-and-Southern singer Larry Jon Wilson begins alternating with **Wendy Waldman**, a singer and composer from southern California. Waldman's songs are first-rate and original, and her lyrics are almost never pretentious; her live performances are wonderfully loose, direct, and seemingly spontaneous—qualities lacking on her records, which suffer from overproduction. Shows at nine and midnight. Mondays are showcases for new talent. Dining. Closed Sundays.

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St. James Infirmary, 22 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (675-1343)—The music is very much alive and kicking. Trumpeter **Chet Baker** sits in with the capable resident rhythm section—pianist (and proprietor) Hod O'Brian, drummer Beaver Harris, and bassist Cameron Brown—occasionally doing a relaxed, front-of-the-throat vocal. (Baker's two favorites seem to be "My Funny Valentine," a hard song for any vocalist, to say nothing of vocalizing trumpet players, to bring off, and "There Will Never Be Another You.") Wednesday through Sunday, July 2-6, and Friday through Sunday, July 11-13. On Wednesday and Thursday, July 9-10, trombonist Marshall Brown pays a visit. On Monday nights, singer **Joe Lee Wilson**, who is tall and solid and has enough presence to dispel a riot, works with a small, fifties-sounding group of jazzmen led by saxophonist Monty Waters. Wilson fires off dazzling versions of "Four" and "Miles" (known to many as "Milestones"), both Miles Davis tunes; he can make an old chestnut like "Moonlight in Vermont" sound like tomorrow's nervous breakdown; and he does what may be the loosest, gutsiest "Summertime" since Billie Holiday got hold of it in 1936. Music from about ten. Through Sunday, July 6, Beaver Harris and some other fine musicians, known collectively as the 360 Degree Music Experience, play from five to nine. Closed Tuesdays.

Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—On Mondays and Tuesdays, **Chet Baker** returns to this attractive and darkly lit home base. His young and enthusiastic cohorts sometimes forget what page they are on, but they keep him afloat from nine-thirty to two. Altoist **Lee Konitz** takes command of a nine-piece band on Wednesdays, and **Howard McGhee** works with a quartet on Thursday, July 3. On Friday and Saturday, July 4-5, vibraharpist Warren Chiasson leads a trio, and on Friday and Saturday, July 11-12, **Attila Zoller**, a spirited and lyrical guitarist, will perform with his trio. Sundays, from nine to two, are given over to the guitar duo of **Joe Puma** and **Chuck Wayne**, who exchange more notes than there are begats.

1886
ST. GEORGE GREEK ORTHODOX
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Studio 77/Ali's Alley, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—**Rashied Ali**, an amazingly gifted percussionist (and proprietor of this SoHo loft), performs with his intense, free-form sextet. Music from ten to three, except Mondays. Soul food and non-alcoholic beverages.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—An airy, spacious restaurant with clear-varnished pine-panelled walls, a picture window filled with lush hanging plants, a black-marble-topped bar, and an acoustically perfect corner where the musicians—lately bass players and their cohorts—are to be found. Bassist **Michael Moore** pilots his own trio through Sunday, July 6. On Wednesday, July 9, **Ron Carter** comes in with a pianist. Music from nine on Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays.

Tangerine, 1057 Lexington Ave., at 75th St. (861-2521)—**Ellis Larkins** has landed in this bar-and-grill that echoes the thirties and forties, and is wheeling out his feathered and bejewelled Art Tatum ruminations on an in-tune upright. The fine Wilbur Little is on bass. Be advised that though Larkins' playing is mighty his sets are mini. Tuesdays through Saturdays from ten until three.

Tin Palace, 325 Bowery, at 2nd St. (674-0566)—**Lee Konitz** has put together a nine-piece band that plays here on Sundays and Thursdays and at Stryker's on Wednesdays—a heedless, flying, joyous group that has plenty of bottom and an assortment of grand soloists, the best being Konitz and the great Jimmy Knepper, who has become the premier trombonist in jazz. John Eckhardt and Dave Berger are among the superb new crop of young and imaginative trumpeters. On Tuesdays and Wednesdays, **Attila Zoller**, a fine, lyrically swinging guitar picker, leads a trio. Drummer **Roy Haynes** takes his sturdy, youthful quintet through some familiar and still moving numbers on Fridays and Saturdays. Music from ten-thirty. Dinner.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Lonnie Liston Smith and the Cosmic Echoes warm up their electric appliances Tuesdays through Sundays from ten to two.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—Smoky, stuffy, and cramped, this illustrious basement institution continues to present some of the best jazzmen in the world. **Elvin Jones**, a powerhouse percussionist, winds up a stint with his quintet on Sunday, July 6. On Tuesday, July 8, guitarist **Kenny Burrell** arrives with a quartet. On Mondays, the **Thad Jones-Mel Lewis** big band ambles in, assembles itself, lets loose, and sometimes—but not often enough—blasts off. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Convenient to a New York City truck route but not much else, this bar has red Afro-psychedelic walls, hundreds of gold Christmas-tree ornaments hanging from the ceiling, and a tiny (about five by ten feet) soul-food kitchen. Other assets: Mondays through Wednesdays, Richard Sussman is at the keyboard, and Thursdays through Sundays, pianist Nat Jones works with a bassist. Music from eight until two.

West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A wood-and-brick-walled retreat primarily patronized by Columbia students, who seek out neither folk nor rock nor glitter. It is jazz—and somewhat old-fashioned jazz at that. Mondays and Tuesdays, trumpeter Franc Williams, Eddie Durham on trombone and electric guitar, pianist Ram Ramirez, and drummer Shelton Gary take the stand. Wednesdays and Thursdays, **Tiny Grimes**, a four-string tenor guitarist, plays bebopping blues with bassist Ted Sturgis and Shelton Gary. Fridays are turned over to five bop-oriented musicians, and Saturday and Sunday, July 5-6, 2 Tenor Boogie, with pianist **Sammy Price**, tenor saxophonists Paul Quinichette and George Kelly, and drummer Ditto, takes over the bandstand. Music from nine to one.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS

Newport Jazz Festival-New York—Final performances. For information about tickets to anything, anywhere (and the concerts are taking place in four halls and on a ferryboat), call 787-2020—Wednesday, July 2, at 7:30: Dave Brubeck and Two Generations of Brubeck, Paul Desmond, and, from Czechoslovakia, System Tandem. (Carnegie Hall.) . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 2, at 7:30: The Gato Barbieri Ensemble and Chuck Mangione's quartet. (Avery Fisher Hall.) . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 2, at 11:30: Stanley Turrentine, John Klemmer, and Hampton Hawes. (Carnegie Hall.) . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 2, at 11:30: "An Evening with Stan Getz and His Friends," with Charlie Byrd, Gary Burton, João Gilberto, Jimmy Rowles, Mabel Mercer, and others. (Avery Fisher Hall.) . . . ¶ Thursday, July 3, at 7:30: Jon Lucien, George Benson's quintet, and Milt Jackson. (Carnegie Hall.) . . . ¶ Thursday, July 3, at 7:30: Thelonious Monk's quartet, Keith Jarrett's quartet, and Oregon. (Avery Fisher Hall.) . . . ¶ Thursday, July 3, at 11:30: Ramsey Lewis's trio, Max Roach, and the J. C. White Singers. (Carnegie Hall.) . . . ¶ Thursday, July 3, at 11:30: Cleo Laine and John Dankworth. (Avery Fisher Hall.) . . . ¶ Friday, July 4, at 7:30: McCoy Tyner's quintet, Rahsaan Roland Kirk's quartet, and the Vibration Society. (Carnegie Hall.) . . . ¶ Friday, July 4, at 7:30: "Schlitz Salute to the Jazz Hall of Fame," with Barney Bigard, Bobby Hackett, Earl Hines, Jo Jones, Red Norvo, Joe Venuti, Teddy Wilson, Jabbo Smith, Milt Hinton, Oliver Jackson, and Vic Dickenson. (Avery Fisher Hall.) . . . ¶ Friday, July 4, at 11:30: Lionel Hampton, Milt Buckner, Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis, Panama Francis, Sarah McLawler, Richard Otto, Randy Brecker, and Sylvia Syms. (Carnegie Hall.) . . . ¶ Friday, July 4, at 11:30: Sonny Rollins and Bobbi Humphrey. (Avery Fisher Hall.) . . . ¶ Saturday, July 5, at 7:30: Stan Kenton's orchestra and Candido and Woody Herman's orchestra. (Carnegie Hall.) . . . ¶ Saturday, July 5, at 7:30: Donald Byrd and the Blackbyrds, Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers, and Tania Maria with Boto and Helio (a Brazilian trio). (Avery Fisher Hall.) . . . ¶ Saturday, July 5, at 8: "Schlitz Saturday Night Salute to Soul and Jazz," with the O'Jays, the Isley Brothers, Harold Melvin & the Blue Notes, Herbie Mann and the Family of Mann, Return to Forever (with Chick Corea and Stanley Clarke). (Nassau Coliseum.) . . . ¶ Saturday, July 5, at 11:30: Maynard Ferguson's orchestra and Bill Watrous & Manhattan Wildlife Refuge. (Carnegie Hall.) . . . ¶ Saturday, July 5, at 11:30: "An Evening with Sarah Vaughan." (Avery Fisher Hall.) . . . ¶ Sunday, July 6, at 10:30, 1, and 3:30: A Hudson River boat ride on a ferryboat with Papa French and the Original Tuxedo Jazz Band, from New Orleans, and Michel Attenoux (of France). . . . ¶ Sunday, July 6, at 8: Cecil Taylor's trio. (Carnegie Hall.) . . . ¶ Sunday, July 6, at 8: "Schlitz *Sunday Night Salute to Soul and Jazz*," with the Stylistics, B. B. King, New Birth, B. T. Express, Cannonball Adderley, and Oliver Canidy. (Nassau Coliseum.) Once again, for information about tickets to any of this, call 787-2020.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will be closed Friday, July 4.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

WINSTON BRANCH—Oils and gouaches by a young St. Lucia-born artist whose works reflect both his Caribbean heritage and the influence of Francis Bacon; first one-man show in New York. Through July 31. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Open Friday, July 4.)

REUBEN NAKIAN—Bronze and terra-cotta figures, plus some drawings, by this well-known Expressionist sculptor. Through July 31. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

DAVID SMYTH—Eleven drawings, done with a few ruled pastel strokes on a dark background. Through July 31. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St.)

JEAN XCERON (1890-1967)—Neat, small-scale abstract watercolors, and a few larger oils. Through Saturday, July 12. (Zarre, 20 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **ACQUAVELLA**, 18 E. 79th St.: Sculptures by Willard Boepple, David Smith, and Anthony Caro, together with paintings by Olitski, Matta, and others. Through July 31. . . . **ALONZO**, 26 E. 63rd St.: Works in various mediums by Lionel Gilbert, Frank Metz, Alice Valenstein, and others. Through July 31. . . . **ELKON**, 1063 Madison

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Ave., at 80th St.: Painters and sculptors whose recent work is on exhibit include John Wesley, Charles Arnoldi, and Isaac Witkin. Through July 31. . . . **GIMPEL**, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Paintings completed in the forties and fifties by eight first-generation Abstract Expressionists from the New York School: Brooks, Gottlieb, Gorky, Hofmann, Kline, Pollock, Reinhardt, and Tomlin. Through July 18. . . . **KNOEDLER CONTEMPORARY ART**, 19 E. 70th St.: Paintings by a group including Motherwell, Stella, and Poons. Through July 31. . . . **KORNBLEE**, 58 E. 79th St.: Janet Fish, Malcolm Morley, and Dan Flavin are among the painters and sculptors whose work is on view in a show of highlights from exhibits the gallery has held over the last twelve years. Through Friday, July 11. (Closed Mondays.). . . **NICHOLLS**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: "Flora and Fauna," a show of cartoons, magazine-cover designs, and watercolors by Charles Addams, Peter Arno, Whitney Darrow, Jr., Charles E. Martin, Warren Miller, Frank Modell, Mary Petty, George Price, Charles Saxon, William Steig, James Stevenson, and Barney Tobey. Through July 18. (Mondays through Fridays, noon to 5.). . . **RAYDON**, 1091 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.: An exhibition in honor of the hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of the National Academy of Design, with works covering the full span of years by artists associated with the academy. They include A. H. Wyant, Hiram Powers, and William Glackens. Through July 31. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.). . . **SCHOELKOPF**, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Among a group of realist paintings by artists who haven't had solo shows is one by Fred Gutzeit that brings the viewer face-to-face—nose-to-nose, really—with a large, questioning-looking Labrador retriever who sits on a pavement strewn with ripe bananas. Through Friday, July 11. (Closed Mondays.). . . **WEYHE**, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.: Paintings and sculptures by Maurer, Ganso, Maillol, and others. Through July 31.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

EDWARD HICKS (1780-1849)—A benefit loan exhibition of paintings by the American folk artist, who devoted himself to literal illustrations of Quaker homilies (lions lying down with lambs, for instance). Through July 26. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Open Saturdays.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **ARRAS**, 29 W. 57th St.: Tapestries, sculptures, and paintings by Norman Laliberté, Kosso Eloul, Jeff Hoare, and others. Through Sept. 5. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **ESMAN**, 29 W. 57th St.: A showing of works by gallery artists who will have one-man shows here later in the year, among them William Fares (geometric abstractions), Ed Kerns (collages), and Nina Yankowitz, who is represented by a painting done in rows of colorful acrylic drippings (they look like musical notations) on a coarsely woven, unstretched fabric. Through July 31. . . . **FRUMKIN**, 41 E. 57th St.: Regular gallery artists, including Philip Pearlstein and Joan Brown, along with guest exhibitors. Through July 31. (Mondays through Fridays, noon to 5.). . . **KENNEDY**, 40 W. 57th St.: The American West depicted in various mediums by Charles M. Russell, Frederic Remington, and others. Through July 15. . . . **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by such artists as Margit Varga, William Palmer, and Robert Vickrey. Through July 31. . . . **SCHAEFER**, 41 E. 57th St.: Contemporary Aubusson tapestries by (for instance) Sonia Delaunay, Alexander Calder, and Man Ray. Through July 31. (Closed Mondays.). . . **ZABRISKIE**, 29 W. 57th St.: Three artists (Lloyd Hamrol, Anne Healy, and Athena Tacha), who usually show outdoor sculptures, are here exhibiting models, studies, slides, and photographs of their projects. Through July 31.

GALLERIES—SoHo

GROUP SHOWS—At the **ARIADNE**, 410 West Broadway: Oil paintings by seven new talents. Through Saturday, July 5. . . . **HOFFMAN**, 429 West Broadway: Paintings by Don Eddy, sculptures by Rafael Ferrer, and drawings by Juan Gonzalez. Through July 31. . . . **HUNDRED ACRES**, 456 West Broadway: Cynthia Carlson, John Baeder, and others, exhibiting one work on canvas and one work on paper apiece. Through July 25. (Mondays through Fridays, noon to 5.). . . **LAMAGNA**, 380 West Broadway:

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Paintings, sculptures, and works on paper by seven artists. Through July 25. . . . **O. K. HARRIS**, 383 West Broadway: Four sheaves of pale color done in vertical brush-strokes directly on a white wall, by Ken Wade, and a wall construction nearly forty feet long, by Ralph Hilton, that makes a convincing stab at formulating a bird language, are among the works being shown here by a group of invited artists. Through July 18. (Mondays through Fridays, 11:30 to 5.). . . **WEBER**, 420 West Broadway: Gallery artists showing paintings, sculptures, and a group-made conceptual mural. Through July 31. . . . **YU**, 393 West Broadway: Works by nine artists include paintings of huge, overflowing jelly spoons, by Kaoru Veda, and of outsize tropical fish, by Wendy Meng, plus inventive bronze-and-stone sculptures, by David Phillips. Through Wednesday, July 9. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

OTHER GALLERIES

JAMES DENMARK—Watercolors. Through July 15. (Acts of Art, 15 Charles St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 2 to 8.)

BEVERLY PEPPER—Three large sculptures. Through Sept. 15. (Hammarskjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden, Second Ave. at 47th St.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

IRVING PENN—Fourteen large platinum-print portraits, all done between 1972 and 1974, of cigar and cigarette butts. Through Aug. 3. (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. Weekdays, including Friday, July 4, from 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

FREDERICK PLAUT—Photographs, some of them portraits, taken in many parts of the world. Through July 30. (Camera Club, 37 E. 60th St. Mondays through Fridays, 2 to 6.)

DAN WILLIAMS—Prints of the human figure and landscapes, based on social themes. Through July 16. (Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St. Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, except July 4, from 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

GEOFF WINNINGHAM / DENNIS BROKAW—Black-and-white photographs of people and places in Texas. / Dye transfers of West Coast wilderness scenes. Through Aug. 2. (Witkin, 243 E. 60th St. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **METROPOLITAN MUSEUM**, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.: A survey of landscape photography—on loan from many institutions—of the American West, 1860-85, with examples by Carlton E. Watkins, Timothy H. O'Sullivan, Eadweard Muybridge, A. J. Russell, William Henry Jackson, and William Bell. Also on view are such items as a glass-plate camera from the period and stereo cards mounted in hand-operated viewers. Through Sunday, July 6. (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays and Friday, July 4, from 11 to 4:45.). . . **SCHOELKOPF**, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: The subject of the sixty photographs in this group show is the Middle East in the last century. Through Friday, July 11. (Closed Mondays.). . . **SOHO PHOTO**, 30 W. 13th St.: Nine contemporary British photographers, plus photographs by many U.S. artists. Through Aug. 3. (Tuesdays, 7 P.M. to 9 P.M.; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

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MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An exhibition—part of a cultural exchange with Russia—of artifacts recovered from tombs of pre-Christian nomadic cultures. Included are ornate Scythian gold carvings (almost all for personal adornment) and objects of bronze, wood, felt, horn, and iron. Through July 13. . . . ¶ Recent paintings, among them eight large triptychs, by the contemporary British artist Francis Bacon. Through Sunday, July 6. . . . ¶ "French Painting 1774-1830: The Age of Revolution," an exhibition jointly organized by the museum, the National Museums of France, and the Detroit Institute of Arts to bring together works by famous artists of this period (Ingres, Delacroix, and David, for instance) and those by comparatively obscure painters. Through Sept. 7. . . . ¶ "Romantic and Glamorous Hollywood Design," a show of costumes worn by such film stars as Mary Pickford, Katharine Hepburn, and Barbra Streisand. Through Aug. 31. . . . ¶ An exhibition of landscape photography of the American West. Through Sunday, July 6. (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays and Friday, July 4, from 11 to 4:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective of the sculptures of the British abstractionist Anthony Caro, including about thirty large-scale pieces (mainly painted steel) and a few table pieces. Through Sunday, July 6. . . . ¶ An exhibition of photographs by Irving Penn. Through Aug. 3. (Weekdays, including Friday, July 4, from 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.). . . **NOTE:** The museum's sculpture garden, 8 W. 54th St., is open, free, Fridays through Sundays, 6 to 10. Casual entertainment Fridays and Saturdays at 8: folk stuff, recitals, and such.

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A loan survey of the works on paper (gouaches, mostly) of Marc Chagall, supplemented by fourteen oils (half of them borrowed from other institutions). Through Sept. 28. . . . ¶ An exhibit from the museum's collection of works completed in the sixties and seventies by Americans, among them Dan Flavin, Agnes Martin, and Jack Tworkov. Through Sept. 7. (Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, including Friday, July 4, from 11 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A restoration—in spirit, anyway—of the old, Eighth Street, Whitney is the setting for a survey of American painting from 1900 to 1932. The exhibition traces the development of the museum since its inception in Mrs. Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney's Studio Club, where members of The Eight and later luminaries, like Guy Pène du Bois, Edward Hopper, George Bellows, and Reginald Marsh, gathered for evening sketch classes. As time went on, the Whitney Museum became *the* channel for the mainstream of American art, and practically all the masterpieces of that early era are on view here. Through Sept. 3. . . . ¶ The influence of the sea and the shore on artists is the subject of a show of works (seventeenth century to twentieth), ranging from folk art to oil paintings, with examples by Winslow Homer, Robert Salmon, and others. Through Sept. 9. . . . ¶ Twentieth-century drawings (including watercolors) from the museum's collection, by George Ault, Georgia O'Keeffe, Alexander Calder, and others. Through July 13. . . . ¶ Oils by Jo Baer. Through July 13. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Tuesday evenings, 6 to 10, with no admission charge; Sundays and Friday, July 4, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—A loan show of about fifty-five Japanese screen and scroll paintings from the fourteenth century through the nineteenth. Through Aug. 10. . . . ¶ Nineteenth- and twentieth-century American paintings by, among others, Thomas Cole, Arthur B. Davies, and Albert Pinkham Ryder. Through Sept. 1. . . . ¶ More than a hundred prints, all of them acquisitions of retiring curator Jo Miller, with works by Bonnard, Hockney, Henry Moore, and others. Through Aug. 31. . . . ¶ Fourteenth- to six-

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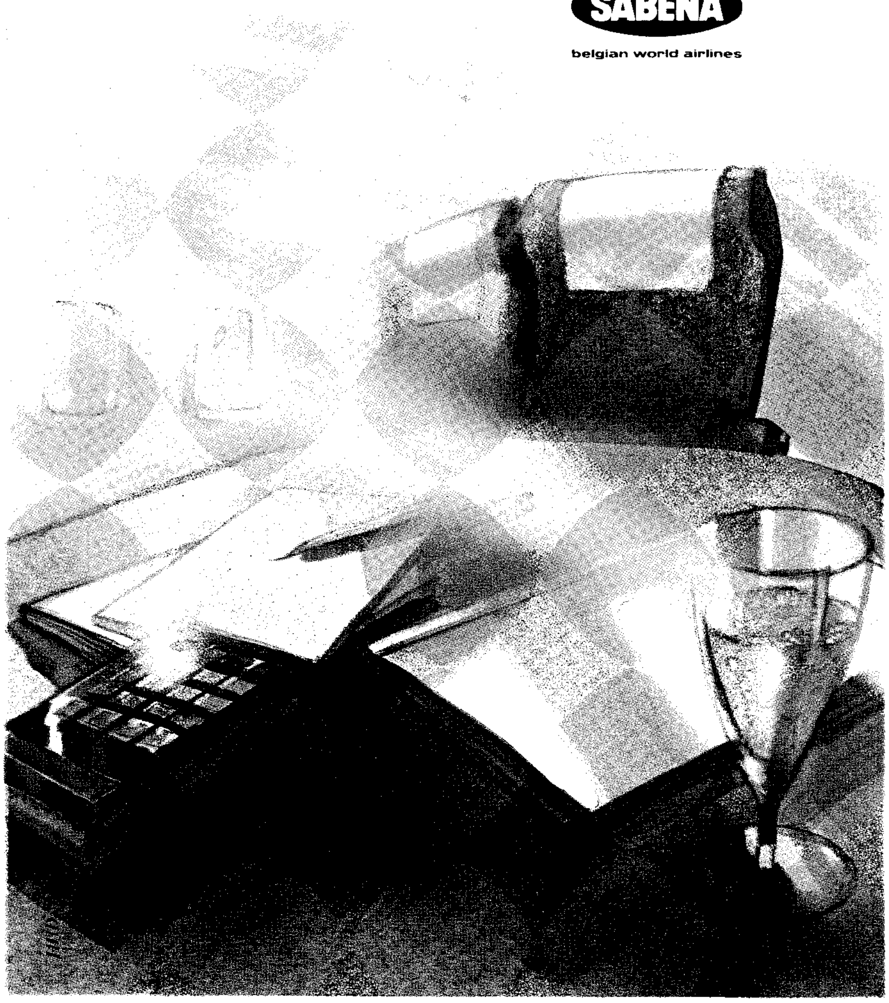

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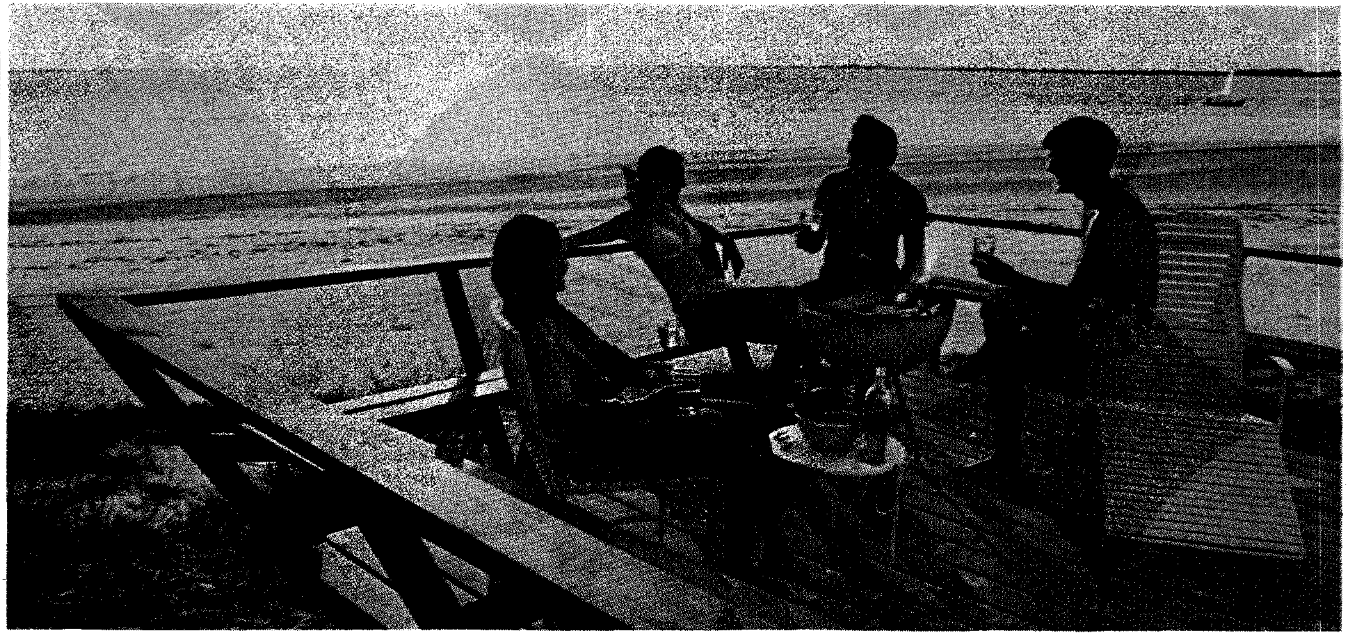

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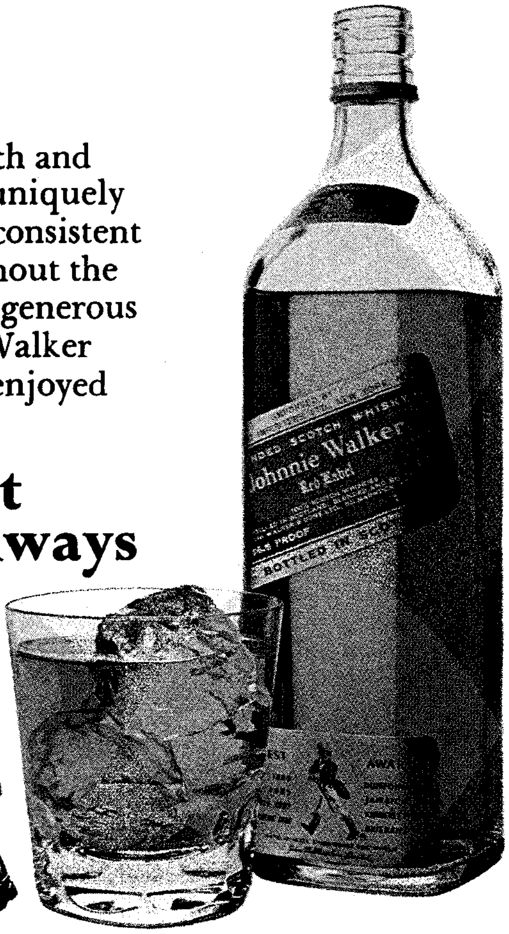
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Red Label
86.8 Proof
Bottled in Scotland

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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teenth-century Southeast Asian ceramics. Through Aug. 31. (Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5; Friday, July 4, from 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A loan show of works (paintings, sculptures, pottery, textiles, for example) by contemporary artists from nine African countries. Through Aug. 17. . . . ¶ A loan exhibit of thirty handwoven Egyptian tapestries. Through July 20. (Weekdays, 10 *to 4:45; Sundays and Friday, July 4, from* 11 to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—More than a hundred and twenty-five drawings, most of them being shown for the first time, by a pivotal figure in American painting, Benjamin West (1738-1820). Among the works on display are the preliminary sketches for many of his historical and religious paintings, as well as drawings by his son Raphael Lamar West. . . . ¶ Thirty recent acquisitions to the Mary Flagler Cary Music Collection, including the manuscripts for Brahms' "Hungarian Dances" and John Cage's "Three Dances." *Both exhibitions through July 31.* (Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Friday, July 4, from 10:30 to 5.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—"How Grim Was My City" is an exhibition of photographs, documents, and objects intended to show that late-nineteenth-century New York was not the charming place that art and nostalgia have created but was a city of "grinding poverty, decimating disease, intolerable housing, filth, congestion, and crime.". . . ¶ An exhibit, including paintings, drawings, and costumes, celebrating great women of the New York stage. Both *exhibitions through Sept. 1.* (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Friday, July 4, from 1 to 5.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—"Three Centuries of the American Nude," an exhibition stretching from a few works on classical themes by West, Peale, and Copley to the Pop and superrealist work of Ramos, Rivers, Wesselmann, de Andrea, and Pearlstein. Through July 13. (Wednesdays through Sundays, except Friday, July 4, from 1 to 6.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—An exhibit (from the library's Berg Collection) centered on Elizabeth Barrett Browning and Robert Browning and containing first editions, autograph manuscripts and letters, and related memorabilia. Through Nov. 1. (Mondays through Fridays, except July 4, from 9 to 5.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Photographs by Dan Williams. Through July 16. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, except July 4, from 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

Bolshoi Opera—A company of four hundred and fifty (including its chorus and orchestra), appearing here for the first time, in a four-week engagement. Wednesday evening, July 2: "Pique Dame.". . . ¶ Thursday evening, July 3: "Eugene Onegin.". . . ¶ Friday evening, July 4: "Boris Godunov.". . . ¶ Saturday matinée, July 5: "Pique Dame.". . . ¶ Saturday evening, July 5: "The Gambler." . . . ¶ Monday evening, July 7: "Eugene Onegin.". . . ¶ Tuesday evening, July 8: "Boris Godunov.". . . ¶ Wednesday and Thursday evenings, July 9-10: "War and Peace.". . . ¶ Friday evening, July 11: "Pique Dame." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, July 12: "The Gambler.". . . ¶ Saturday evening, July 12: "War and Peace." (Metropolitan Opera House. 787-3880. Evenings at 7:30. Matinées at 1:30. Closes Saturday, July 19.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Berkshire Festival—Friday, July 4, at 7: Boston Symphony Chamber Players. . . . ¶ Friday, July 4, at 9: Leonard Bernstein conducting the Boston Symphony and acting as piano soloist. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 5, at 8:30: Neville Marriner conducting the Boston Symphony; no soloists. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 6, at 2:30: David Zinman conducting the Boston Symphony, with Malcolm Frager, piano. . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 8, at 7:30: The Four Seasons. . . . ¶ Friday, July 11, at 7: A violin recital by Joseph Silverstein. . . . ¶ Friday, July 11, at 9: Seiji Ozawa directing the Boston Symphony in an all-Bach program, with Phyllis Bryn-Julson, soprano; Rose Taylor, contralto; Kenneth Riegel, tenor; David Arnold, bass; Armando Ghitalla, trumpet; and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 12, at 8:30: David Zinman conducting an all-Mozart program, with Mr. Silverstein. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 13, at 2:30: Seiji Ozawa directing an all-Haydn program, with, among others, the Misses Bryn-Julson and Taylor, the Messrs. Riegel and Arnold, and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass. Through Sunday, Aug. 24. For information about tickets, call 541-7290, in New York.)

Caramoor Festival—Saturday, July 5, and Friday, July 11, at 8:30: Julius Rudel conducting the Caramoor Festival Orchestra in performances of Francesco Cavalli's opera "L'Ormindo," with Patricia Brooks and Catherine Malfitano, sopranos; Andrea Velis, tenor; Dominic Cossa, baritone; and others. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 6, at 5:30: The Guarneri Quartet. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 12, at 8:30: Julius Rudel conducting the orchestra, with Eugene Istomin, piano. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 13, at 5:30: The New York Chamber Soloists in a Mozart-Bach program. (Katonah, N.Y.; festival ends Sunday, Aug. 24. On Saturdays and Friday, July 11, buses leave from the back of the New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center, two hours before the scheduled times of the performances; reservations must be made in advance. For information about tickets and buses, call 914 232-4206.)

Saratoga Performing Arts Center—Wednesday, July 2, at 7: The Pointer Sisters, with Jimmy Walker. . . . ¶ Friday, July 4, at 7: Blood, Sweat, and Tears (with David Clayton-Thomas) and Return to Forever (with Chick Corea). . . . ¶ Saturday, July 5, at 7: Bee Gees. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 6, at 7: Dave Mason and Livingston Taylor. . . . ¶ The New York City Ballet will open a four-week season (tentative schedule) that ends Saturday, Aug. 2, with performances of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" Wednesday through Friday, July 9-11, at 8:15, and Saturday, July 12, at 2:30 and 8:15. (Saratoga Springs. Through Monday, Sept. 1. For information about tickets, call 541-7290, in New York.)

Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—Programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, July 5: Linda DiBona and Chris Jensen, the Theatre Dance Collection, and Chiang Ching. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, July 8-12: Emily Frankel and the Joan Miller Dance Company. (Lee, Mass. Tuesdays at 7:30 and Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 3. For information about tickets, call 541-7290, in New York.)

American Dance Festival—Wednesday, July 2: Elizabeth Keen Dance Company. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 3: Pauline Koner Dance Company and Bhaskar. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, July 4-5: Alvin Ailey Junior Company. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, July 11-12: Twyla Tharp and her dancers. (Palmer Auditorium, Connecticut College, New London, Conn. Evenings at 8.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At Shea Stadium—**mets:** Vs. Chicago, Wednesday, July 2, at 8:05, and Thursday, July 3, at 2:05. . . . **yankees:** Vs. Baltimore, Friday, July 4, at 8; Saturday, July 5, at 2; and Sunday, July 6, at 1 (doubleheader). . . . ¶ Texas, Monday through Wednesday, July 7-9, at 8. . . . ¶ Minnesota, Thursday, July 10, at 8; Friday, July 11, at 5:30 (twi-night doubleheader); and Saturday, July 12, at 8.

Racing—At **belmont:** Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 1:30, and Sundays at 2; through Saturday, July 26. The Juvenile, Wednesday, July 2; the Brooklyn Handicap, Friday, July 4; the Tidal Handicap, Saturday, July 5; the Nassau County Handicap and a special match race between Ruffian and Foolish Pleasure, Sunday, July 6; and the Dwyer Handicap, Saturday, July 12. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays, except July 4, between 10:15 and 1, and Saturdays, Sundays, and Friday, July 4, between 10:15 and 1:15.). . . **monmouth park,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Oct. 4. The Monmouth Oaks, Friday, July 4; the Molly Pitcher Handicap, Saturday, July 5; and the Longfellow Handicap, Saturday, July 12. . . . **atlantic city,** Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Monday, July 28. The Kelly Olympic Handicap, Friday, July 4, and the Longport Handicap, Saturday, July 12. . . . **bowie,** Md.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, July 19.

Soccer—New York Cosmos vs. Boston. (Downing Stadium, Randall's Island. Wednesday, July 9, at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 541-7290.)

Tennis—**professional matches:** World Team Tennis. Tuesday, July 8: New York Sets vs. San Diego. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 9: New York Sets vs. Pittsburgh. . . . ¶ Friday, July 11: New York Sets vs. Boston. (Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. Matches begin at 8. For information about tickets, call 581-6622.). . . **amateur matches:** U.S.T.A. Men's and Women's Amateur Grass Court Championships. (Newport Casino, Newport, R.I. Starting Thursday, July 10.)

Trotting—At **yonkers raceway:** Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, July 19. . . . **historic track,** Goshen: Daily at 1:30; through Friday, July 4. . . . **saratoga raceway,** Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 15.

Yachting—Larchmont Race Week. (Larchmont. Saturday and Sunday, July 12-13, and Friday and Saturday, July 18-19.)

ET ALIA

Poetry Readings—John Ashbery and John Hollander reading from their own works. (City University Graduate Center Auditorium, 33 W. 42nd St. Tuesday, July 8, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

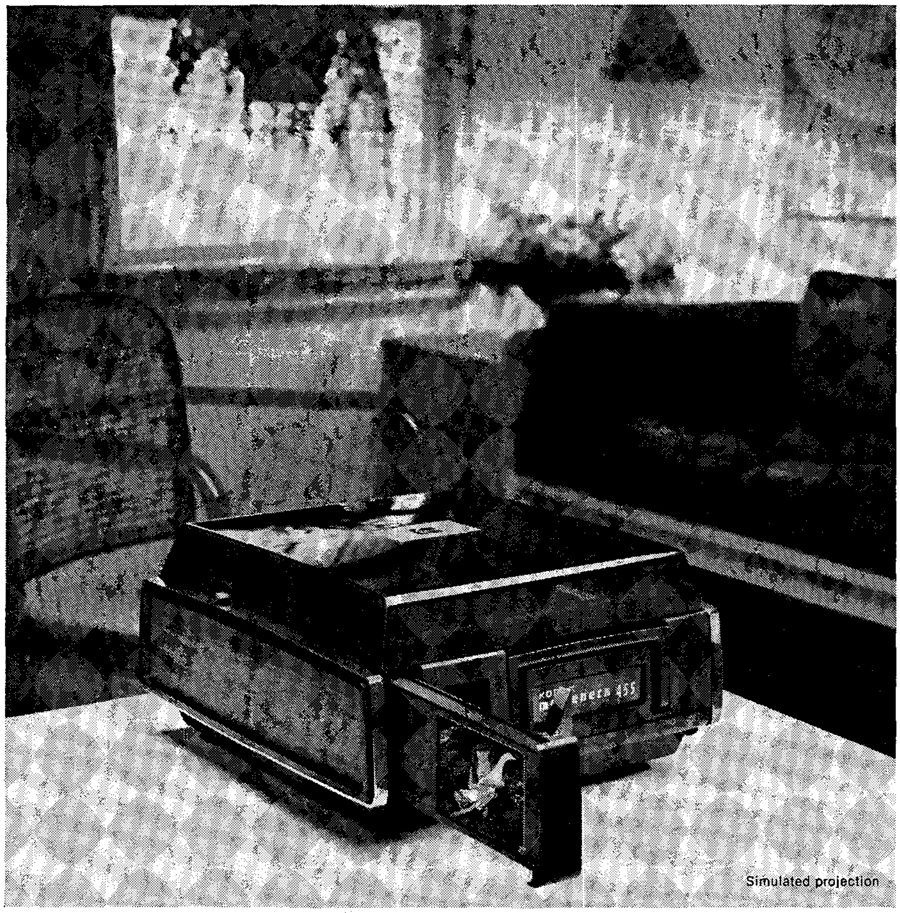
THE GREAT OUTDOORS

(If the weather looks doubtful, call the New York Parks Department, 472-1003, for news. The same number may be called for information about all free entertainment in the city.)

The Glorious Fourth—When in the course of human events, the hundred and ninety-ninth anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence comes along, a decent respect for the occasion requires dancing in the streets (by a dozen ethnic groups), pageantry, marching bands, and so on, and that's what we'll have on Friday, from one to nine-thirty, beginning at the South Street Seaport, radiating to nearby historic sites, and culminating in a fireworks display off Battery Park. For details, call 472-1003.

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of **hamlet,** with Sam Waterston. The first of two plays to be presented by the troupe. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Closes Saturday, July 19. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

Metropolitan Opera, Concert Productions—**van cortlandt park,** Bronx: Wednesday, July 2, at 8:30 (rain date, July 3), "La Traviata," with Adriana Maliponte, Enrico Di Giuseppe, and Robert Merrill; conducted by Walter Taussig. . . . ¶ Friday, July 4, at 8:30 (rain date, July 6), "Madame Butterfly," with Renata Scotto, Shirley Love, William Lewis, and Thomas Palmer; Jan Behr. . . . **marine park,** Brooklyn: Saturday, July 5, at 8:30 (rain date, July 6), "La Traviata," with Adriana Maliponte, Enrico Di Giuseppe, and Robert Merrill; Walter Taussig. . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 8, at 8:30 (rain date, July 10), "Madame Butterfly," with Renata Scotto, Shirley Love, Robert Nagy, Robert Goodloe, and Robert Schmorr; Jan Behr. . . . **clove lakes park,** Staten Island: Wednesday, July 9, at 8:30 (rain date, July 10), "La Traviata,"



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with Maralin Niska, William Lewis, and William Walker; Walter Taussig. . . . CUNNINGHAM PARK, Queens: Friday, July 11, at 8:30 (rain date, July 13), "Madame Butterfly," with Renata Scotto, Shirley Love, Robert Nagy, and Thomas Palmer; Jan Behr. . . . CROCHERON PARK, Bayside: Saturday, July 12, at 8:30 (rain date, July 13), "La Traviata," with Maralin Niska, William Lewis, and Sherrill Milnes; Walter Taussig.

DAMROSCH PARK, Lincoln Center—Richard Franko Goldman and Ainslee Cox conducting the Goldman Band in this summer's series of Guggenheim Concerts. (Wednesdays, Fridays, and Sundays at 8; through Sunday, Aug. 10.)

CENTRAL PARK MALL—Alfredo Antonini conducting the Naumburg Symphony Orchestra, with Atsuko Azuma, soprano. (Friday, July 4, at 7:30.)

BATTERY PARK'S CASTLE CLINTON—Morton Gould conducting the American Symphony Orchestra in a program of American music. The second in a series of three free concerts. (Friday, July 4, at 7:30.)

CARL SCHURZ PARK—Julius Grossman conducting the Municipal Concerts Orchestra in the first in a series of three concerts. (Thursday, July 10, at 8:30. In the event of rain, the concert will be given in the Robert F. Wagner Junior High School, 222 E. 76th St.)

WOLLMAN RINK—The Schaefer beer people's summer upheaval. Wednesday, July 2, at 7: Dave Mason. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 5, at 7: Blood, Sweat, and Tears. . . . ¶ Monday, July 7, at 6:30, and Wednesday, July 9, at 7: Bee Gees and Revelation. . . . ¶ Friday, July 11, at 7: Stanley Turrentine, Gil Scott-Heron, Brian Jackson and the Midnight Band, and Hidden Strength. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 12, at 7: Leo Kottke, John David Souther, and Bert Sommer. (Through Saturday, Sept. 13. For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

JONES BEACH THEATRE—A revival of OKLAHOMA!, with Thomas McKinney and Judith McCauley, is this summer's production. (Nightly at 8:30. For tickets, call 516 CA 1-1000.)

MOVIES IN THE PARK—A program of conventional and experimental films will be shown in various city parks at 9 P.M., Sundays through Thursdays, starting Monday, July 7. For program news, and to identify the parks, call 472-1003.

DEEP BREATHING—The roadways in Central Park are closed to automobiles in favor of strollers and bicyclists from 10 to 4 Mondays through Fridays, and from 7 to 10:30 Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, as well as all day Saturdays, Sundays, and Friday, July 4.

COMING EVENTS

(A listing for forehanded readers.)

BASEBALL—At Shea Stadium—METS: Vs. Atlanta, July 17-18 (night) and July 19 (day). Houston, July 20 (d) and July 21 (n). Cincinnati, July 22-23 (n) and July 24 (d). Montreal, Aug. 4 (n), Aug. 5 (twi-night doubleheader), Aug. 6 (n), and Aug. 7 (d). Los Angeles, Aug. 8 (n) and Aug. 9-10 (d). . . . YANKEES: Vs. Minnesota, July 13 (day). Boston, July 25 (night), July 26 (d), and July 27 (day doubleheader). Detroit, July 28-30 (n). Cleveland, Aug. 1 (n), Aug. 2 (d), and Aug. 3 (day doubleheader).

GOLF—U.S.G.A. Women's Open Championship. (Atlantic City Country Club, Northfield, N.J. July 17-20.). . . ¶ Westchester Classic. (Westchester Country Club, Harrison. July 31-Aug. 3.)

HORSE SHOW—Dublin Horse Show. (Dublin, Ireland. Aug. 5-10.)

RACING—At Saratoga: July 28-Aug. 23.

SOCCER—At Downing Stadium, Randall's Island: New York Cosmos games on July 16, 23, and 30, and Aug. 6.

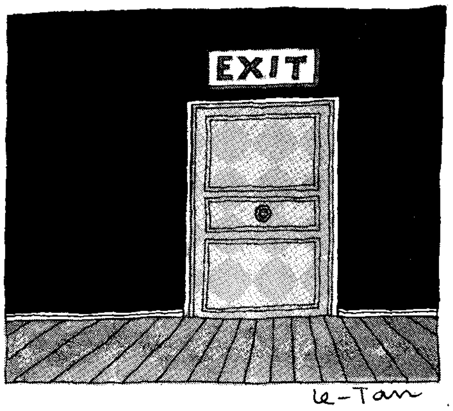
TROTTING—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury, L.I.: July 21-Oct. 11.

MUSIC—AVERY FISHER HALL (TR 4-2424): Mostly Mozart Festival, July 21-Aug. 23. . . . OUT OF DOORS AND OUT OF TOWN: New York Philharmonic in Central Park, July 29 and Aug. 5 and 12. . . . ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra at the Saratoga Performing Arts Center, Saratoga Springs, Aug. 6-23.

BALLET AND DANCE—National Ballet of Canada, with Rudolf Nureyev, at the Metropolitan Opera House, July 22-Aug. 10. . . . ¶ Alvin Ailey City Center Dance Theatre, at the New York State Theatre, Aug. 12-24.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through July 8: "Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore" and "A Woman Under the Influence."
From July 9: To be announced.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through July 3: "There's No Business Like Show Business" and "Straight, Place, and Show."
July 4-5: "I Love You Again" and "Double Wedding."
July 6-8: "Maytime" and "Rose Marie."
July 9-10: "Queen Christina" and "Camille."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (777-1955)
Through July 8: "The Godfather, Part II."
From July 9: "A Brief Vacation" and another feature, to be announced.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through July 8: "The Prisoner of Second Avenue."
From July 9: "The Little Rascals Show."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through July 8: "Murder on the Orient Express."
From July 9: "Amarcord."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"French Connection II."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Jaws."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"The Return of the Pink Panther."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Love and Death."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"French Connection II."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
Through July 8: "Escape to Witch Mountain" and "Cinderella."
From July 9: "The Aristocats" and "The Strongest Man in the World."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Monty Python and the Holy Grail."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Nashville."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Fortune."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"Saturday Night at the Baths."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Gone with the Wind."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
July 2: "Wedding in Blood" and "Les Biches."
July 3: "From Here to Eternity" and "A Man for All Seasons."
July 4: "Some Like It Hot" and "Irma la Douce."
July 5: "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington" and "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town."
July 6: "City Lights" and "Modern Times."
July 7: "Take the Money and Run" and "What's Up, Tiger Lily?"
July 8: "On the Waterfront" and "A Streetcar Named Desire."
July 9: "Brewster McCloud" and "California Split."
July 10: "The Great Gatsby" and "Room at the Top."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"The Day of the Locust."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Nashville."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Funny Lady."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"Shampoo."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Love and Death."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Le Chat."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"The Drowning Pool."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through July 8: "The Godfather, Part II."
From July 9: "The Reincarnation of Peter Proud."

Juliet 1, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
Through July 8: "Lepke."
From July 9: To be announced.

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
Through July 8: "Breakout."
From July 9: To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"The Prisoner of Second Avenue."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"The Eiger Sanction."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Jaws."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Once Is Not Enough."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through July 8: "The Return of the Pink Panther."
From July 9: "Cleopatra Jones and the Casino of Gold."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"Cooley High."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
Through July 8: "Escape to Witch Mountain" and "Cinderella."
From July 9: "The Aristocats" and "The Strongest Man in the World."

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
July 2: "Le Jour Se Lève" and "Forbidden Games."
July 3: "L'Avventura" and "Le Jour Se Lève."
July 4: "The Virgin Spring" and "L'Avventura."
July 5: "The 400 Blows" and "The Virgin Spring."
July 6: "Oliver Twist" and "The 400 Blows."
July 7: "Death of a Cyclist" and "Oliver Twist."
July 8: "Pépé le Moko" and "Death of a Cyclist."
July 9: "Les Visiteurs du Soir" and "Pépé le Moko."
July 10: "King Kong" and "Les Visiteurs du Soir."

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"Funny Lady."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
"The Towering Inferno."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"The Return of the Pink Panther."

Quad Cinemas 1, 2, 3, and 4, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Through July 8 at one or another of the theatres: "The Passenger" and "Sunday Bloody Sunday" / "A Brief Vacation" and "Something for Everyone" / "Shampoo" and "Five Easy Pieces" / "And Now My Love" and "A Man and a Woman."
From July 9: To be announced.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
July 2: "The Phantom Baron."
July 3: "King of Hearts" and "The Russians Are Coming, The Russians Are Coming."
July 4: "Woman in the Dunes" and "Kwaidan."
July 5: "The Seven Samurai."
July 6: One performance, at noon, of "Brother Sun, Sister Moon."
July 6: "The Red Beard."
July 7: "Yojimbo" and "Throne of Blood."
July 8: "El Topo" and "Mondo Cane."
July 9: "L'Age d'Or," "Le Tempestaire," and "Un Chien Andalou."
July 10: "King of Hearts" and "Harold and Maude."

Bijou, 209 W. 45th. (869-1537)
Through July 8: "Crime and Punishment."
From July 9: "The World's Young Ballet" and "Prince Igor."

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
"Earthquake."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Benji."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"Bite the Bullet."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Rollerball."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
Through July 8: "Escape to Witch Mountain" and "Cinderella."
From July 9: "The Aristocats" and "The Strongest Man in the World."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through July 8: "The Godfather, Part II."
From July 9: "Harry & Tonto" and "Claudine."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Tommy."

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
July 2: "The Gold Rush" and "The Strong Man."
July 3: "Doktor Mabuse."
July 4: "Jazz on a Summer's Day" and "Right On!"
July 5: "McCabe & Mrs. Miller" and "Images."
July 6: "Little Big Man" and "They Died with Their Boots On."
July 7: "Band of Outsiders" and "A Married Woman."
July 8: "Le Joli Mai" and "The Koumiko Mystery."
July 9: "City Lights" and "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp."
July 10: "Investigation of a Citizen Above Suspicion" and "Black Holiday."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Charlotte."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Love and Death."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"The Return of the Pink Panther."

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
July 2: "National Velvet" and "Tom Thumb."
July 3-5: "Meet Me in St. Louis" and "Brigadoon."
July 6-8: "Woman of the Year" and "Grand Hotel."
From July 9: "At the Circus," "Go West," "The Big Store."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
"The Towering Inferno."

Loews 83rd St. 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 83rd (877-3190), at one or another of the theatres: "Funny Lady" / "The Prisoner of Second Avenue" / "Gone with the Wind."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
"French Connection II."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
"The Eiger Sanction."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
"The Return of the Pink Panther."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through July 8: "Lenny" and "Midnight Cowboy."
From July 9: "A Brief Vacation" and "The Long Goodbye."

FILM LIBRARIES

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Nine programs in a series of films directed by D. W. Griffith: July 2 at 2: "Abraham Lincoln" (1930), with Walter Huston and Una Merkel. . . . July 3 at 5:30: "America" (1924), with Neil Hamilton and Carol Dempster.... July 4 at 2: "Abraham Lincoln."... July 5 at 3: "The Struggle" (1931), with Hal Skelly and Zita Johann.... July 5 at 5:30: "Abraham Lincoln."... July 6 at 5:30 and July 7 at 2 and 5:30: Shorts made while he worked at Biograph.... July 9 at 2: "The Struggle." In conjunction with this series, the museum is showing (through Sept. 7) stills, posters, production records, music scores, scripts, and correspondence relating to Griffith's films, career, and working methods.... ¶ Other, non-Griffith, films scheduled during this period are: July 2 at 5:30: "While New York Sleeps" (1920), directed by Charles J. Brabin, with Estelle Taylor and Marc MacDermott.... July 4 at 5:30 and July 5 at noon: "The Wave" (1935), in Spanish, directed by Fred Zinnemann and Gomez Muriel, English subtitles; and "The Plow That Broke the Plains" (1936) and "The River" (1937), both directed by Pare Lorentz.... July 6 at 12:30 and 3: "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer" (1938), directed by Norman Taurog, with Tommy Kelly and May Robson.... July 8 at 2: "Whirl of Life" (1914), directed by Oliver D. Bailey, with Vernon and Irene Castle.... July 8 at 5:30: "Paid to Love" (1927), directed by Howard Hawks, with George O'Brien and Virginia Valli.... July 9 at 5:30: "Whirl of Life." ... July 10 at 5:30: "Point of Order!" (1964), directed by Emile de Antonio.... July 10 at 8: "Millhouse: A White Comedy" (1971), directed by Emile de Antonio. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Tickets for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 7:30.)

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Nelson, Kirsanov, Keaton, Landow, Méliès, Dreyer, Flaherty, Frampton, Beavers, Hanoun, Jordan, Gehr, Markopoulos, Menken, Kubelka, Mekas, and others. Showings July 2 at 5, 7, and 9:30; July 3 at 5, 7, and 9; July 4 at 6, 7:30, and 10; July 5 at 2:30, 6, 8, and 10; July 6 at 8; July 8 at 5, 7, and 10; July 9 at 5, 7, and 9; and July 10 at 5 and 9.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
THE DATE OF REVIEW IN THESE PAGES IS GIVEN FOR FILMS LESS THAN TWO YEARS OLD.

L'Age d'Or (1930)—The most anti-religious, most anti-bourgeois of all Luis Buñuel's films and, naturally, the most scandalous. This episodic sixty-minute film—surreal, dreamlike, and deliberately, pornographically blasphemous—was written by both Buñuel and Salvador Dali, who had collaborated two years before on "Un Chien Andalou." With Gaston Modot, Lya Lys, Max Ernst, Pierre Prévert, and Jacques Brunius. In French. (Elgin; July 9.)

Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore—A thirty-five-year-old widow sets out with her young son to make a new life. Full of funny malice and breakneck vitality. With Ellen Burstyn, Harvey Keitel, and Kris Kristofferson. Martin Scorsese directed. (Reviewed in our issue of 1/13/75.) (Art; through July 8.)

Amarcord—Directed by Fellini, a reversion to the great days of his "8½," but even more beautiful and detailed. The film is set in small-town Italy at the beginning of Fascism, as seen through the eyes of a boy (Bruno Zanin), and it catches the sense of Italianate fun, the small-town self-importance that Fellini understands and loves. In Italian. (9/23/74) (Gramercy; starting July 9.)

And Now My Love—A winsome love story. The man (André Dussollier) is a poor but honest jailbird who turns to porno filmmaking, then to commercial filmmaking. The girl (Marthe Keller) is rich but also honest. They meet at the end because they have been fated to meet all through the film: in a Lelouch movie, love and the director's sense of convenience conquer all. Story and screenplay by Lelouch and Peter Uytterhoeven. In French. (4/7/75) (Quad Cinema; through July 8.)

The Aristocats (1970)—A full-length animated film from the Disney studios about cats and a fortune and an evil butler. Mildly entertaining. (Fine Arts, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, and Festival; starting July 9.)

At the Circus (1939)—The Marx Brothers. They do get to shoot Margaret Dumont out of a cannon, but it's fairly ponderous. (Regency; starting July 9.)

L'Avventura (1959)—Antonioni's masterpiece, and one of the most influential of all modern films. A study of a successful businessman who compromises on everything and is too shallow even to be truly lonely. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; July 3-4.)

Band of Outsiders (1964)—Two boys and a girl daydream about committing a robbery—just as in the movies—and then try to carry it out. Jean-Luc Godard's lyrical, romantic tragicomedy is perhaps his most delicately charming film. With Anna Karina. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 7.)

Benji—The title role is played by Higgins, a dog. Directed by Joe Camp. (Guild.)

Les Biches (1968)—St. Tropez in December, and a sexually ambiguous threesome: a mope (Jacqueline Sassard), a dope (Jean-Louis Trintignant), and a chic, slinky lesbian (Stéphane Audran). Claude Chabrol directed this languorous exercise in classy eroticism; very little of anything goes on. In French. (D. W. Griffith; July 2.)

The Big Store (1941)—The Marx Brothers taking over a department store. But they never quite take over the movie, which is far from inspired, though it does have Margaret Dumont and that great slimy villain Douglass Dumbrille. (Regency; starting July 9.)

Bite the Bullet—A Western, with Gene Hackman, Candice Bergen, and James Coburn. Directed by Richard Brooks. (Music Hall.)

Black Holiday—Directed by Marco Leto. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 10.)

Breakout—A jailbreak by helicopter. With Charles Bronson and Robert Duvall, directed by Tom Gries. (Juliet 2; through July 8.)

Brewster McCloud (1971)—Robert Altman's film was shot in Houston. Gentle Brewster (Bud Cort), who is building wings for himself, is a boy Phantom of the Astrodome who is also an imperilled virgin—a sort of mad, murderous Peter Pan, or Rima the Bird Boy. Sally Kellerman is his bird-mother, who deserts him when he loses his virginity. The idea seems to be left over from a Victorian fable, but the style of the picture is parodistic and manic—like a Road Runner cartoon. The whole thing is amorphous and rather silly, but it's clearly a trial run for some of the effects that Altman brings off in "Nashville." (D. W. Griffith; July 9.)

A Brief Vacation—Vittorio De Sica's final collaboration with the scriptwriter Cesare Zavattini was on this story of Clara (Florinda Bolkan), a Calabrian peasant who is a resentful, beaten-down factory worker in Milan. Sent to a sanitorium in northern Italy to be cured of tuberculosis, she discovers art and spirituality, and from then on it's all swoony romanticism. In Italian. (3/3/75) (Quad Cinema; through July 8.... ¶ St. Marks Cinema, and Olympia; starting July 9.)

Brigadoon (1954)—M-G-M was having an economy drive, and this adaptation of Lerner and Loewe's musical fantasy, which was scheduled to be shot on location in Scotland, was instead done in the studio. Also by executive decree, the director, Vincente Minnelli, had to do it in CinemaScope—which, for dance in studio settings, was disastrous. Gene Kelly and Van Johnson play the two Americans hunting in the Scottish Highlands who stumble into Brigadoon, a magical village that went to sleep in 1754 and wakes for a day each century. Kelly falls in love with a local girl, Cyd Charisse, while Johnson maintains a cynical attitude. Probably the material was too precious and fake-lyrical to have worked in natural surroundings, either, but the way it has been done it's hopelessly stagey. The movie has one sensational sequence, when the action gets away from that damned idyllic village and Kelly and Johnson go to a jangly, noisy, Manhattan night club with Elaine Stewart; you can feel Minnelli's relief at being able to do something funny and bitchy after staging all those wholesome scenes with grinning men in tartans. (Regency; July 3-5.)

Brother Sun, Sister Moon (1973)—The story of Francis of Assisi, directed by Franco Zeffirelli, with Graham Faulkner as Francis. (Elgin; July 6, one performance, at noon.)

California Split—Robert Altman's beautiful, smoky, funny film about gambling, with Elliott Gould as a retaliatory-minded joker and George Segal as a magazine writer with something clenched about him. The film seems to be being improvised. We catch at events and personalities by the ends of threads. The sound track of Joseph Walsh's first-rate screenplay is full of murmurs and densely packed with talk, recorded on eight tracks, often with eleven mikes going at once. A comic, loose-limbed film, with a kindly eye for the out-of-step. (8/19/74) (D. W. Griffith; July 9.)

Camille (1937)—There may be too much stuffed furniture, but under George Cukor's direction Greta Garbo gives a warm and generous performance that is possibly her finest. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 9-10.)

Charlotte—With Sirpa Lane, directed by Roger Vadim. In French. X-rated. (Paris.)

Le Chat—The futility and sorrowfully malevolent invention possessed by this hermetic couple—played by Jean Gabin and Simone Signoret—are chronic and consuming. Pierre Granier-Deferre's film (written by him and Pascal Jardin from Georges Simenon's novel) shows us two malign temperaments regretting the aging of their own particular flesh; it amounts to a skillful but limited and unkind exercise compared to Simenon's achievement in describing two locked souls fearing their common mortality. In French. (6/30/75) (68th St. Playhouse.)

Un Chien Andalou (1929)—Even without the famous shock image of the eye, Luis Buñuel's and Salvador Dali's short silent film has the hallucinatory and incendiary effect they sought. Some of the images have great poetic force, and at times they have an erotic humor that one has difficulty explaining, even to oneself. With Pierre Batcheff as the cyclist, Dali as the priest, and Buñuel as the man with the razor. (Elgin; July 9.)

Cinderella (1950)—A full-length Walt Disney animated film. (Fine Arts, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, and Festival; through July 8.)

City Lights (1931)—The famous Chaplin item. The mime is wonderful, the lonely use of sound for a swallowed whistle at a party is wonderful, the sight gags are wonderful; the sentimentality about the blind girl is faintly frightening. (D. W. Griffith; July 6.... ¶ Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 9.)

Claudine (1974)—A Harlem love story that would reflect a sophisticated, knowing exhaustion if it concerned whites, but maintains its stamina, good humor, and cheek because it is played, and mostly made, by blacks. A mother on welfare (Diahann Carroll), with six children, is loved by a garbage man called Roop, himself supporting three children. James Earl Jones plays the character with an endearing mixture of romance, cowardice, and natural sexiness about his beautiful but obstinate catch of a girl. Produced by Hannah Weinstein, directed by John Berry, written by Tina and Lester Pine. (4/29/74) (Playboy; starting July 9.)

Cleopatra Jones and the Casino of Gold—With Tamara Dobson and Stella Stevens, directed by Chuck Bail. (86th St. East; starting July 9.)

Cooley High—With Glynn Turman and Lawrence-Hilton Jacobs, directed by Michael Schultz. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1.)

Crime and Punishment—A first-rate Russian version—made in 1970—of Dostoevski's great novel about Raskolnikov and the murder that he executed almost as if to explain an already existing sense of guilt. Raskolnikov is played by Georgi Taratorkin, a spidery, socket-eyed figure in a black stovepipe hat, Porfiry by the famous, correctly bland-faced Innokenty Smoktunovsky, and the delicately drunken Marmeladov by Evgeny Lebedev. Directed by Lev Kulijanov. In Russian. (5/26/75) (Bijou; through July 8.)

The Day of the Locust—John Schlesinger's overblown version of Nathanael West's novel—an aesthete's view of society, set in Los Angeles in the thirties, in which the culturally debased people bring on the apocalypse. There wouldn't be much to remember from the movie if it weren't for a few of the performers—Burgess Meredith as an old vaudevillian, Billy Barty as a macho dwarf, and William Atherton in the thankless role of the artist, Tod. (5/12/75) (Cinema I.)

Death of a Cyclist (1955)—The bored young wife of a wealthy industrialist and her university-professor lover run down a bicyclist, and, fearing exposure of their relationship, leave the victim to die. In the aftermath, the hit-and-run accident destroys them both. This attack on the Spanish upper classes, which was condemned in the Falangist press, took the Critics' Award at Cannes. However, the director, Juan Bardem, is weak in his handling of the performers: the beautiful Lucia Bosè doesn't seem to have enough imagination to commit adultery, and her husband and her lover are as alike as two wax grooms on a wedding cake. In Spanish. (Bleecker St. Cinema; July 7-8.)

Doktor Mabuse (1922)—Fritz Lang's first film about Mabuse, the hypnotic genius-criminal who masterminds a secret organization of cutthroats and counterfeiters. Rudolf Klein-Rogge plays the demonic doctor, who dominates everyone around him and means to run the world. In Part I, he gambles, causes stocks to decline, and hypnotizes a young millionaire. In Part II, he hypnotizes the public prosecutor who is investigating him, but the police save the prosecutor, and Mabuse winds up in a madhouse. Not altogether coherent, but full of sensational material and suggestions of decadence, the film, which runs four and a half hours, was condensed to a generally incoherent ninety minutes when it was first released in the U.S. The version showing here is a little over three hours. It's still better than no Mabuse. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 3.)

Double Wedding (1937)—Myrna Loy and William Powell can't redeem the foolishness about a vagabond painter, taken from a Molnár play. Directed by Richard Thorpe. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 4-5.)

The Drowning Pool—A poor film, apart from a climactic water problem in a hydrotherapy chamber, and apart from the talents, quizzicality, and technical grace together of Joanne Woodward and Paul Newman. They have the unstressed humor and the readiness for risk to play opposite each other in Restoration comedy, or in Shaw; they shouldn't be misspent in a private-eye story like this, full of dull-eyed mock sophistication and steamy ideas of the South. The picture, directed by Stuart Rosenberg, is a trite celebration of the old male-loner myth that still so often comes up in Westerns, heroin-smuggling stories, thrillers, tales of vigilantes, whatever. (6/30/75) (Loews Tower East.)

Earthquake—L.A. gets it. The picture is swill, but it's entertaining—a marathon of Grade-A destruction effects, with B-picture stock characters spinning through it. Among them are Ava Gardner, the grimly resolute Charlton Heston, and Geneviève Bujold. Mark Robson directed. (12/2/74) (New Embassy.)

The Eiger Sanction—A suspense film, directed by, and with, Clint Eastwood. (U. A. East, and Symphony.)

Escape to Witch Mountain—From the Disney studios, with Eddie Albert, Ray Milland, and Donald Pleasence, directed by John Hough. (Fine Arts, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, and Festival; through July 8.)

Five Easy Pieces (1970)—Jack Nicholson plays the throw-out of a gifted, sedate family of musicians. He has the same musical gift, but prefers to squander it as he squanders his life. He has a delicate ear for auspicious beginnings, and when time gives out on him he knows how to run. Bob Rafelson directed. (Quad Cinema; through July 8.)

Forbidden Games (1952)—René Clément's beautiful, lacerating film on the themes of innocence and war. On a crowded highway outside Paris in 1940, a delicate five-year-old girl wanders away from the strafed bodies of her parents, clutching her dead puppy in her arms. She and a peasant boy become playmates: their game—their passion—is to collect dead animals for their private cemetery, and for this game they steal crosses from churches and graveyards. A harshly ironic classic of the French postwar period. With Brigitte Fossey. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; July 2.)

The Fortune—Charmless slapstick farce, set in the twenties. Warren Beatty and Jack Nicholson are the mercenary clowns who fumble in their attempts to kill an heiress (Stockard Channing) for her money. Mike Nichols directed, from Adrien Joyce's screenplay. (Coronet.)

The 400 Blows (1959)—François Truffaut's eloquent first feature is a semi-autobiographical account of a twelve-year-old boy who—in the eyes of adults—becomes a delinquent. With Jean-Pierre Léaud. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; July 5-6.)

French Connection II—Directed by John Frankenheimer (the first film was William Friedkin's), with Gene Hackman cast again as Popeye Doyle, the foul-mouthed killer cop of New York, who is now in Marseilles. Photographed by Claude Renoir (nephew of Jean Renoir) with too many slam-bang closeups. Visually as well as morally, the film makes you uncertain where its feet are. (6/2/75) (Murray Hill, Trans-Lux East, and New Yorker.)

From Here to Eternity (1953)—One of the few memorable American movies of the fifties. Fred Zinnemann directed this first-rate adaptation of James Jones' novel about Army life in Hawaii before Pearl Harbor. With Montgomery Clift, Burt Lancaster, Frank Sinatra, and Deborah Kerr. (D. W. Griffith; July 3.)

Funny Lady—As Fanny Brice, Barbra Streisand is no longer human; she's like a bitchy female impersonator imitating Barbra Streisand. The picture is overproduced and choppily edited; a great deal of talent has been badly used. With James Caan. (3/17/75) (Columbia I, Waverly, and Loews 83rd St.)

The Godfather, Part II—Far more complexly beautiful than the first film. The completed work, contrasting the early manhood of Vito (Robert De Niro) with the life of Michael, his inheritor (Al Pacino), is an epic vision of the corruption of America. Directed by Francis Ford Coppola. (12/23/74) (St. Marks Cinema, 72nd Street East, and Playboy; through July 8.)

The Gold Rush (1925)—Chaplin is the helpless perfect gentleman in the world of Klondike bears and Klondike brutes. One of the great comedies of all time. With Mack Swain as Big Jim, and Georgia Hale as the girl Charlie wins. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 2.)

Gone with the Wind (1939)—Nearly four hours of Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, and thousands of others. Parts of them, that is. With the widening of the image, the actors have been reduced to torsos. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, and Loews 83rd St.)

Go West (1941)—The Marx Brothers in what is, arguably, their worst picture; "Love Happy" is possibly even worse. This one—set in the old West—has a good opening sequence and not much else. The cast includes John Carroll, Walter Woolf King, and Iris Adrian; Edward Buzzell directed, and the script can be blamed on Irving Brecher. (Regency; starting July 9.)

Grand Hotel (1932)—Vicki Baum's concepts of character and fate are excruciating, but Greta Garbo strides about in a chinchilla polo coat and sets the movie vibrating with her first line—"I have never been so tired in my life." She plays a weary, disillusioned ballerina briefly reconciled to life by a passion for a shady nobleman—John Barrymore. She was only twenty-six when she played the role (Barrymore was fifty), but the fatigue and the despair seem genuine. The movie is probably the best example of a certain kind of partly asinine, partly marvellous glamour that has vanished from new movies. With Joan Crawford, a startlingly sexy minx who barely resembles the later, mask-face Crawford. Edmund Goulding directed; the cast includes Wallace Beery, Lewis Stone, and Jean Hersholt. (Regency; July 6-8.)

The Great Gatsby (1974)—F. Scott Fitzgerald's short masterpiece turned into a slow, stately, two-and-a-half-hour movie. Directed by Jack Clayton. With Mia Farrow, Robert Redford, Sam Waterston, and Bruce Dern. Script by Francis Ford Coppola. (4/1/74) (D. W. Griffith; July 10.)

Harold and Maude (1971)—The love story of Harold (Bud Cort), almost twenty, and Maude (Ruth Gordon), almost eighty. Directed by Hal Ashby. (Elgin; July 10.)

Harry & Tonto—Directed by Paul Mazursky and written by him with Josh Greenfeld. Harry (Art Carney) is a limping old man with a buoyant spirit who buys cheap food for himself and good liver for his cat, a heavyset marmalade companion called Tonto. The old Lear has three disappointing children strung across the country, and after visiting them, he decides that they represent a rope on his liberty. The narrative sounds sentimental, but the film isn't. (8/26/74) (Playboy; starting July 9.)

I Love You Again (1940)—Bum title but surprisingly lively comedy. William Powell is the slick con man who awakes from a nine-year bout of amnesia to discover (with horror) that he has settled down to a job, married Myrna Loy, joined the Elks, and taken to wearing a straw hat. W. S. Van Dyke directed; the writers include Charles Lederer and Maurine Watkins. With Frank McHugh and Edmund Lowe. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 4-5.)

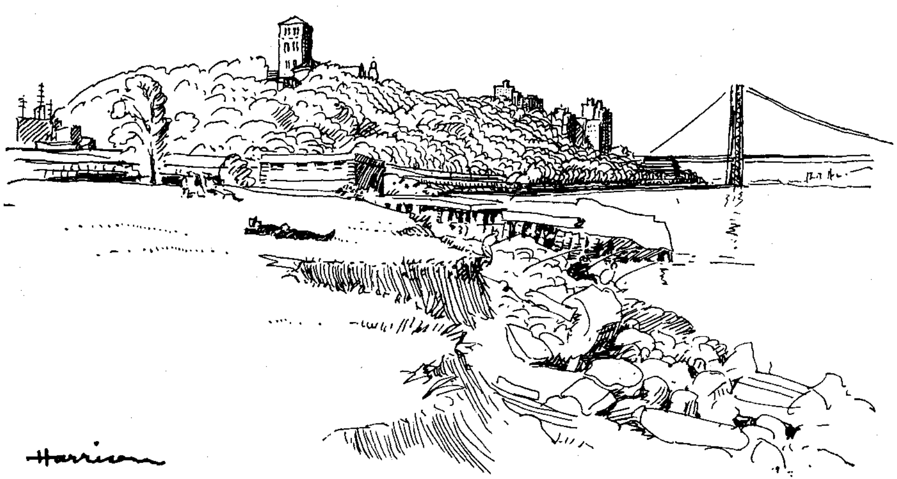
Images (1972)—A classy schizo (Susannah York) duplicates herself, confuses the living with the dead, and can't tell her husband (René Auberjonois) from her lovers (Marcel Bozzuffi, Hugh Millais). A hollow puzzle movie, and trashy, but it is seductively shot and edited, and has some inventive moments. Written and directed by Robert Altman; made in Ireland. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 5.)

Investigation of a Citizen Above Suspicion (1970)—A political parable, directed by Elio Petri, about a mad big-shot police official (Gian Maria Volonte) who believes he has a license to kill, but the movie is too nasty and kinky for the political point to be effective. Petri doesn't use suspense pleasurably; he makes one apprehensive and doesn't resolve the tensions, so the film leaves one in a foul mood. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 10.)

Irma la Douce (1963)—Abominable, inexplicably popular sex farce, adapted from a stage musical comedy, but with the score omitted. Billy Wilder, the producer-director, and his co-scenarist, I. A. L. Diamond, hit us over the head with the old rotten jest that prostitution is a petit-bourgeois way of life like any other. Shirley MacLaine and Jack Lemmon, vivid and gifted comics, wrestle painfully with the gross dialogue. Sample: MacLaine, showing Lemmon her attic apartment, explains that it once belonged to an artist who cut off his ear. "Oh," says Lemmon. "Was his name van Gogh?" "No," says MacLaine. "Schwartz." With Lou Jacobi and Herschel Bernardi. (D. W. Griffith; July 4.)

Jaws—From Peter Benchley's novel, with Roy Scheider, Robert Shaw, and Richard Dreyfuss. Directed by Steven Spielberg. (Reviewed in this issue.) (34th St. East, and Loews Orpheum.)

Jazz on a Summer's Day (1960)—The 1958 Newport Jazz Festival, with Anita O'Day, Big Maybelle, Dinah Washington, Gerry Mulligan, Thelonious Monk, Chico Hamilton, Louis Armstrong and Jack Teagarden, and other joys. Bert Stern's camera style infec-



tiously conveys the festival's happy, lazy-day atmosphere. In the evening, when Mahalia Jackson, with her majestic chest tones, sings the word "soul," she defines it for all time. Aram Avakian edited. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 4.)

Le Joli Mai (1963)—In May, 1962, the month the war ended in Algeria, the French documentarian Chris Marker recorded a series of casual, impromptu interviews with Parisians and discovered that they would rather think of anything but politics. This Anglo-American version is marred by a commentary spoken in almost mockingly accented English by Simone Signoret, but Marker's distinctively lyric and generous approach to his subject keeps the film afloat—though just barely. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 8.)

Le Jour Se Lève ("Daybreak;" 1939)—The director, Marcel Carné, and the writer, Jacques Prévert, collaborated on this justly famous film about a decent sort of man (Jean Gabin) who is forced to become a murderer by the masochistic trickery of the man he kills (Jules Berry). Perhaps the finest of the French poetic melodramas. With Arletty, and a good score by Maurice Jaubert. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; July 2-3.)

King Kong (1932)—Fay Wray in a blond wig and the "tallest, darkest leading man in Hollywood"—who was actually less than two feet high. (Bleecker St. Cinema; July 10.)

King of Hearts (1967)—Philippe de Broca makes a lulling and rather winsome period comedy about a 1918 soldier in an evacuated village now inhabited only by zoo animals and lunatics in fancy dress. With Alan Bates. In French and English. (Elgin; July 3 and 10.)

The Koumiko Mystery (1966)—This lovely hour-long documentary about a modern Japanese girl was shot by Chris Marker in Tokyo during the Olympics. The mystery is the mystery of human individuality; Koumiko, with her archaic Oriental beauty, walks through the transient World's Fair atmosphere seeing herself as an outsider in modern Japan. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 8.)

Kwaidan (1965)—A four-part film, elaborate and rather tediously decorative, directed by Masaki Kobayashi. In Japanese. (Elgin; July 4.)

Lenny—The earnest Bob Fosse film starring Dustin Hoffman is for audiences who want to believe that Lenny Bruce was a saintly gadfly who was martyred for having lived before their time. Hoffman makes a serious, honorable try, but he's the wrong kind of actor to play Bruce. Hoffman is a nice boy; Bruce was uncompromisingly not nice. Valerie Perrine is touching as Honey, and Gary Morton has a fine bit as the type of comic who knew how to keep his public happy. (11/18/74) (Olympia; through July 8.)

Lepke—Tony Curtis as Louis (Lepke) Buchalter. Directed by Menahem Golan. (Juliet 1; through July 8.)

Little Big Man (1970)—The exhilarating Thomas Berger novel, brought to the screen by Arthur Penn. A hip epic, with an amiable first hour. Then the massacres and messages take over. With Dustin Hoffman as the only white survivor of Custer's Last Stand. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 6.)

The Little Rascals Show—An anthology of the Our Gang comedies of the thirties. (Cinema Village; starting July 9.)

The Long Goodbye (1973)—Robert Altman kisses off the private-eye form as gracefully as "Beat the Devil" finished off the cycle of the international-intrigue thriller. Less accidental than "Beat the Devil," it's just about as funny, though quicker-witted and dreamier, in soft, mellow color and volatile images. Based on Raymond Chandler's book, the picture stars Elliott Gould as Marlowe; he gives an original, striking performance as a wryly forlorn man, still driving a 1948 Lincoln Continental and trying to behave like Bogart. With Nina van Pallandt, Sterling Hayden, and Mark Rydell. (10/22/73) (Olympia; starting July 9.)

Love and Death—Woody Allen's imperially funny new picture is set—as you might guess from the coupling of big concepts in the title—in the land of "War and Peace," of "Crime and Punishment," of "Fathers and Sons," though we turn out to be not so much in Russia as in Russian literature. Mr. Allen, who both wrote and directed this beautiful picture (photographed by Ghislain Cloquet), plays a nineteenth-century aristocrat of radical leanings whose muzhik blouse keeps slipping about under his belt. We are in a very Slavic world of metaphysics and world-yearning, seen through the unique comic prism of Mr. Allen's mixture of the grandiose but hesitant. His firm belief that sex conquers all is deterred only by his fear for his ulcer condition and his herpes. The love of his life is his remote cousin Sonja (Diane Keaton), who shares his habit of falling into talk of the epistemological when what they would both rather fall into is bed. Miss Keaton—with whom Mr. Allen gracefully goes halves in sharing many of the funniest exchanges—is a magnificent partner for him. (6/16/75) (Sutton, Beekman, and Paramount.)

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A Man and a Woman (1966)—Claude Lelouch's popular romance about people with swinging occupations: Jean-Louis Trintignant is a racing-car driver, Anouk Aimée a script girl, Pierre Barouh a stunt man. The cinematographer-director specializes in lyrical blur and mist. In French. (Quad Cinema; through July 8.)

A Man for All Seasons (1966)—The moral tug-of-war between Henry VIII and Sir Thomas More, eloquently set forth by Robert Bolt and enacted by a superb cast, including Paul Scofield as More, Robert Shaw as Henry, and Leo McKern as the wily Cromwell. Directed by Fred Zinnemann. (D. W. Griffith; July 3.)

A Married Woman (1965)—Godard's peculiarly abstract treatment of a young married woman (Macha Meril), her dissatisfactions, her patterns as a consumer, and her infidelities. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 7.)

Maytime (1937)—Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy in one of their musicals that is enjoyable for more than camp reasons. The picture is too drawn out, the staging is often suffocating, and the score is rotten, but John Barrymore brings a bitter edge to the role of MacDonald's husband, and the atmosphere of thwarted passion is compelling. Robert Z. Leonard directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 6-8.)

McCabe & Mrs. Miller (1971)—A beautiful pipe dream of a movie—Robert Altman's fleeting vision of what frontier life might have been, with Warren Beatty as a cocky small-time gambler and Julie Christie as an ambitious madam. Delicate, richly textured, and unusually understated. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 5.)

Meet Me in St. Louis (1944)—Judy Garland, sprightly and vocal, in an excellent musical-comedy adaptation of Sally Benson's stories. With Margaret O'Brien as Tootie, whose Halloween adventure is the high point of the movie. Directed by Vincente Minnelli. (Regency; July 3-5.)

Midnight Cowboy (1969)—Jon Voight as the cowboy, and Dustin Hoffman as Ratso Rizzo. Directed by John Schlesinger. (Olympia; through July 8.)

Mr. Deeds Goes to Town (1936)—Frank-Capra-style folk humor is better in slightly shorter doses (this runs almost two hours), but there's no use fighting one's enjoyment. Ingratiating is the word for it, and irresistible, too. Gary Cooper is the sincere greeting-card poet who comes to the big city; Jean Arthur is the wiseacre newspaperwoman who starts out by making a public joke of him and then falls in love with him. Robert Riskin adapted the Clarence Budington Kellard *Satevepost* story. The cast includes George Bancroft, Lionel Stander, Douglass Dumbrille, Ruth Donnelly, Emma Dunn, Mayo Methot, and Raymond Walburn. (D. W. Griffith; July 5.)

Mr. Smith Goes to Washington (1939)—Frank Capra's attempt to repeat the country-boy-defeating-the-city-slickers formula of "Mr. Deeds" succeeded commercially, but this one has more of the heartfelt in it than is good for the stomach, and it goes on for *over* two hours. James Stewart is the naïve small-town hero sent to the Senate; Jean Arthur, again, is the cynical young secretary who is at first horrified by his simplicity. When the young Senator's illusions are shattered, he stages a filibuster, defeats the villains, and reëstablishes the whole government on a firm and honorable basis. No one balances the ups and downs of wistful sentiment and corny humor the way Capra can—but if anyone else should learn to, kill him. Sidney Buchman wrote the screenplay, from a story by Lewis R. Foster. The cast includes Claude Rains as a corrupt senator, Guy Kibbee as a venal governor, Beulah Bondi as Ma Smith, Edward Arnold, Thomas Mitchell, Ruth Donnelly, and Eugene Pallette, who gets stuck in a phone booth. Members of the U.S. Senate were so outraged about the picture that there was actually talk of a retaliatory bill against the movie interests; the storm blew over when it became apparent that the public loved the film. (D. W. Griffith; July 5.)

Modern Times (1936)—Chaplin, in beautiful form. (D. W. Griffith; July 6.)

Mondo Cane (1963)—The Italian documentary-maker Gualtiero Jacopetti and his associates are actually documentary fakers: they set out to demonstrate how uncivilized the world is, and then fake the proofs. There's no shortage of available evidence, but they prefer titillating, shocking frauds. The grossness of the picture works to the advantage of the filmmakers, since it seems almost naïve to attack it. (Elgin; July 8.)

Monty Python and the Holy Grail—A cheerfully loused-up reworking of the story of King Arthur, written and acted by the Python team, who were first famous on English TV and now keep growing numbers of Americans in on Sunday night to watch Channel 13 at half past ten. (5/5/75) (Plaza.)

Murder on the Orient Express—This all-star version of an Agatha Christie antiquity is utterly inoffensive, and audiences appear to be so hungry for this sort of entertainment that maybe it hardly matters that it isn't very good. Vanessa Redgrave, Rachel Roberts, and Ingrid Bergman are standouts in a cast that includes John Gielgud, Lauren Bacall, Wendy Hiller, Sean Connery, and Albert Finney as Hercule Poirot. Sidney Lumet directed. (12/9/74) (Gramercy; through July 8.)

Nashville—Robert Altman's crowning work so far. The rangy story is set in Nashville, Tennessee; the twenty-four characters are simultaneously caught up in the country-and-Western music industry and in local politicking on behalf of a Wallace-like Presidential candidate. The film's feeling for America is as true-pitched as the voice of the heroine singing idol, played by Ronee Blakley; its lack of understanding of anything not home-baked is exemplified by a dopily drawn English girl (Geraldine Chaplin), who improbably introduces herself as "Opal, of the British Broadcasting Company." Altman uses improvisation, many cameras, and multi-track sound recordings to the hilt. Intellectually, his film falls into some glib theories about the equation of pop-star worship with the Presidential system. But emotionally and technically it is triumphant. Wonderful performances by Lily Tomlin, Barbara Harris, and Henry Gibson, and some terrific music, with lyrics of intended hypocritical winningness running deliberately against the true, raw mood of the situations created by the screenwriter, Joan Tewkesbury. "Nashville" is not the explanation of America to itself that it purports to be, but it is exhilarating in its detail. (3/3/75 and 6/16/75) (Baronet, and Cinema II.)

National Velvet (1944)—One of the most likeable movies of all time. The twelve-year-old Elizabeth Taylor gives a lovely performance as Velvet Brown, the heroine of Enid Bagnold's account of a little English girl who wins a horse in a village lottery and is obsessively determined to enter him in the Grand National. Directed by Clarence Brown, the film is a high-spirited, childish dream; like "The Wizard of Oz," it has a rare and memorable quality. Mickey Rooney plays the jockey who coaches Velvet, Angela Lansbury is her dreamy, out-of-it older sister, and Jackie "Butch" Jenkins is the little brother of everyone's dreams. Velvet's parents are played by Donald Crisp and Anne Revere in the all-wise, M-G-M parental tradition. (Regency; July 2.)

Oliver Twist (1948)—David Lean directed this phantasmagoric version of the Dickens novel, with Alec Guinness as the sly, depraved Fagin, Robert Newton as Bill Sikes, Kay Walsh as Nancy, John Howard Davies as Oliver, Anthony Newley as the Artful Dodger. The movie is beautifully done, although in its fidelity to Dickens' attack on cruelty it is sometimes a bit hard on the audience. (Children may be frightened by the murder of Nancy.) (Bleecker St. Cinema; July 6-7.)

ONCE IS NOT ENOUGH—From the Jacqueline Susann novel, with Kirk Douglas. Directed by Guy Green. (Loews Ciné.)

ON THE WATERFRONT (1954)—One of the most powerful American movies of the fifties, best in its intimate scenes (Marlon Brando courting Eva Marie Saint, Brando with his brother, Rod Steiger), worst in its attempts at dynamic Christian symbolism and in Karl Malden's big moments. Elia Kazan directed from Budd Schulberg's script. Score by Leonard Bernstein. (D. W. Griffith; July 8.)

THE PASSENGER—Antonioni's film about an estranged London TV-news reporter for whom everything has staled—work and personal life both. The reporter is on the track of a story in a remote part of Africa. He seizes the chance to exchange his identity for a dead man's, and takes on the dead man's slowly revealed undercover missions. Jack Nicholson, as the reporter, gives a performance that is a marvel of insight. With Maria Schneider. (4/14/75) (Quad Cinema; through July 8.)

PÉPÉ LE MOKO (1936)—Superb entertainment. A classic romantic tragedy of the thirties, and one of the most compelling of all French films, yet seen by few Americans, because it was remade in Hollywood two years later as "Algiers," starring Charles Boyer and "introducing" Hedy Lamarr. "Algiers" was so closely copied from "Pépé le Moko" that look-alikes were cast in many of the roles, and some sequences were followed shot by shot, but "Algiers" is glamorous pop that doesn't compare to the original, directed by Julien Duvivier and starring Jean Gabin as the gangster who finds love but can't find his freedom. No one who saw "Pépé" is likely to forget the scene in which the homesick-for-Paris Gabin looks at a Métro ticket and recites the names of the stations. With Mireille Balin, Marcel Dalio, Gaston Modot, Gabriel Gabrio, and Charpin. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; July 8-9.)

THE PHANTOM BARON (1943)—Somehow or other, Cocteau got involved in writing the script for this silly romantic adventure, which was directed by Serge de Poligny and has little connection to Cocteau's own screen work. Set in the early nineteenth century, it's about a hidden treasure. Cocteau played the title role; possibly he inveigled Gabrielle Dorziat into appearing in it also; in any case, she looks as if she's not sure what she's doing here. With Alain Cuny and Jany Holt. In French. (Elgin; July 2.)

PRINCE IGOR (1972)—Performed by the Kirov Opera and Ballet of Leningrad. In Russian. (Bijou; starting July 9.)

THE PRISONER OF SECOND AVENUE—Jack Lemmon, as a New York advertising executive, gets fired, feels worthless, and has a nervous breakdown; Anne Bancroft is his devoted wife. Vaguely about urban despair, full of bad jokes. Melvin Frank directed the movie version of Neil Simon's sitcom. (3/10/75) (Trans-Lux 85th St., and Loews 83rd St. . . . ¶ Cinema Village; through July 8.)

QUEEN CHRISTINA (1934)—Garbo great, with John Gilbert, directed by Rouben Mamoulian. She poses as a man, dressed in black velvet, in a famous inn scene in which she is asked to share a bedroom with the Spanish ambassador; no one has ever come near her ability as an actress to suggest opposite emotions at the same time, and her mixture here of the debonair and the bashful is delicately comic. The film ends, historically, with a heartrending closeup of Garbo's face that runs for eighty-five feet. When asked what he told Garbo to think of when she was doing the shot, Mamoulian replied, "Nothing, absolutely nothing." (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 9-10.)

RED BEARD (1965)—Kurosawa's film, close to two and a half hours long, is set in the slums of Japan in the nineteenth century. Mifune is Red Beard—a grunting, unscrupulous hero-doctor who keeps an essential clinic open by one-man Mafia means. Kurosawa is very interested in such resolute and uncommendable saints. The style of the film is flowing and full of high attack. In Japanese. (Elgin; July 6.)

THE REINCARNATION OF PETER PROUD—With Michael Sarrazin and Jennifer O'Neill, directed by J. Lee Thompson. (72nd Street East; starting July 9.)

THE RETURN OF THE PINK PANTHER—Peter Sellers strikes again, with a wonderfully matured piece of comic embodiment as Inspector Clouseau, the accident-prone French cop whom he first played in 1964. There is a superlative performance by Herbert Lom as Clouseau's boss. Directed by Blake Edwards. (6/2/75) (Eastside Cinema, Greenwich, Cinema Studio, and Thalia. . . . ¶ 86th St. East; through July 8.)

RIGHT ON! (1971)—Dangerous-natured, funny, agile film about three black poets—poets of revolution and infectious, lazy sarcasm. They incant on a roof in Harlem, accompanied by drums; the sunshine burns and wanes, the film is stirring and chilling. Herbert Danska directed. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 4.)

ROLLERBALL—With James Caan and John Houseman, directed by Norman Jewison. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Ziegfeld.)

ROOM AT THE TOP (1958)—Jack Clayton's capable, intelligent version of the John Braine novel was one of the breakthrough English films of the late fifties that got out of the studios and into modern England. Laurence Harvey is the social and economic climber who sacrifices Simone Signoret on the way up; their extraordinarily convincing scenes together are among the best love scenes in movies. (D. W. Griffith; July 10.)

ROSE MARIE (1936)—Singing "The Indian Love Call," Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy are in a class of their own; the wholesome, hearty horror of it is matchless. This is one of the liveliest and most popular of their *kitschfests*. It's set in the Pacific Northwest; she's an opera star and he's a Mountie who has arrested her brother (skinny young James Stewart). With Allan Jones and Reginald Owen. W. S. Van Dyke directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 6-8.)

THE RUSSIANS ARE COMING, THE RUSSIANS ARE COMING (1966)—Alan Arkin as a Russian sailor, and Carl Reiner as a vacationing New York writer, in a comedy about a Russian submarine going aground on an island just off Cape Cod. Norman Jewison directed this pleasant entertainment, which was actually shot in northern California. With Brian Keith and Jonathan Winters. (Elgin; July 3.)

SATURDAY NIGHT AT THE BATHS—With Robert Aberdeen, directed by David Buckley. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1.)

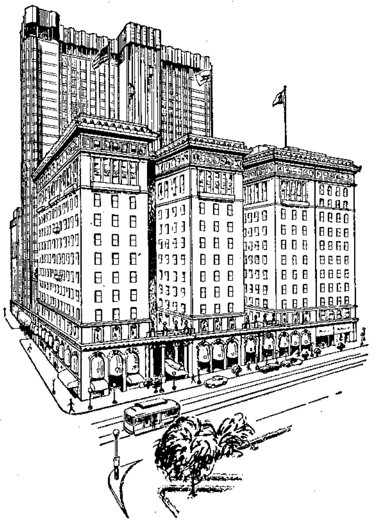
THE SEVEN SAMURAI (1954)—Seven hired knights defend a village against forty mounted bandits—their pay a few handfuls of rice. This epic on violence and action—Akira Kurosawa's masterpiece—has been widely imitated in recent years, but no one has come near it. The full three-and-a-half-hour version. In Japanese. (Elgin; July 5.)

SHAMPOO—Warren Beatty, as a Beverly Hills hairdresser, in a sex roundelay set in the Beatles sixties of miniskirts and strobe lights. The way it has been done, the joke expands the more you think about it. The people whirling in and out of bed include Julie Christie, Goldie Hawn, Jack Warden, Lee Grant, Tony Bill, and Carrie Fisher. Hal Ashby directed this sophisticated farce from a script by Robert Towne and Beatty (who was also the producer). (2/17/75) (Columbia II. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through July 8.)

SOME LIKE IT HOT (1959)—A fifties comedy set in the Prohibition era, with transvestism, impotence, role confusion, and borderline inversion—and all hilariously innocent. Tony Curtis and Jack Lemmon are the female impersonators who join a girls' band, and Marilyn Monroe and Joe E. Brown are their somewhat confused love partners. With George Raft, Pat O'Brien, and Nehemiah Persoff. Billy Wilder directed. (D. W. Griffith; July 4.)

SOMETHING FOR EVERYONE (1970)—Nothing much for anyone, actually, in this film about the omnisexuality of a footman hero (Michael York), who sidles up to an Austrian countess (Angela Lansbury), and also to her son and to everyone else in sight. Miss Lansbury does try as best she can for high comedy. (Quad Cinema; through July 8.)

STRAIGHT, PLACE, AND SHOW (1938)—The Ritz Brothers. Not at their manic, surreal best (that was "Kentucky Moonshine," the year before), and there's too much distraction from them in the horseracing story that involves Phyllis Brooks, Richard Arlen, and Ethel Merman, but still it's the Ritz Brothers. Merman has a twinkle in her hard eyes as she belts out "Why Not String Along with Me" and "With You on My Mind;" her belting wasn't nearly as brassy in those days. She's a knockout. She also gets to proposition Richard Arlen in a passage of double-entendre dialogue that became more famous when it was lifted for Bacall



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and Bogart in "The Big Sleep." David Butler directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through July 3.)

A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE (1951)—Some of the best dialogue ever written by an American, and two of the greatest performances ever put on film. Marlon Brando plays the brutal Stanley Kowalski, who shatters the system of illusions that Blanche DuBois (Vivien Leigh) lives by. Elia Kazan directed the Tennessee Williams play. (D. W. Griffith; July 8.)

THE STRONGEST MAN IN THE WORLD—From the Disney studios, with Kurt Russell and Phil Silvers. (Fine Arts, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, and Festival; starting July 9.)

THE STRONG MAN (1926)—At the time this picture (his best) came out, Harry Langdon—innocent, moronic, infantile, saintly, cunning—was widely held to be in the class of Chaplin, Keaton, and Lloyd. It was his second long comedy and his last box-office success. Langdon plays a Belgian soldier in the First World War who has become a pen pal of an American girl and comes to find her after the war; he eventually has to clean out the corrupt town she lives in. At one point he falls into the grip of a tough broad who is trying to steal some money from the lining of his coat; he misinterprets her action and gives a glorious rendition of outraged virtue. Written and directed by Frank Capra. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 2.)

SUNDAY BLOODY SUNDAY (1971)—John Schlesinger directed this complex, remarkably modulated study of the breakup of two love affairs, from a screenplay by Penelope Gilliatt. An unusual film—perhaps a classic. With Glenda Jackson, Peter Finch, and Murray Head. (Quad Cinema; through July 8.)

TAKE THE MONEY AND RUN (1969)—Woody Allen as a sweetly incompetent gangster with gentle manners and an inability to write holdup notes that anyone can read. (D. W. Griffith; July 7.)

LE TEMPESTAIRE (1947)—Directed by Jean Epstein. Twenty-three minutes long, in French. (Elgin; July 9.)

THERE'S NO BUSINESS LIKE SHOW BUSINESS (1954)—The competent hoofing by Donald O'Connor and Dan Dailey isn't enough to compensate for a seedy plot about a family of vaudevillians and for performers like Johnnie Ray, who sings like a rutting cat and then—as if to win our indulgence—announces he is going to be a priest. Marilyn Monroe, Ethel "Iron Lungs" Merman, and Mitzi Gaynor perform without much distinction; there's no lift to this thing. The score is by Irving Berlin; Walter Lang directed, for Fox. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through July 3.)

THEY DIED WITH THEIR BOOTS ON (1942)—Raoul Walsh directed Errol Flynn, Olivia de Havilland, Arthur Kennedy, Sydney Greenstreet. Flynn plays Custer. Well, the climactic massacre is lavish, as they say. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 6.)

THRONE OF BLOOD (1957)—Kurosawa's wild and fine version of "Macbeth," with Mifune, set in sixteenth-century Japan. The sound track pounds with noises of armor and horses' hooves; Shakespeare's main sense is kept, and so are his abiding strokes of theatre, especially when the mists of the picture part to show Birnam Wood coming to Dunsinane, one of the truly alarming shots in world cinema. In Japanese. (Elgin; July 7.)

TOMMY—The famous rock opera composed and sung by The Who, turned into a clamorous film by Ken Russell. With Ann-Margret and Roger Daltrey. (4/7/75) (Little Carnegie.)

TOM THUMB (1958)—With Russ Tamblyn and Alan Young, directed by George Pal. (Regency; July 2.)

EL TOPO (1971)—A spaghetti Western in the style of Luis Buñuel, and tinsel all the way. The writer-director-star, Alexandro Jodorowsky, plays with symbols and ideas and enigmas so promiscuously that the confusion may be mistaken for depth. He has some feeling for pace and for sadistic comedy, but the principal appeal of the movie is as a violent fantasy—like head comics. (Elgin; July 8.)

THE TOWERING INFERNO—Disaster blockbuster, with each scene of someone horribly in flames presented as a feat for the audience's delectation. These incendiary deaths and the falls from high up in the hundred-and-thirty-eight-floor tallest skyscraper in the world are the film's only feats. Paul Newman and Steve

McQueen mutter heroic sentiments, and Faye Dunaway manages to look goddessy-beautiful through it all. John Guillermin directed, Irwin Allen produced, Sterling Silliphant wrote the series of bloopers that make up the script. (12/30/74) (8th St. Playhouse, and Embassy 72nd St.)

TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP (1926)—Harry Langdon's first full-length comedy. Not quite the picture that his second, "The Strong Man," is, but the restrained slapstick is charming. In this one, he enters a footrace across the continent and gets caught in a chain gang and a cyclone before winning. Harry Edwards directed, with Frank Capra on the script. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 9.)

THE VIRGIN SPRING (1960)—A young girl is raped and murdered on her confirmation day, and her father (Max von Sydow) takes a bloody revenge. On the stark side. Directed by Ingmar Bergman. In Swedish. (Bleecker St. Cinema; July 4-5.)

LES VISITEURS DU SOIR (1942; American title, "The Devil's Envoys")—A romance based on a French legend: "And so in the beautiful month of May, 1485, the Devil sent on earth two of his creatures in order to drive the human beings to despair." The director, Marcel Carné, and the writers, Jacques Prévert and Pierre Laroche, intended a magical and seductive film poem, and they certainly had the cast for it—Arletty, with her incomparably lustrous eyes, Jules Berry, Marie Déa, and Alain Cuny (who in his youth, unfortunately, looked like a wooden Indian). But it turns allegorical and becomes rather slow and overstylized. Perhaps the sentiments (the Devil himself is unable to corrupt true lovers) are a little too fragrant. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; July 9-10.)

WEDDING IN BLOOD (1974)—A French small-town love-and-murder tale, written and directed by Claude Chabrol, who has a Gallically perverse drive to find something classical in the squalid. Michel Piccoli plays an idly ambitious Don Juan whose dominant practicality and ambitiousness understandably douse sexuality in his wife, an invalid, and eventually in his drawn-cheeked and beautiful mistress. Most of Chabrol's usual sense of small-town drama is lost in an exhibition of metropolitan knowingness. In French. (6/3/74) (D. W. Griffith; July 2.)

WHAT'S UP, TIGER LILY? (1966)—Woody Allen provides dubbed dialogue for a chopped-up Japanese sexy-spy thriller; the jokes get rather desperate, but there are enough wildly sophomoric ones to make this pop stunt fairly amusing. (D. W. Griffith; July 7.)

WOMAN IN THE DUNES (1964)—An excellent Japanese film by Hiroshi Teshigahara, if one can assume that one's sympathies will not be shaken by a taxing concentration on sand and sand-covered bodies, and by an alien cast of mind about erotic parables. In Japanese. (Elgin; July 4.)

WOMAN OF THE YEAR (1942)—The first of the films co-starring Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy. The chemistry is great but the plot and the tone are wobbly. He's a sportswriter, and she's a celebrated political journalist (probably modelled on Dorothy Thompson) who doesn't know how to be a woman. The comedy goes sour whenever the movie scores points against her, and the slapstick resolution has an air of desperation. George Stevens directed, from a script by Ring Lardner, Jr., and Michael Kanin. With Fay Bainter, Reginald Owen, and William Bendix. (Regency; July 6-8.)

A WOMAN UNDER THE INFLUENCE—The writer-director John Cassavetes is under the influence of R. D. Laing, and he presents an illustration of Laing's scapegoat theory of schizophrenia, with Gena Rowlands as the helpless victim of a bullying husband (Peter Falk) and a repressive society. (Cassavetes swathes the Laingian romanticism in wet blankets; the scenes are often unshaped, and so rudderless that the meanings don't emerge. Rowlands externalizes schizophrenic dissolution: she fragments before our eyes. But her prodigious performance is enough for half a dozen tours de force—it's exhausting. Nothing she does is memorable, because she does so much. (12/9/74) (Art; through July 8.)

THE WORLD'S YOUNG BALLET—A film of the international ballet competition held in Moscow's Bolshoi Theatre a few years ago. (Bijou; starting July 9.)

YOJIMBO (1962)—Akira Kurosawa's boisterous, exuberant comedy-satire about violence, with Toshiro Mifune as the sword for hire. One of the rare Japanese films that is both great and funny to Westerners. In Japanese. (Elgin; July 7.)

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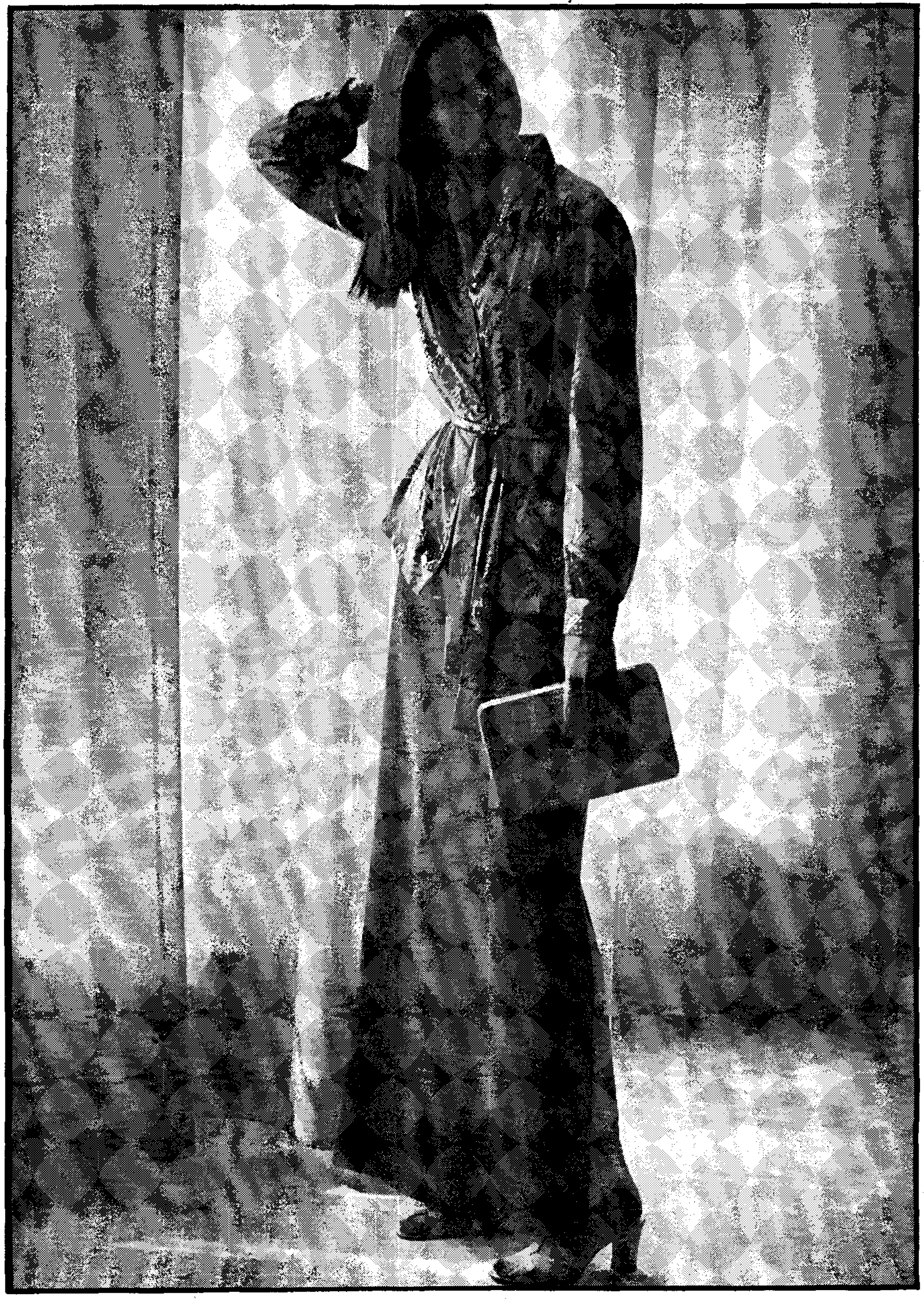

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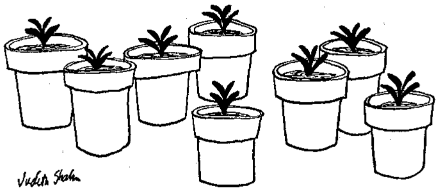
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

At the time of this writing, the news from India—the land of Mahatma Gandhi and his political son and heir Jawaharlal Nehru—is sketchy, but it seems that "the world's largest democracy," home of some six hundred million people, has abruptly come to an end after a mere twenty-eight years of existence. Prime Minister Indira Gandhi, the daughter of Nehru (and not related to Mahatma Gandhi), has set in motion a course of events whose outcome no one can now predict, least of all Mrs. Gandhi herself. On the twenty-sixth of June, in the capital and elsewhere, Prime Minister Gandhi's government arrested the leading members of the opposition parties, along with many dissidents in her own Congress Party, in the middle of the night, in a police action shockingly reminiscent of totalitarian tactics. This action was soon followed by further arrests, bringing the total number, according to one estimate, to more than three thousand. The roll of these prisoners, who could be detained indefinitely, is staggering. One of them, Jaya Prakash Narayan, is perhaps the most deeply revered leader in India since Gandhi and Nehru. For Mrs. Gandhi to arrest him is almost as if she had arrested her own father. Narayan is seventy-two, was recently widowed, and has long been ailing from diabetes. Another of the prisoners is the seventy-nine-year-old Morarji Desai, the most powerful advocate of Mahatma Gandhi's policies now in politics, who was Deputy Prime Minister in Nehru's Cabinet. As Gandhi used to do, he recently undertook a fast "unto death"—in his case, to persuade Mrs. Gandhi to hold a regional election that was called for by the Constitution. Mrs. Gandhi had been delaying the election, because she was afraid of losing it. The election was held a few weeks ago, and Mrs. Gandhi's party was defeated by a coalition of opposition parties, so for her to arrest Desai is as if she were trying to overturn the verdict at the polls. Another prisoner, Raj Narain, was the plaintiff in a suit in which Mrs. Gandhi was the defendant. He had stood against Mrs. Gandhi in her home constituency in the state of Uttar Pradesh in 1971, lost the election, and brought Mrs. Gandhi to court for corrupt practices in the election. On the twelfth of June, after a trial lasting many months, in which Mrs. Gandhi herself testified for six and a half hours, he won a judgment that declared her election invalid and required her to vacate her seat in Parliament—though it allowed her twenty days to appeal to the Supreme Court—and barred her from standing for any political office for six years. The judgment is now under appeal, so for her to arrest Narain is as if Richard Nixon, in the waning days of his Presidency, had arrested John Doar. The comparison between Mrs. Gandhi and Richard Nixon is not far-fetched. In a speech over All-India Radio justifying her action, Mrs. Gandhi announced that she had ordered the arrests to preserve law and order, and that by destroying democracy temporarily she might in fact be saving it, saying at one point, "It is not important whether I remain Prime Minister or not. However, the institution of the Prime Minister is important"—words reminiscent of Nixon's repeated insistence that what he was trying to protect was not himself but the Presidency. In the manner of Nixon, Mrs. Gandhi, ever since taking office, has fancied herself to be a pragmatist and a realist, who knows how to make tough decisions and knows what is best for the country. In recent years, the advisers around her, who, for their part, fancied themselves to be "the Kashmir Mafia," have been full of talk about "image," about the "realities of power," and about Mrs. Gandhi's "diplomatic triumphs."

Mrs. Gandhi has also imposed a sweeping censorship of newspapers and foreign dispatches, and prevented newspapers already printed from being distributed. There is no telling whether her police actions amount to a coup d'état or just a temporary political aberration that may yet somehow be corrected. But one thing is clear: her timing could not have been more inopportune. The summer has always been known in India as a season of violence. When tempers rise with the temperature, a brush in the street or a rude word on a bus can lead to a murder. Indians, who for most of the year are gentle and docile in demeanor, in summer become explosive; anything can start a riot. Since many of the politicians arrested have large, loyal followings throughout the country, the news of their arrest may touch off the very political violence that Mrs. Gandhi claims she acted to prevent.



Our last air-mail newspaper from India reports:

> TODAY'S WEATHER IN DELHI
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> Hot day with strong surface winds during day time; not much change in the day temperature.
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> The maximum temperature in New Delhi (S'jang) on Monday was 43.6 degrees C (110.5 degrees F), 4 degrees C above normal; and the minimum 33.4 degrees C (92.1 degrees F), 4 degrees C above normal.

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Three Musical Situations

Entrance: Filippo Tommaso Marinetti would have loved the Rolling Stones. The author of "The Futurist Manifesto," which burst on a still shockable world back in 1909, was nuts about action, speed, aggressiveness, "dynamic sensation," artistic excess of all kinds (verbal, musical, visual), and, above all, The Machine. The Stones dished out enough of all that, the Sunday they opened their six-night stand at

BOSTON
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LAST CHANCE FOR A SNAPPY NEW ENGLAND COMEBACK

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Madison Square Garden, to sate the most wild-eyed Futurist. Inside the Garden—itself a gigantic machine, with a ceiling that suggests the hub of a huge turbine—symbols of military and industrial power had been amassed. The arena was bathed in an eerie greenish-blue light. Some hundred members of the Steel Bands Association of the Americas pounded at the rate of ten beats a second on instruments made out of oil drums. They made a sound like riveters and jackhammers working in synchrony. The spectators, who had passed through half a dozen checkpoints manned by uniformed guards to get to their seats, were more than routinely excited. Huge, fierce-looking stylized eagles, projected on the walls, glided around silently and inexorably, like a fleet of bombers darkening the sky. Thousands of tiny blue lights, strung in arcs on the ceiling, pulsated rapidly in time with the steel drums. The focus of attention was the specially built stage. The stage was a kind of heavy, gleaming mechanical flower. It had six massive, sharply pointed petals, which were folded to reveal their metal undersides and to hide the Stones from view until they were ready to show themselves. Suspended from the ceiling over the stage was a white conical curtain, narrow at the top and wide at the base. It billowed faintly, like a colossal wind sock over a hissing volcano. Big searchlights on either side of the stage sent thick beams of white light upward. At nine-fifteen, an hour and a quarter after the announced beginning of the show, the crowd grew impatient. Waves of boos, rumbling like the sound of a rocket straining for lift-off, alternated with cheers at the slightest sign of activity beneath the curtain. Finally, at nine-twenty-five, the houselights dimmed. The crowd was roaring. Out of the speakers, at peak volume, came the dramatic opening notes of Aaron Copland's "Fanfare for the Common Man," followed by the opening chords, on electric guitar, of "Honky Tonk Women." The searchlights shifted so their beams hit plastic mirrors in the rigging over the stage and were reflected back. As the curtain collapsed slowly upward, the stage, more slowly still, began to open. At the apex of the foremost petal as it unfolded and descended toward the crowd was Mick Jagger, his hair streaming on his head like snakes, his eyes shadowed, and his capacious mouth rouged and grinning, a diamond bracelet glinting on his left wrist.

Well! Such entrances are not made without a bit of preparation. We had had a glimpse of the working of the machine the evening before, at a technical rehearsal. Paul Wasserman, the bearded ironist who is the head press agent for the tour, managed to sneak a handful of visitors into the Garden. He had to hide the visitors periodically, because the Stones' manager didn't much want anybody there apart from the people on the payroll. At one point, the visitors were hidden in an exit ramp, and we found ourself in the absurd position of standing next to a "No Standing" sign in a room where there were nineteen thousand empty seats. While the lighting engineers tested their equipment and the rest of the band tuned up in a leisurely way, Jagger walked and ran around his domain. (He walks and runs as he dances—liquidly, on the balls of his feet.) Near the stage, he conferred with his tour manager, Peter Rudge, whose official title is Commander. (Continuing the military motif, Rudge's assistant is Admiral Mike Crowley.) Under the stage, with the petals down, was a tangled metal underbrush of supports, hydraulic equipment, and electric wiring. Jagger wore a jacket emblazoned with the emblem of the tour—an angry metallic eagle with flaming jet engines slung under its wings. The Stones ran through their opening and their closing, and in between they played a reggae number, which Jagger sang in a perfect Jamaican accent. Neon lights were embedded in the stage; toward the end of the rehearsal, Jagger methodically stamped on them, trying to put them out. They stayed on. The machine was ready.

The concert that followed the technological triumph of Jagger's entrance on Sunday night was as exciting and skillful as the buildup to it. If the imagery the Stones chose to surround themselves with was a trifle unsettling (an awful lot has happened since 1909, at Nuremberg and elsewhere, and Futurism was never all that appetizing anyway), their music remains the best rock and roll that it is possible to hear. Speaking of Futurism, we're still wondering about the fortune that came in a box of Cracker Jack we bought at the refreshment stand. "You will meet a man named Stone," it said. "Do not take him for granite."

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ADJUSTMENT: When the four-hundred-and-fifty-five-member Bolshoi Opera arrived from Moscow for a month's stay at the Metropolitan Opera House, we hastened up to Lincoln Center to find out how the company was adjusting to its surroundings. We arrived at the Metropolitan auditorium on Monday evening (the company had flown in over the weekend), to find Yuri Simonov, the Bolshoi's thirty-two-year-old chief conductor, polishing "The Star-Spangled Banner" with an orchestra that was obviously suffering from jet lag. From time to time, Mr. Simonov, a short, intense perfectionist, stopped the musicians and sang them his version of our national anthem to make sure they understood his phrasing and dynamics. When they finally played the piece straight through, it sounded like Beethoven. Behind Simonov stood a thicket of television cameras, and behind them—halfway back in the darkened auditorium—was a group of Russians and Americans checking cue sheets at a lighted desk. A Hurok official explained that while the Russians were lighting and directing all six of the productions that they had brought with them, their American counterparts were on hand, with translators, to pass instructions along to the American technicians who operated the theatre. "The stage crew is about twenty per cent Russian, eighty per cent American," she said. "The Russians, of course, know where everything is supposed to go, but they can only guide the Americans, who do the actual work. Union regulations. To make sure that people understand each other, we hired five technical interpreters and the Russians brought three more, but many of the stagehands and electricians seem to be working out their own hand-signal communication system. So far, things are running quite smoothly."

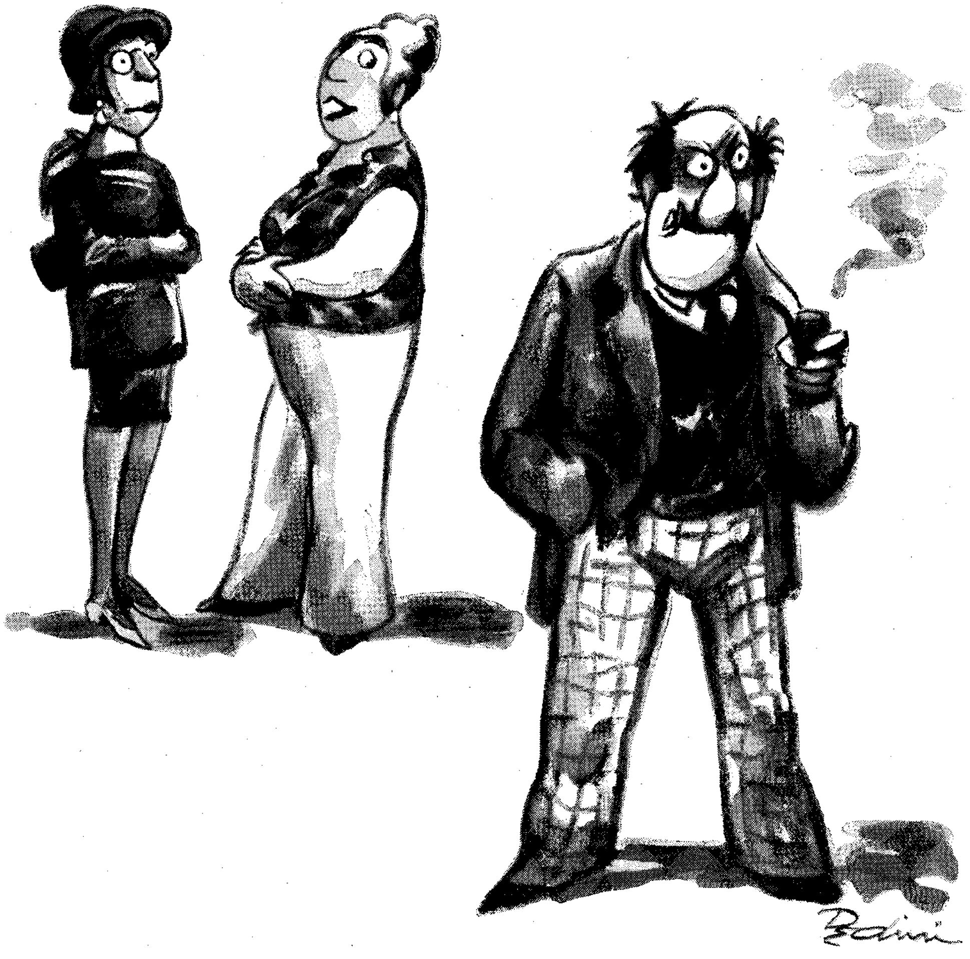
We saw the first two acts of "Boris Godunov"—an opulent and magnificently literal production—from the auditorium. During the second intermission, we introduced ourself to Gilbert Hemsley, the Hurok production supervisor, and he invited us to come backstage and watch the set change. "It's détente in action," said Mr. Hemsley, a large, easygoing man with green eyes, black-rimmed glasses, and a mop of curly brown hair. "The only real complaint I've had so far is that the orchestra seats are too soft for Russians. I told them they should try to adjust to comfort."

He led us up a flight of stairs and around the edge of the gold curtain, and introduced us to Suzy Gooch, his stage manager. Miss Gooch explained that she was stationed at the prompt desk—a control console at stage right—with an interpreter and Yevgeni Natsky, the Bolshoi's stage manager. "I call bows, work lights, houselights, and crew warnings in English, so our people know what's coming," Miss Gooch said. "Natsky gives the go—the Russians say '*Davai*,' meaning 'Let's go'—for set changes, because it works better that way. The lighting cues come from two glass-fronted booths at the back of the orchestra. Boris Lelyukhin, the Russian lighting director, calls the cues from the stage-right booth. His interpreter passes them on through an intercom to the American switchboard operators in the left-hand booth."

"It sounds crazy, but it works," Mr. Hemsley said. He directed our attention to the stage, which was swarming with teams of Russian and American stagehands pushing massive chunks of gray and white scenery into place for the Polish Garden scene. We watched them assemble two enormous curving staircases flanked by several flowerbeds; a twenty-four-foot-high fountain that was fed with water from a portable tank; a statue of Diana; a large gray ornamental deer; and a circular bench for the two lovers—Dmitri and Marina. The American stagehands were mostly young men in bluejeans and T-shirts. The Russians were middle-aged; the men wore slacks and open-necked sports shirts, the women wore black or navy knee-length smocks. Several Russians were wearing orange T-shirts with "Bolshoi Opera" printed across the back and "Metropolitan Opera" across the front—gifts from the American stagehands. We noticed a tall blond American stagehand shaking an admonitory finger at a chunky Russian woman who was down on her knees stuffing a piece of material under the last step of a staircase. "That's Katya, the ground-cloth lady," Mr. Hemsley said. "She knows she's supposed to let him do the work, but ground cloths are her life and she insists that they must be set exactly right."

We asked Mr. Hemsley what technical problems he had encountered.

"Our main difficulties are due to two things," he replied, showing us a large stage diagram of the Polish Garden scene. "First, the Russians aren't used to writing down production information. Therefore, we had to go to Moscow and make our own plans, so we'd know where each piece of scenery should be placed. Second, since they have lots of backstage labor, they are used to doing everything by hand. Here they are learning to ad-



"He doesn't like anything, but he does tolerate a couple of things."

just to the Met's automated ways. For example, I went out and bought new ball-bearing coasters for all of the heavy scenery. It takes fewer men to push the pieces around if they move smoothly, and that saves money. Our other main problem is that the Bolshoi stage is permanently raked, while the Metropolitan stage is permanently flat. This means that we have to wedge every big piece of scenery to make it stand firmly upright, and we have to trim every front-to-back drop so that it falls evenly onto a flat floor. We are also missing four trunks of principals' costumes for 'Boris' and 'Eugene Onegin.' They're lost somewhere between Moscow and New York. But the Bolshoi travels with lots of spares."

"Who's handling snow?" inquired a tiny American girl, who turned out to be an assistant stage manager.

"Find an interpreter and ask the head prop lady," said Mr. Hemsley, and then he turned back to us. "Ah, yes, I forgot about the snow. The Russians brought paper snow, which we couldn't use, because it was inflammable. So we bought them some flameproof snow for the Kromy Forest scene—a hundred and twenty dollars for fifty pounds. It's going to be a light blizzard."

As we walked back toward the stage with Mr. Hemsley, we paused to admire a placid white mare standing patiently near a doorway. Her trainer told us that her name was Frosty and that they had been there for five hours waiting for a tenor who was supposed to rehearse with her. "He hasn't shown up, and Frosty is getting pretty sleepy," said the trainer. "But she's a stagewise horse. She made her début right here at the Met in 'Falstaff.' "

During the Kromy Forest scene, the snow arrived on cue, but Frosty did not appear onstage to carry off the pretender, Dmitri, at the head of his victorious army. When we asked Mr. Hemsley what had gone wrong, he told us that the Russians had informed him that they wanted a more imposing animal. "They said Frosty wasn't *bolshoi*—big—enough," he said. "It's too bad, because good trained horses are expensive, and this one has a contract."

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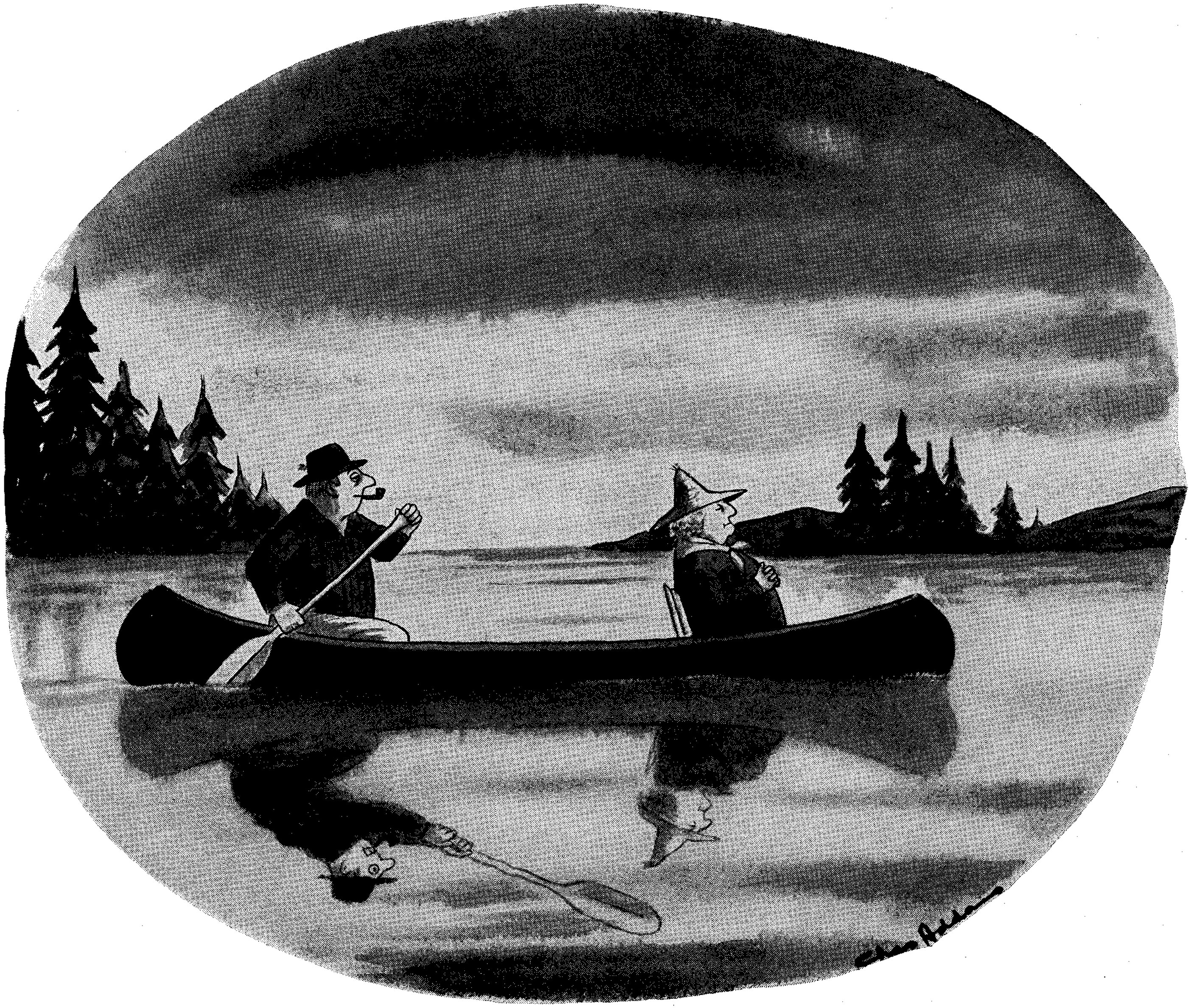
LIEBERSON: What we have always noticed about Goddard Lieberson, who has just retired as president of CBS Records Group, and also as a director and a vice-president of CBS, is the way he makes people he's working with (or even just talking with) feel cheerful. For one thing, he kids around a lot without holding up the work. For another thing, next to Fred Astaire, he wears the most cheerful-looking combinations of suits and shirts and ties. Also, from what we glimpsed of him during his thirty-five years or so as an executive with Columbia Records and other CBS departments, everybody around him would be having some fun while, say, developing the 33⅓-r.p.m. microgroove long-playing record—an innovation that brought, for better or worse, classical music, and popular music, and jazz, and folk songs, and rock, and plays, and poetry, and documentaries, and a lot of other stuff to the public. Lieberson has always been a friend of musical shows. It's a matter of history that he persuaded CBS to put up all the money—two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, which was a lot in those days—to produce "My Fair Lady" on the stage. As a composer and musician himself, he is unusually well equipped to produce, as he did, dozens of classical and show-business albums, including one of the earliest original-Broadway-cast albums—"Kiss Me, Kate," in 1948. Before retiring, at the age of not-sixty-five-until-next-April, Lieberson finished producing another album for Columbia the other day. It was the original-cast recording of "A Chorus Line," the New York Shakespeare Festival Public Theatre hit show, with music by Marvin Hamlisch and lyrics by Edward Kleban, and directed and choreographed by Michael Bennett.

We checked in at the recording session of "A Chorus Line," which was being supervised by Lieberson, but first we checked on how his "retirement" was going. A peculiar business. It seemed to be *about* Lieberson, but it all seemed to be going on outside Lieberson himself. Out of the fancy digs at CBS—a three-room suite with a private bathroom and a private dining room and two private secretaries. Into a small, sunny couple of rooms a few blocks away, at 1 East Fifty-third Street, where he pays the rent himself. The potted plants moved out of the old place into the new. The books. The records. The record-player. The collection of autographed photographs. ("To Goddard Lieberson, with kindest regards now and forever. Charles Ives." "For the Great Goddard from his fan Cole Porter." "To Goddard Lieberson, with kindest wishes and most cordial remembrance of Arturo Toscanini. April 11, 1949." "You defy my favorite notion that an arch humorist cannot go far in this world. In your case, I will overlook it, but don't carry your defiance too far. Your devoted and loving Sam [S. N. Behrman]." "Dear Mr. Lieberson—in memory of two happy afternoons reading 'Façade.' Yours, Edith Sitwell." John Gielgud. Samuel Beckett. Francis Poulenc. Heitor Villa-Lobos. Comden and Green. Groucho Marx. John F. Kennedy. Paul Hindemith. Kurt Weill. Igor Stravinsky. Leonard Bernstein. Carlos Chávez. Henry Cowell. Pablo Casals. Isaac Stern. Marianne Moore. Thomas Beecham. A Tchelitchew pencil drawing of Lieberson's wife, Vera Zorina, the dancer, signed by the artist. And much more, all to be packed and boxed.) In addition to the packing and the moving, there was considerable extra lunching and dining and accepting of accolades. A black-tie dinner in honor of Lieberson, attended by the CBS board of directors, at the home of William Paley. An informal dinner in honor of Lieberson, attended by Columbia Records people, including the venerable John Hammond, Jr.—who introduced Lieberson to Columbia—and a lot of show-biz folks, in the restaurant of Romeo Salta. Some farewell gifts. From the CBS board of directors, a framed testimonial. From same, a first complete edition of the extremely rare 1527 issue of Higden's Polychronicon, with the printed music. From colleagues at Columbia, a terra-cotta sculpture, genuine Corinthian, and in perfect condition, of a ram. (Lieberson's birth sign is Aries.) And some gag presents, like a potted plant bearing a red ribbon with "SUCCESS" on it in gold letters.

HOSE CO.
ZEIGLER

It was a different story at the recording session of "A Chorus Line," which was held at the Columbia studio at 207 East Thirtieth Street. Everything felt immediately cheerful. No scrolls. No speeches. No farewells. No gold watches. Just the work. The show's orchestra, stationed at numerous mikes, was running through a great number entitled "One," blasting away with lots of brass. The dancers and singers were hanging around in little groups, sitting on the floor, holding on to their ankles, the way dancers seem to like to do, yakking it up, wearing rehearsal clothes. Lieberson, alive and chewing gum, looking absorbed and amused and politely intense, with



his coat off and yet very Fred Astaire-ish in a light-blue cotton shirt, a bright-yellow necktie, white pants, and brown loafers. He was in the glassed-in control booth facing the studio floor—four monster speakers, a space-age sixteen-track panel board of multicolored push-buttons, half-full bags of potato chips, plastic coffee cups—conferring with the recording engineer, Frank Laico; the editing engineer, John Guerriere; the associate producer, Teo Macero; the assistant producer, Larry Morton; Marvin Hamlisch (tall, slouchy, restless, and a homey type in a brown corduroy suit); Michael Bennett (small, alert, slightly built, with a short haircut, and in chinos and a red-and-tan striped T-shirt); and a few others connected with the show. Lieberson did a lot of urgent, fast walking back and forth from the control booth to the orchestra, arranging to get a little more horn, a little less drum, extra bars here, fewer bars there, always pressing for the sense of the sound, and always, somehow, without missing a beat, making the atmosphere around him light.

"Goddard has such incredible ears," Edward Kleban (wearing a business suit) said as we settled down in the control booth. "I worked for him for seven years at Columbia before I went out on my own, so this is like a coming-home party for me. I used to do what Larry Morton is doing—that handsome, skinny kid over there who's getting frantic with Marvin yelling for more trombones."

"Goddard is the best," Michael Bennett said to us. "We all wanted Goddard, because he knows how to do these shows better than anybody else. You can't photograph the show, so you try to get the impression of how it is in the theatre. Goddard knows how to do that here."

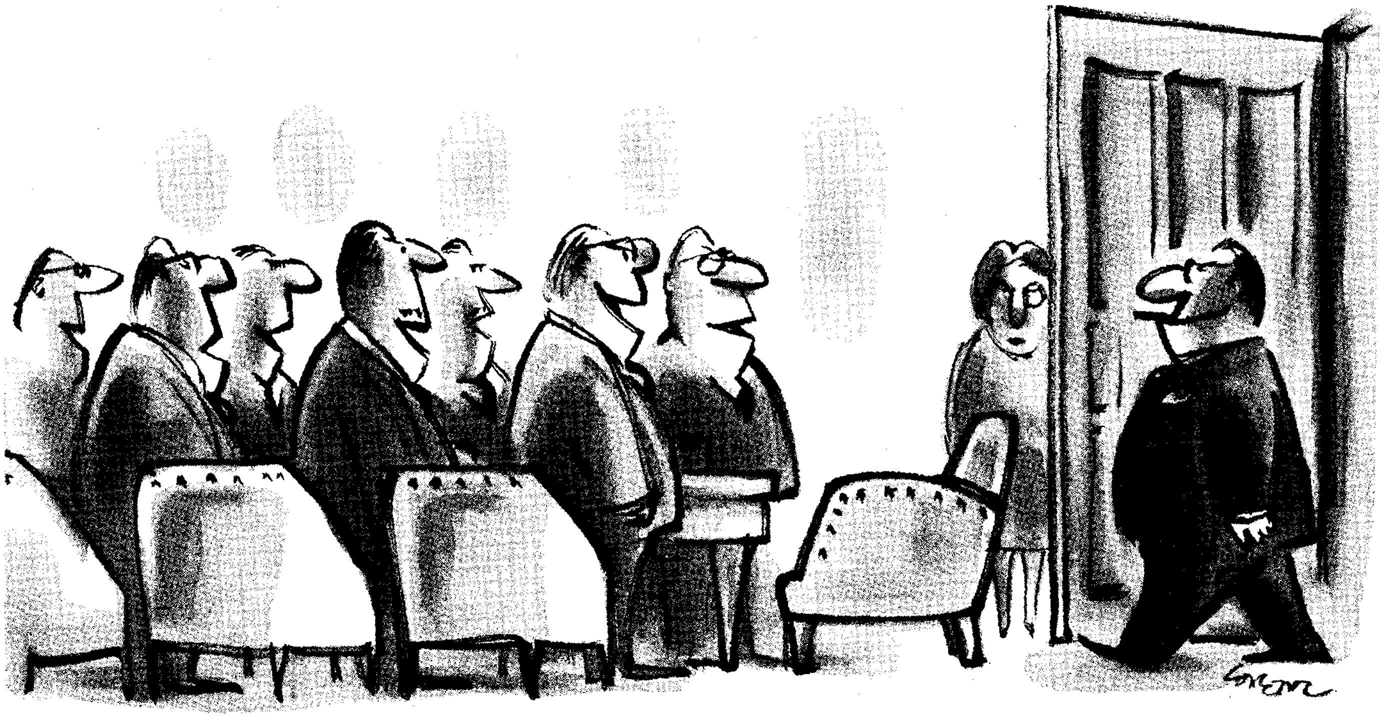
"Goddard is allergic to chaos," Kleban said. "Everybody here tries to protect everything. Goddard will protect the best."

"I liked the performance the first time, so I'd like to do another one," Lieberson was saying to Don Pippin, the conductor of the orchestra. "What I'd like to avoid is that top-of-the-Hilton sound that goes on all night long so you can't sleep. *That.*"

Everybody around him laughed and looked charmed and pleased, and the orchestra got ready to do another one. It was still early in the day. The session had started at ten in the morning. Three hours later, one big number, entitled "I Hope I Get It," had been recorded. Everybody then had to stop for lunch.

We accompanied Lieberson to a nearby greasy-spoon place, along with Hamlisch and Kleban, where Lieberson had lentil soup, a bacon-and-tomato sandwich, iced tea, and a big portion of chocolate ice cream. The others ate even more heartily, then headed back to the studio to work on the reprise of "One."

We settled into the control booth



"Float like a butterfly, sting like a bee. That's our prexy, old R. D."

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for the rest of the day. All kinds of friends and officials of either "A Chorus Line" or Columbia stopped by to look in on the recording session. Irwin Segelstein, president of CBS Records, came by and said he wanted to stay until the end but had to meet his family, because it was his son's birthday. Marvin Hamlisch said it was *his* birthday, too—his thirty-first. Marvin Hamlisch's father came by and settled in with us for the duration.

"What better could I do than to listen to my son's music?" Hamlisch *père* said to Lieberson.

"You're right," Lieberson said. "Absolutely."

"When did you first know that Marvin was a musical prodigy?" we asked Mr. Hamlisch.

"As a little boy, Marvin would sing 'Open the Door, Richard' and dance," he said. "Little Marvin loved 'Open the Door, Richard.' "

"Was that his only song?" we asked.

"What do you want for three and a half?" Mr. Hamlisch said to us. "I'll tell you what matters about music for a child. What matters is not how he does it but how much he loves it."

Marvin Hamlisch at the moment was reworking a song to make it right for the recording.

"Marvin is the fastest pencil in the country," Ed Kleban told us. "He writes it fast and he cuts it fast. He was a wonderful collaborator."

"He did a brave thing," Lieberson said, without taking his attention off a problem with the flutes in the song Hamlisch was working on. "After he won all those Oscars for 'The Sting' and all that, he agreed to work on an Off Broadway show for Joe Papp."

"He's only thirty-*one*," somebody said.

"I can't tell," Lieberson said. "I never know how old anybody is."

Charles Burr, one of the Columbia coördinators for the album, said that the cover for it would be sensational.

"This show is a milestone," Lieberson said enthusiastically. "I want to write something myself for the liner notes for the album. Oh, that lentil soup!" He made a wry face and pressed the palms of his hands against his midriff. "Next stop, Lenox Hill Hospital!" He was waving to the orchestra musicians to come into the control booth, so that they could hear a replay.

"We're offstage in the theatre," one of the trombonists said. "We never get to hear the way we sound."

"Thank you, Mr. Lieberson, for making me sound good," one of the vocalists said.

"You're wonderful," Lieberson said. "You're all wonderful. Ah!" He picked up a half-finished can of Tab. "Nothing I like better than warm Tab," he said with zest.

Marvin Hamlisch came along, singing and bouncing and more or less dancing the reprise of "One." "I still feel the finale the Socco and Venzetti way," he said to Lieberson.

"I'll make the jokes around here," Lieberson said.

At that point, it was twenty minutes after midnight. Lieberson left the control booth and did some scurrying around to get all the cast members lined up on the floor at one side of the orchestra. He then returned and called loudly for Marvin Hamlisch, who finally appeared.

"All right! Go!" Lieberson called from the control booth, and the cast broke into a rendition of "Happy Birthday," accompanied by the orchestra.

"Well. Say. That's nice," Hamlisch said, looking very jolly.

The last bit to be recorded, shortly before 1 A.M., was a wonderful tap dance—a series of time steps, pullbacks, flaps, shuffles, cramp rolls, and pickups done by Michael Bennett himself, wearing earphones so that he could dance in time to the already recorded song "I Can Do That."

"Perfect, Michael," Lieberson said to the director after he had finished dancing. "If you'd like to leave your résumé, we'll consider you for the show."

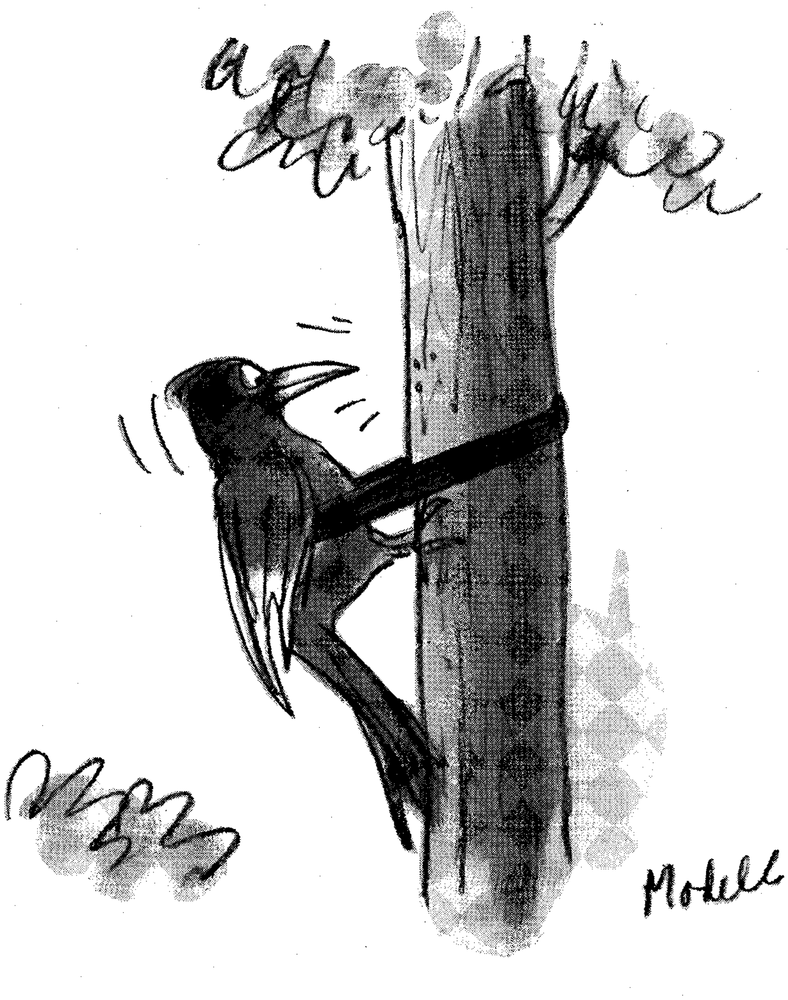
A few minutes later, we left the studio with Lieberson, whose energy still seemed to be at its peak.

"This will be a marvellous album. Very theatrical," he said. "The show will go, but the record will be permanent."

THE CONVERSATIONALIST

I WON'T try to reproduce her conversations. I couldn't do it. Even if I had a tape recording of them, I could not. They wouldn't come alive again in all their vigor. For how could one forget the time that has intervened, ignore the gap, the knowledge that she and others who took part in them are no more, that the house they took place in is sold, changed almost beyond recognition? Their immediacy would be lost. For they were not meant to be recorded, or even remembered. They just happened, spontaneously, for their own sake only, not to prove anything or to score a point, but as an end in themselves. And then how could one conjure up the many things they depended on—the Tuscan breezes that came in through the open windows, perfumed with flowers and foliage, like a greater breath to mix with ours? Sometimes a firefly wandered in as on a visit. And the flavor of the wine; the warm orange light from the little silk lampshades that illumined us and cast a thousand shadows from above; the hand-painted terra-cotta plates; the homemade bread; the produce of the farm; and, more than anything else, the company—including the maid, who quite often lingered by the table to overhear or join in the conversation, and the smiling cook, who sometimes came in, proud of her dishes. The house, too, its age, its breadth, its weathered, solid walls.

It was three or four hundred years old, the house. Originally, it might have been a monastery. Later, until the time we bought it, it was in one family for two hundred years. We were there for forty-five. Compared to those who had it for two hundred, we were only sojourners there. But we left our mark, indelible. Perhaps it belonged to us and we to it more than we knew. Perhaps we were more firmly rooted there than anybody else. Whether in my family or in another, life and love were born and died there again and again, yet I cannot help but think that our life was more intensely lived, that our experience made a deeper mark there than other people's. I might be deceiving myself, but I don't think so. It is no empty vaunt. In some ways, I wish that our sojourn had left only a superficial mark, had only scratched the surface, and that we had passed lightheartedly as in a vain, brittle, fickle dance. But frivolous our sojourn had certainly not been. The Second World War was at the center of our stay, astride it, and the dramatis personae themselves were anything but fickle. On that stage, in that house, my mother was the best actress. And, in our forty-five years there, it was during the nineteen-fifties that the conversations around the dinner table reached their peak. My mother was in great spirits then, looked better, more alive than ever. In 1950, to make ends meet, we had started taking in paying guests—most of them friends or friends of friends from America and from England. It was a cheerful venture. Her animation grew with the company, the audience. And taking paying guests certainly improved our difficult financial situation. Until that time, what money we had came from the land we owned, which we kept selling, acre after acre.



WE had continued sinking into debt because none of us had much business sense. We were none of us careerists or at all aggressive. In fact, I can remember my mother saying to us once, as if to console herself about the straits we were in, "Well, at least no one can say you are pushy."

My father was a philosopher who didn't teach but simply wrote at home. Oh, he tried his best to make the estate pay for itself—planted thousands of fruit trees, for instance—but it was an unequal task. More than for anything else, he cared for his philosophy. The self-sustaining, the underived, was what he had at heart, what moved him to walk up and down his room, deep in thought, through the long nights. The *causa sui*, an original, active principle, the principle of indeterminacy, the concept of potentiality. In the house, the words had a familiar ring from his constant repetition of them. He wanted to get to the kernel, the node of the problem life posed, the problem of thought and of matter, their relation, their inextricable, intimate kinship or union. And he had to promote his ideas. He thought the questions were vital. His books and articles came out, but his work never obtained the recognition that he hoped for and that perhaps was its due. To expound his philosophy he went on a lecture tour in America and England for a year, then returned home and continued his work, little known, neglected, and even ignored by most philosophers, but unperturbed, undiscouraged.

I had studied medicine, and I did research and practiced for a time, but I was more interested in drawing sketches of people and of places than in the condition of my patients, and it was hardly fair to them. After some years, I quit.

My elder brother was the most single-minded of us. He had taken up Greek and Latin at an early age. At school, he outshone his professor of classics, spent long hours studying, and filled his room with books. He won a scholarship to Oxford, but he, too, wasn't ambitious in a worldly way. He taught here and there, as a replacement, in various high schools in Tuscany and in Umbria. He hadn't the patience, or was too proud, to be a teaching assistant in a university and start the long career of a professor. He preferred to be free, and when he didn't teach, he lived at home, sheltered by his books. Once in a while, he took a trip to see a town, its galleries, its churches, or a girl.

My younger brother had got a scholarship to Cambridge, and, following my father's advice, had begun to study physics there. But he, again, had more an artistic than a scientific bent, and soon, exhausted from undernourishment and overwork, he changed to literature and history. In Rome, he studied architecture for a short time, then gave it up for acting. A Russian director gave him a tryout. The director shook his head but, patting him heavily on the shoulder, said, "Never mind, you, too, are a Karamazov!" After that, he was at home for a while; then he got a job in the Olivetti factory in Ivrea, in Piedmont. Soon he left that, too, and struck out on his own in Milan, importing British goods, and writing poetry now and then.

My sister, the youngest in the family, was rather gypsy-like. Gypsies had an inimitable way of dressing, but she came close to it. Sometimes she would doff her gypsy clothes and don a golden Persian dress or an elegant Italian one. She was quite beautiful—tall and sinuous—and could look most striking. Like gypsies, she often went barefoot, and she loved to lounge about the house in the most restful poses. Whenever gypsies came to the house, she insisted on giving them all sorts of food, and once—to the consternation of the cook and maid—she asked them to spend the night there. She also liked to tell people's fortunes, reading their palms, or cards, or tea leaves. And she travelled a lot—even out of Italy, as far away as the Gold Coast—on very little money. She had a gift for portrait painting, and had a show in Rome. Then, all of a sudden, she stopped painting the human form and painted, instead, patches of color with sharp, straight contours. To guide her through them, there was no mark or point save in her mind. Most of her paintings were huge, and she worked them and reworked them, sometimes taking more than a year over each one. She had a rather exalted view of them, and when they didn't get the praise she thought they deserved she lavished it on them herself. She made little effort to sell them, sold them only rarely, but she didn't seem to care.

My mother painted, too, but never had an exhibition. Her paintings—landscapes and flowers—were hung here and there about the house, or kept in cupboards. A few she gave to friends. She didn't often paint, but when a bright, happy moment came she was moved to. Then quickly, almost slyly—so no one should stop her—she would get out her colors and her brushes, a canvas and a chair, and go off into the fields. To pay the bills, with a typewriter in front of her and the Shorter Oxford English Dictionary at her side, she typed for long hours of the day and night, translating Thomas Wolfe for Mondadori. But she only got a thousand lire—less than two dollars—a page, and the bills the estate received were crushing. She worked steadily on. For a year, she even took a job teaching art in a village school twenty miles away, and every morning she set off for the railroad station in the cold.

THEN, in 1950, someone had the bright idea of taking the paying guests. The house had a dozen bedrooms, and across the courtyard and the chicken yard there were two other buildings with more rooms. The paying guests were young Fulbright Scholars from Rome, as well as artists, musicians, writers, critics. Old friendships were renewed and new ones made. With usual guests in the past—and there had been many—the vexing question often came up: How much longer are they going to stay? But not with paying guests. They didn't mind paying the modest prices. They had breakfast in the garden here and there, and lunch and dinner round the huge oval table with the family. Many of the guests were amusing. Some were bril-

KIN

When news came that your mother'd
smashed her hip, both feet caught
in rungs of the banquet table,
our wedding rebroken on the memory
of the long lake of silence
when the stones of her body
broke as an Irish fence of stones,
I see your wet dugs drag
with the weight of our daughter
in the quick of her sleep
to another feeding.

I pick you up from the floor
of your ringing fears, the floor
where the photographs you have worked
cool into the sky of the gray you love,
and you are back at the compost pile
where the vegetables burn,
or swim in the storm of your childhood
when your father egged you on with his
open machinery, the exhaust choking your sisters,
and your sisters choked still.

Now the years pile up on themselves,
and his voice stops you in accusation,
in the eggs of your stretched sons,
one born on his birthday, both dead.
I pull you off into the sanctuary
of conciliation, of quiet tactics,
the uttered question, the referral,
which will quiet the condition you have seen
in your mother's shadow, the crutches
inching in the uncut grass,
and the worn body you will carry
as your own birthmark of his scream.

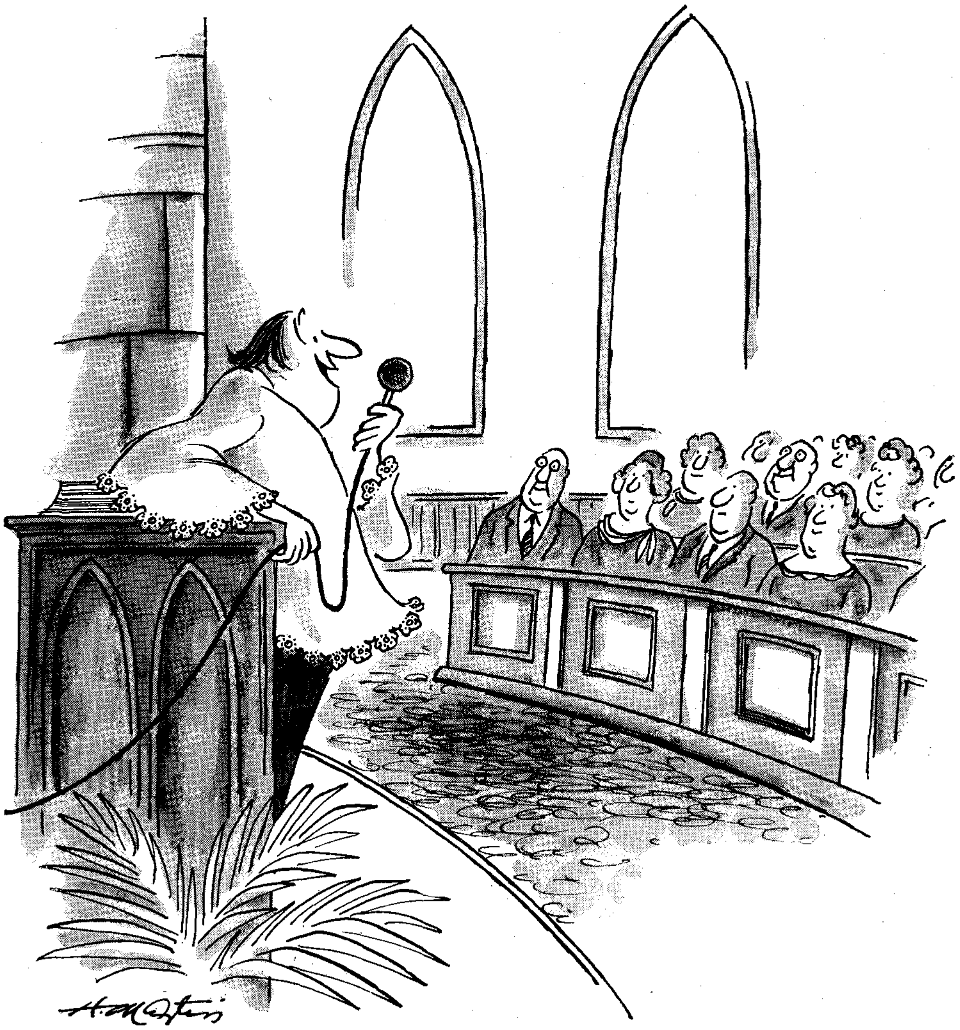
—MICHAEL S. HARPER

liant. There was plenty of wine—an endless supply of it in the cellar—and wonderful fruit from my father's orchard. The cook, who had grown up in the Chianti hills, worked with extraordinary skill in the kitchen, and sent in the tastiest dishes. Everyone loved her, and they loved the maid, small and smart, as well as other women from the neighborhood who came to help. The meals seemed not so much meals as dinner parties. Now that my mother had money, she could buy linens, pottery, and all kinds of badly needed things. With the maid and the cook, she would sometimes happily go shopping in Siena or, better still, in Florence. She liked especially buying dishes at the market in Montelupo—hand-painted dishes, with flowers, fruit, vegetables, leaves, sometimes a bird or a landscape, done always with a flair, the brushstrokes free, the colors fresh. She loved, too, baskets—the strong, thickly woven ones—and homespun sheets and towels. She embroidered napkin holders with various flowers, sitting out in the garden where these flowers grew, and using the needle and thread as if the needle were a brush, the thread the pigment. She filled the house with a warm radiancy, and could impart her enthusiasms and gladness. Many of the paying guests, particularly some of the younger ones, really loved her.

But the best thing of all, almost everyone agreed, was to hear my mother speak or tell a little story—as about an elderly woman who helped in the kitchen and who had a daughter, a girl of about twenty, who had been working in town as a maid for a family. Once, my mother heard the woman telephoning the family to say that her girl wasn't going to be working for them anymore. Though the lady wanted to know why, she gave no reasons and made up no excuses, but simply said quite cheerfully, "My daughter isn't coming anymore . . . she just won't be coming any longer . . . she isn't going to come. . . ." And no matter how much the lady pressed her for a reason, she just stuck to those few words. Or when my mother told of a woman called Giuseppina, who once said to her, "Oh, I was supposed to've had a beautiful name—Solange—if my mother had had her will. But when my father got to the town hall, which was a long way from home, he forgot it. So the clerk said, 'Yesterday was San Giuseppe. Why don't you call her Giuseppina?' " Little things like that, but my mother could make them zesty. They had the unadulterated flavor of the countryside around the house. From her one got it whole, authentic. And she knew the farmers' special, rare words for the wheat's first greening and for its later stages, their adjectives for wine, the words with which they described the underground struggle of the seed. Sometimes my mother would get very excited, especially when talking about political intrigues and scandals—as when she told of Pius XII, deathly ill, at the mercy of a quack doctor he trusted, and the hubbub at the Vatican about it. To some such sad thing, the way she told it, the guests would listen with glee, for she conjured up most vividly the world of whispering nuns and cardinals and priests, as well as the angry doctors who had been excluded.

She liked to sit on at the table long after the meal was over, with a crust of bread and a glass of wine. Often my sister would try to get the guests to move to a sofa and more comfortable chairs in the next room, which was separated from the dining room by an open arch, but she couldn't take them away from my mother. My sister would get up and go to lie down on the sofa, and, seeing that no one followed her, she would sometimes return and again suggest that they come over. But still she couldn't budge them. They would hardly even notice her. I would look at the absorbed expression on their faces, and at my mother speaking—unselfconscious, unrhetorical, striving for no effect, heart and soul in what she said, her identity completely taken up by the persons, the places, the situation she was telling us about, her eyes keen, and the lines of her face admirably serving to convey all her impressions. And the guests sitting there listening to her seemed a tribute to the power of conversation: the chairs around the table weren't very comfortable, the sofa and the armchairs *were*, my sister *was* attractive, but—young men though some of them were—there they sat, oblivious of all that.

—Arturo Vivante



"And now we'll turn up the houselights and take questions from the audience."

• •

OLD LOVE

Harry Bendiner awoke at five with the feeling that as far as he was concerned the night was finished and he wouldn't get any more sleep. Actually, he woke up a dozen times every night. He had undergone an operation for his prostate years before, but this hadn't relieved the constant pressure on his bladder. He would sleep an hour or less, then wake up with the need to void. Even his dreams centered on this urge. He got out of bed and padded to the bathroom on shaky legs. On the way back he stepped out onto the balcony of his eleventh-story condominium. To the left he could see the skyscrapers of Miami, to the right the rumbling sea. The air had turned a bit cooler during the night, but it was still tropically tepid. It smelled of dead fish, oil, and perhaps of oranges as well. Harry stood there for a long while enjoying the breeze from the ocean on his moist forehead. Even though Miami Beach had become a big city, he imagined that he could feel the nearness of the Everglades, the smells and vapors of their vegetation and swamps. Sometimes a seagull would awake in the night screeching. It happened that the waves threw out onto the beach the carcass of a barracuda or even that of a small whale. Harry Bendiner looked off in the direction of Hollywood. How long was it since the whole area had been undeveloped? Within a few years a wasteland had been transformed into a settlement crowded with hotels, condominiums, restaurants, supermarkets, and banks. The street lights and neon signs dimmed the stars in the sky. Cars raced along even in the middle of the night. Where were all these people hurrying to before dawn? Didn't they ever sleep? What kind of force drove them on? "Well, it's no longer my world. Once you pass eighty, you're as good as a corpse."

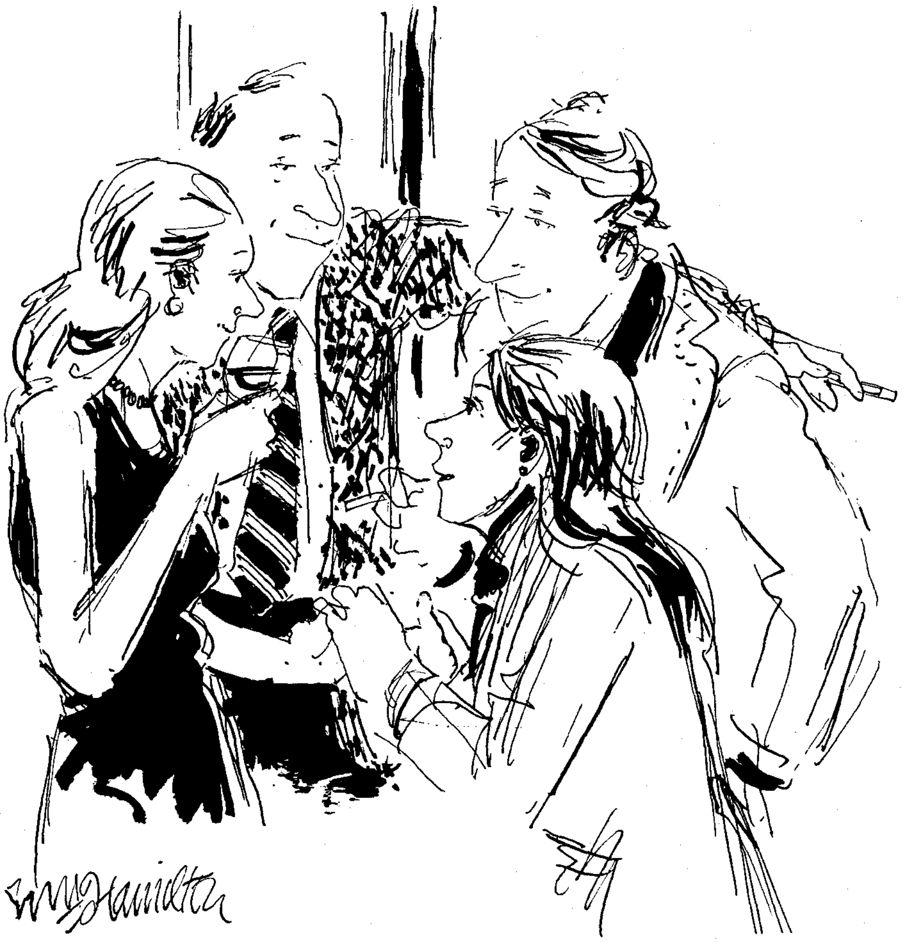
He leaned his hand on the railing and tried to reconstruct the dream he had been having. He recalled only that all those who had appeared in the dream were now dead—the men and the women both. Dreams obviously didn't acknowledge death. In his dreams, his three wives were still alive, and so was his son, Bill, and his daughter, Sylvia. New York, his home town in Poland, and Miami Beach merged into one. He, Harry or Hershel, was both an adult and a cheder boy.

He closed his eyes for a moment. Why was it impossible to remember dreams? He could recall every detail of events that had happened seventy and even seventy-five years ago, but tonight's dreams dissolved like foam. Some force made sure that not a trace of them remained. A third of a person's life died before he went to his grave.

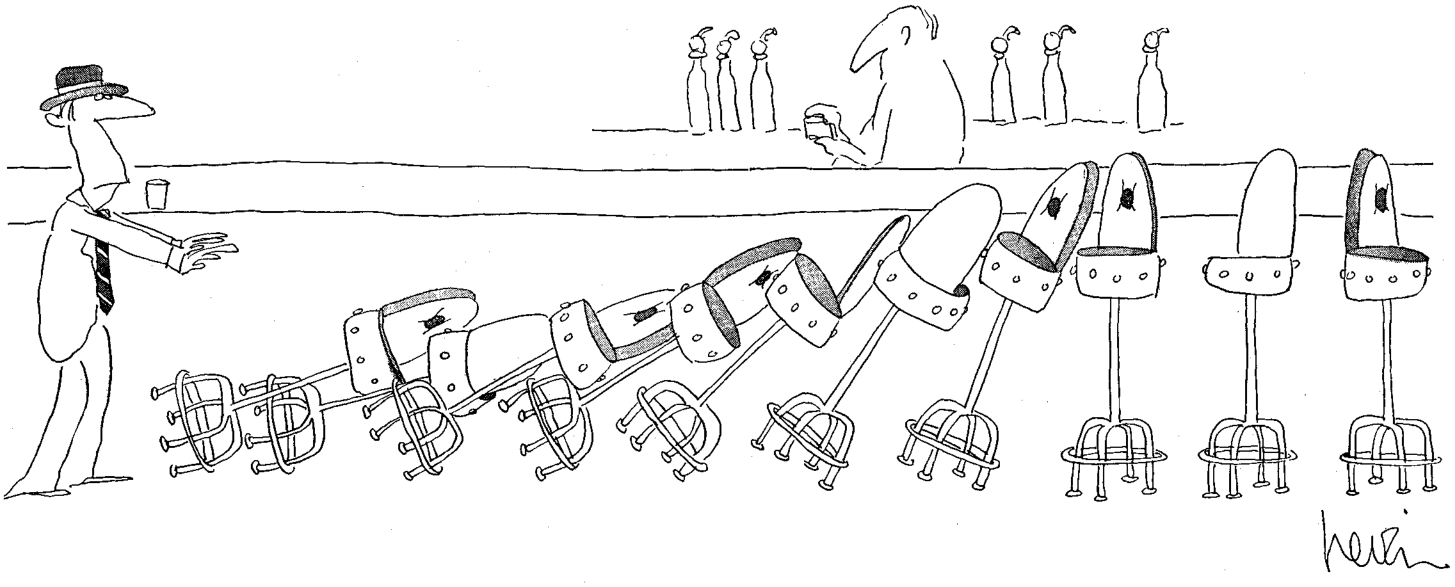
After a while Harry sat down on the plastic chaise on the balcony. He looked toward the sea, to the east, where day would soon be dawning. There was a time when he went swimming the first thing in the morning, particularly during the summer months, but he no longer had the desire to do such things. The newspapers occasionally printed accounts of sharks attacking swimmers, and there were other sea creatures whose bites caused serious complications. For him it now sufficed to take a warm bath.

His thoughts turned to matters of business. He knew full well that money couldn't help him; still, one couldn't constantly brood about the fact that everything was vanity of vanities. It was easier to think about practical matters. Stocks and bonds rose or fell. Dividends and other earnings had to be deposited in the bank and marked down in an account book for tax purposes. Telephone and electric bills and the maintenance of the apartment had to be paid. One day a week a woman came to do his cleaning and press his shirts and underwear. Occasionally he had to have a suit dry-cleaned and shoes repaired. He received letters that he had to answer. He wasn't involved with a synagogue all year, but on Rosh Hashanah and Yom Kippur he had to have a place to worship, and because of this he received appeals to help Israel, yeshivas, Talmud Torahs, old-age homes, and hospitals. Each day he got a pile of junk mail, and before he discarded it he had to open and glance at it at least.

Since he had resolved to live out his years without a wife or even a housekeeper, he had to arrange for his meals, and every other day he went shopping at the local supermarket. Pushing his cart through the aisles, he selected such items as milk, cottage cheese, fruit, canned vegetables, chopped meat, occasionally some mushrooms, a jar of borscht or gefilte fish. He certainly could have permitted himself the luxury of a maid, but some of the maids were thieves. And



"Bob and Gwen, I mean this terribly seriously. Seriously, we had a wonderful time. I mean that. Seriously."



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what would he do with himself if other people waited on him? He remembered a saying from the Gemara that slothfulness led to madness. Fussing over the electric stove in the kitchen, going to the bank, reading the newspaper—particularly the financial section—and spending an hour or two at the office of Merrill Lynch watching the quotations from the New York Exchange flash by on the board lifted his spirits. Recently he had had a television set installed, but he rarely watched it.

His neighbors in the condominium often inquired maliciously why he did things himself that others could do for him. It was known that he was rich. They offered him advice and asked him questions: Why didn't he settle in Israel? Why didn't he go to a hotel in the mountains during the summer? Why didn't he get married? Why didn't he hire a secretary? He had acquired the reputation of a miser. They constantly reminded him that "you can't take it with you"—as if this were some startling revelation. For this reason he stopped attending the tenants' meetings and their parties. Everyone tried in one way or another to get something out of him, but no one would have given him a penny if he needed it. A few years ago, he boarded a bus from Miami Beach to Miami and found he was two cents short of the fare. All he had with him was twenty-dollar bills. No one volunteered either to give him the two cents or to change one of his bills, and the driver made him get off.

The truth was, in no hotel could he feel as comfortable as he did in his own home. The meals served in hotels were too plentiful for him and not of the kind that he needed. He alone could see to it that his diet excluded salt, cholesterol, spices. Besides, plane and train rides were too taxing for a man of his delicate health. Nor did it make any sense to remarry at his age. Younger women demanded sex, and he hadn't the slightest interest in an old woman. Being what he was, he was condemned to live alone and to die alone.

A reddish glow had begun to tinge the eastern sky, and Harry went to the bathroom. He stood for a moment studying his image in the mirror—sunken cheeks, a bare skull with a few tufts of white hair, a pointed Adam's apple, a nose whose tip turned down like a parrot's beak. The pale-blue eyes were set somewhat off-center, one higher than the other, and expressed both weariness and traces of youthful ardor. He had once been a virile man. He had had wives and love affairs. He had a stack of love letters and photographs lying about somewhere.

Harry Bendiner hadn't come to America penniless and uneducated, like the other immigrants. He had attended the study house in his home town until the age of nineteen; he knew Hebrew and had secretly read newspapers and worldly books. He had taken lessons in Russian, Polish, and even German. Here in America he had attended Cooper Union for two years in the hope of becoming an engineer, but he had fallen in love with an American girl, Rosalie Stein, and married her, and her father, Sam Stein, had taken him into the construction business. Rosalie died of cancer at the age of thirty, leaving him with two small children. Even as the money came in to him so did death take from him. His son, Bill, a surgeon, died at forty-six, of a heart attack, leaving two children, neither of whom wanted to be Jewish. Their mother, a Christian, lived somewhere in Canada with another man. Harry's daughter, Sylvia, got the very same type of cancer as her mother, and at exactly the same age. Sylvia left no children. Harry refused to sire any more generations, even though his second wife, Edna, pleaded that he have a child or two with her.

Yes, the Angel of Death had taken everything from him. At first his grandchildren called him occasionally from Canada and sent him a card for the New Year. But now he never heard from them, and he had cut them out of his will.

Harry shaved and hummed a melody—where it had come from he didn't know. Was it something he had heard on television, or a tune revived in his memory from Poland? He had no ear for music and sang everything off-key, but he had retained the habit of singing in the bathroom. His toilet took a long time. For years the pills he took to relieve constipation had had no effect, and every other day he gave himself an enema—a long and arduous process for a man in his eighties. He tried to do calisthenics in the bathtub, raising his skinny legs and splashing his hands in the water as if they were paddles. These were all measures to lengthen life, but even as Harry performed them he asked himself, "Why go on living?" What flavor did his existence possess? No, his life made no sense whatever—but did that of his neighbors make more sense? The condominium was full of old people, all well off, many rich. Some of the men couldn't walk, or dragged their feet; some of the women leaned on crutches. A number suffered from arthritis and Parkinson's disease. This wasn't a building but a hospital. People died, and he didn't find out about it until weeks or months afterward. Although he had been among the first tenants in the condominium, he seldom recognized anybody. He didn't go to the pool and he didn't play cards. Men and women greeted him in the elevator and at the supermarket, but he didn't know who any of them were. From time to time someone asked him, "How are you, Mr. Bendiner?" And he usually replied, "How *can* you be at my age? Each day is a gift."

This summer day began like all the others. Harry prepared his breakfast in the kitchen—Rice Krispies with skimmed milk, and Sanka sweetened with saccharin. At about nine-thirty, he took the elevator down to get the mail. A day didn't go by that he didn't receive a number of checks, but this day brought a bounty. The stocks had fallen, but the companies kept paying the dividends as usual. Harry got money from buildings on which he held mortgages, from rents, bonds, and all kinds of business ventures that he barely remembered. An insurance company paid him an annuity. For years he had been getting a monthly check from Social Security. This morning's yield came to over eleven thousand dollars. True, he would have to withhold a great part of this for taxes, but it still left him with some five thousand dollars for himself. While he totalled up the figures, he deliberated: Should he go to the office of Merrill Lynch and see what was happening on the Exchange? No, there was no point to it. Even if the stocks rose early in the morning, the day would end in losses. "The market is completely crazy," he mumbled to himself. He had considered it an iron rule that inflation always went along with a bullish market, not with a bearish market. But now both the dollar *and* the stocks were collapsing. Well, you could never be sure about anything except death.

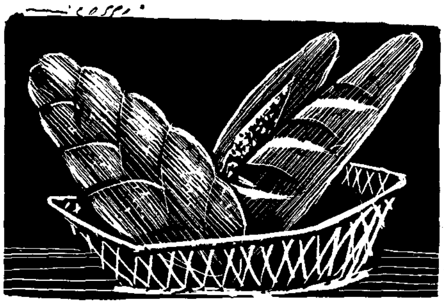
Around eleven o'clock, he went down to deposit the checks. The bank was a small one; all the employees knew him and said good morning. He had a safe-deposit box there, where he kept his valuables and jewelry. It so happened that all three of his wives had left him everything. He didn't know himself exactly how much he was worth, but it couldn't be less than five million dollars. Still, he walked down the street in a shirt and trousers that any pauper could afford and a cap and shoes he had worn for years. He poked with his cane and took tiny steps. Once in a while he cast a glance backward. Maybe someone was following him. Maybe some crook had found out how rich he was and was scheming to kidnap him. Although the day was bright and the street full of people, no one would interfere if he was grabbed, forced into a car, and dragged off to some ruin or cave. No one would pay ransom for him.

After he had concluded his business at the bank, he turned back toward home. The sun was high in the sky and poured down a blazing fire. Women stood in the shade of canopies looking at dresses, shoes, stockings, brassieres, and bathing suits in the store windows. Their faces expressed indecision—to buy or not to buy? Harry glanced at the windows. What could he buy there? There wasn't anything he could desire. From now until five, when he would prepare his dinner, he needed absolutely nothing. He knew precisely what he would do when he got home—take a nap on the sofa.

Thank God, no one kidnapped him, no one held him up, no one had broken into his apartment. The air-conditioner was working, and so was the plumbing in the bathroom. He took off his shoes and stretched out on the sofa.

Strange, he still daydreamed; he fantasized about unexpected successes, restored powers, masculine adventures. The brain wouldn't accept old age. It teemed with the same passions it had in his youth. Harry often said to his brain, "Don't be stupid. It's too late for everything. You have nothing to hope for anymore." But the brain was so constituted that it went on hoping nonetheless. Who was it who said it: A man takes his hopes into the grave.

HE had dozed off and was awakened by a jangling at the door. He became alarmed. No one ever came to see him. It must be the exterminator, he decided. He opened the door the length of the chain and saw a small woman with reddish cheeks, yellow eyes, and a high pompadour of blond hair the color of straw. She wore a white blouse.



Harry opened the door, and the woman said in a foreign-accented English, "I hope I haven't wakened you. I'm your new neighbor on the left. I wanted to introduce myself to you. My name is Mrs. Ethel Brokeles. A funny name, eh? That was my late husband's name. My maiden name is Goldman."

Harry gazed at her in astonishment. His neighbor on the left had been an old woman living alone. He remembered her name—Mrs. Halpert. He asked, "What happened to Mrs. Halpert?"

"The same as happens to everybody," the woman replied smugly.

"When did it happen? I didn't know anything about it."

"It's more than five months already."

"Come in, come in. People die and you don't even know," Harry said. "She was a nice woman . . . kept herself at a distance."

"I didn't know her. I bought the apartment from her daughter."

"Please have a seat. I don't even have anything to offer you. I have a bottle of liqueur somewhere, but—"

"I don't need any refreshments and I don't drink liqueur. Not in the middle of the day. May I smoke?"

"Certainly, certainly."

The woman sat down on the sofa. She snapped a fancy lighter expertly and lit her cigarette. She wore red nail polish, and Harry noticed a huge diamond on one of her fingers.

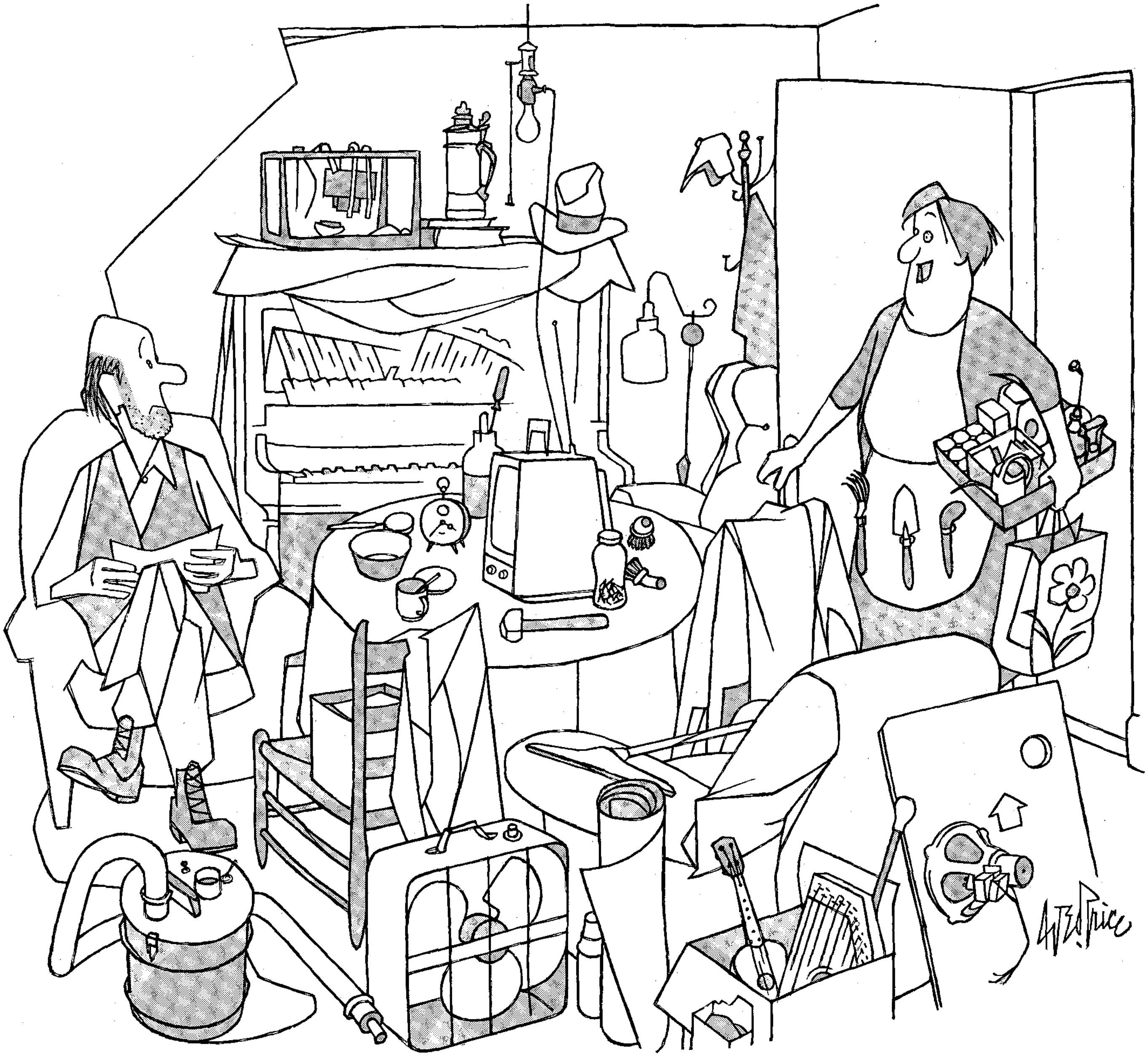
The woman asked, "You live here alone?"

"Yes, alone."

"I'm alone, too. What can you do? I lived with my husband some thirty years, and we didn't have one bad day. Our life together was all sunshine without a single cloud. Suddenly he passed away and left me alone and miserable. The New York climate is unhealthy for me. I suffer from rheumatism. I'll have to live out my years here."

"Did you buy the apartment furnished?" Harry asked in businesslike fashion.

"Everything. The daughter wanted nothing for herself besides the dresses and linen. She turned it all over to me for a song. I wouldn't have had the patience to go out and buy furniture and dishes. Do you live here a long time already?"



"This year we're not missing the fun of indoor gardening."

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The woman posed one question after another, and Harry answered them willingly. She looked comparatively young—no more than fifty, or possibly even younger. He brought her an ashtray and put a glass of lemonade and a plate of cookies on the coffee table before her. Two hours went by, but he hardly noticed. Ethel Brokeles crossed her legs, and Harry cast glances at her round knees. She had switched to a Polish-accented Yiddish. She exuded the intimate air of a relative. Something within Harry exulted. It could be nothing else but that Heaven had acceded to his secret desires. Only now, as he listened to her, did he realize how lonely he had been all these years, how oppressed by the fact that he seldom exchanged a word with anyone. Even having her for a neighbor was better than nothing. He grew youthful in her presence, and loquacious. He told her about his three wives, the tragedies that had befallen his children. He even mentioned that, following the death of his first wife, he had had a sweetheart.

The woman said, "You don't have to make excuses. A man is a man."

"I've grown old."

"A man is never old. I had an uncle in Wloclawek who was eighty when he married a twenty-year-old girl, and she bore him three children."

"Wloclawek? That's near Kowal, my home town."

"I know. I've been to Kowal. I had an aunt there."

The woman glanced at her wristwatch. "It's one o'clock. Where are you having lunch?"

"Nowhere. I only eat breakfast and dinner."

"Are you on a diet?"

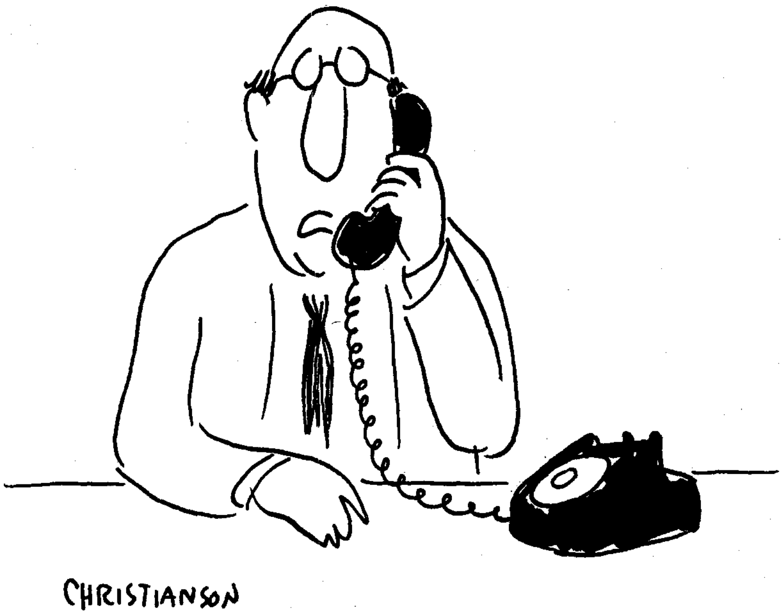
"No, but at my age—"

"Stop talking about your age!" the woman scolded him. "You know what? Come over to my place and we'll have lunch together. I don't like to eat by myself. For me, eating alone is even worse than sleeping alone."

"Really, I don't know what to say. What did I do to deserve this?"

"Come, come; don't talk nonsense. This is America, not Poland. My refrigerator is stuffed with goodies. I throw out more than I eat, may I be forgiven."

The woman used Yiddish expres-



“The real me speaking.”

sions that Harry hadn’t heard in at least sixty years. She took his arm and led him to the door. He didn’t have to go more than a few steps. By the time he had locked his door she had opened hers. The apartment he went into was larger than his and brighter. There were pictures on the walls, fancy lamps, bric-a-brac. The windows looked out directly at the ocean. On the table stood a vase of flowers. The air in Harry’s apartment smelled of dust, but here the air was fresh. “She wants something; she has some ulterior motive,” Harry told himself. He recalled what he had read in the newspapers about female cheats who swindled fortunes out of men and out of other women, too. The main thing was to promise nothing, to sign nothing, not to hand over even a single penny.

She seated him at a table, and from the kitchen soon issued the bubbling sound of a percolator and the smell of fresh rolls, fruit, cheese, and coffee. For the first time in years Harry felt an appetite in the middle of the day. After a while they both sat down to lunch.

Between one bite and the next, the woman took a drag from a cigarette. She complained, “Men run after me, but when it comes down to brass tacks they’re all only interested in how much money I have. As soon as they start talking about money I break up with them. I’m not poor; I’m even—knock wood—wealthy. But I don’t want anyone to take me for my money.”

“Thank God I don’t need anyone’s money,” Harry said. “I’ve got enough even if I live a thousand years.”

“That’s good.”

Gradually they began to discuss their finances, and the woman enumerated her possessions. She owned buildings in Brooklyn and on Staten Island; she had stocks and bonds. Based on what she said and the names she mentioned, Harry decided that she was telling the truth. She had, here in Miami, a checking account and a safe-deposit box in the very same bank as Harry’s. Harry estimated that she was worth at least a million, or maybe more. She served him food with the devotion of a daughter or wife. She talked of what he should and shouldn’t eat. Such miracles had occurred to him in his younger years. Women had met him, grown instantly intimate, and stuck with him, never to leave again. But that such a thing should happen to him at his age seemed like a dream. He asked abruptly, “Do you have children?”

“I have a daughter, Sylvia. She lives all alone in a tent in British Columbia.”

“Why in a tent? My daughter’s name was Sylvia, too. You yourself could be my daughter,” he added, not knowing why he should have said such a thing.

“Nonsense. What are years? I always liked a man to be a lot older than me. My husband, may he rest in peace, was twenty years older, and the life we had together I would wish for every Jewish daughter.”

“I’ve surely got forty years on you,” Harry said.

The woman put down her spoon. “How old do you take me for?”

“Around forty-five,” Harry said, knowing she was older.

“Add another twelve years and you’ve got it.”

“You don’t look it.”

“I had a good life with my husband. I could get anything out of him—the moon, the stars, nothing was too good for his Ethel. That’s why after he died I became melancholy. Also, my daughter was making me sick. I spent a fortune on psychiatrists, but they couldn’t help me. Just as you see me now, I stayed seven months in an institution, a clinic for nervous disorders. I had a breakdown and I didn’t want to live anymore. They had to watch me day and night. He was calling me from his grave. I want to tell you something, but don’t misunderstand me.”

“What is it?”

“You remind me of my husband. That’s why—”

“I’m eighty-two,” Harry said and instantly regretted it. He could have easily subtracted five years. He waited a moment, then added, “If I was ten years younger I’d make you a proposition.”

Again he regretted his words. They had issued from his mouth as if of their own volition. He was still bothered by the fear of falling into the hands of a gold-digger.

The woman looked at him inquisitively and cocked an eyebrow. “Since I decided to live, I’ll take you just as you are.”

“HOW is this possible? How can it be?” Harry asked himself again and again. They spoke of getting married and of breaking through the wall that divided their apartments to make them into one. His bedroom was next to hers. She revealed the details of her financial situation to him. She was worth about a million and a half. Harry had already told her how much he had. He asked, “What will we do with so much money?”

“I wouldn’t know what to do with money myself,” the woman replied, “but together we’ll take a trip around the world. We’ll buy an apartment in Tel Aviv or Tiberias. The hot springs there are good for rheumatism. With me beside you, you’ll live a long time. I guarantee you a hundred years, if not more.”

“It’s all in God’s hands,” Harry said, amazed at his own words. He wasn’t religious. His doubts about God and His Providence had intensified over the years. He often said that, after what had happened to the Jews in Europe, one had to be a fool to believe in God.

Ethel stood up and so did he. They

hugged and kissed. He pressed her close and youthful urges came throbbing back within him.

She said, "Wait till we've stood under the wedding canopy."

It struck Harry that he had heard these words before, spoken in the same voice. But when? And from whom? All three of his wives had been American-born and wouldn't have used this expression. Had he dreamed it? Could a person foresee the future in a dream? He bowed his head and pondered. When he looked up he was astounded. Within those few seconds the woman's appearance had undergone a startling transformation. She had moved away from him and he hadn't noticed it. Her face had grown pale, shrunken, and as if aged. Her hair seemed to him to have become suddenly dishevelled. She gazed at him sidelong with a dull, sad, even stern expression. Did I insult her or what, he wondered. He heard himself ask, "Is something wrong? Don't you feel well?"

"No, but you'd better go back to your own place now," she said in a voice that seemed alien, harsh, and impatient. He wanted to ask her the reason for the sudden change that had come over her, but a long-forgotten (or a never-forgotten) pride asserted itself. With women, you never knew where you stood anyhow. Still, he asked, "When will we see each other?"

"Not today anymore. Maybe tomorrow," she said after some hesitation.

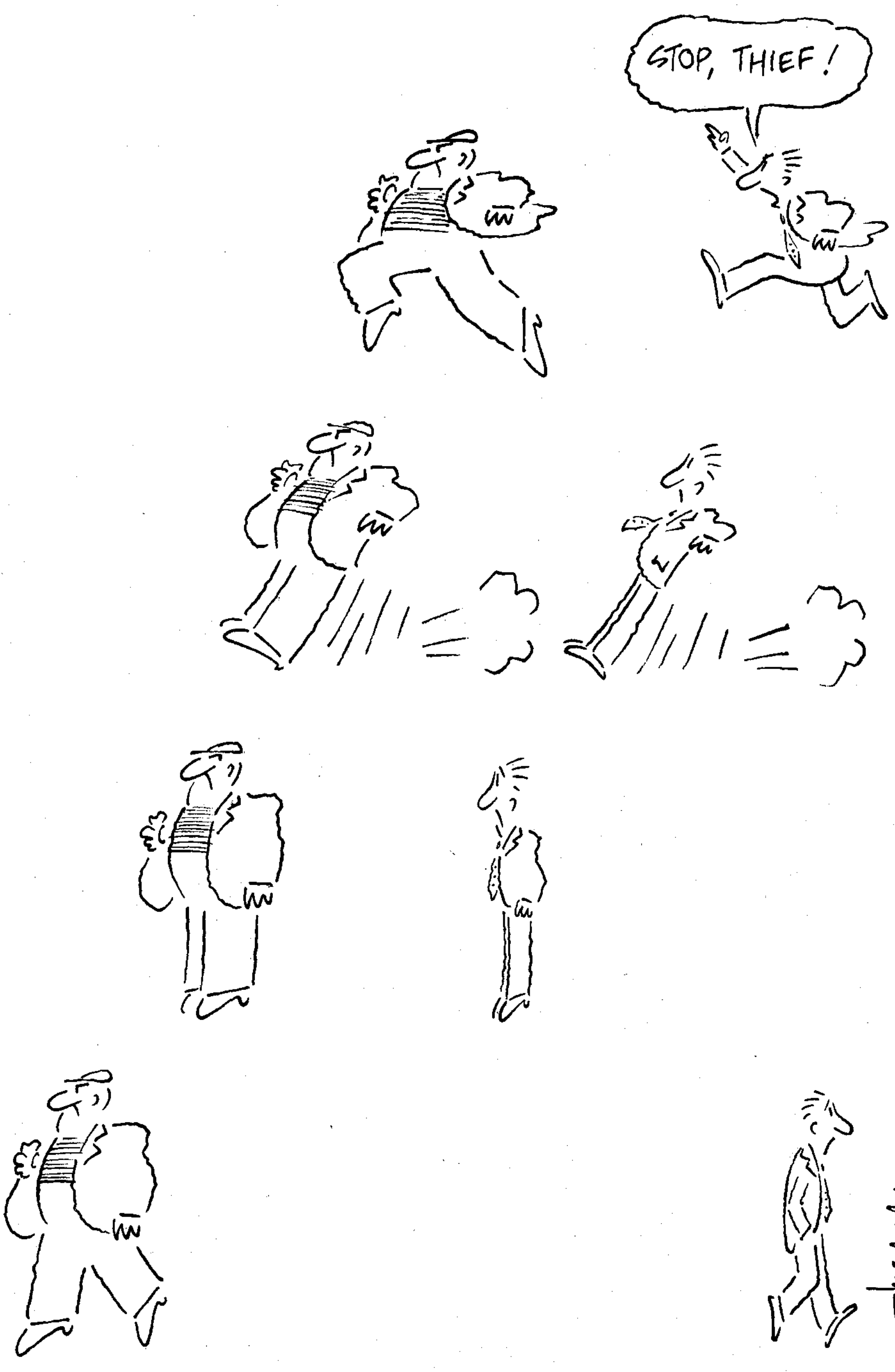
"Goodbye. Thanks for the lunch."

She didn't even bother to escort him to the door. Inside his own apartment again, he thought, Well, she changed her mind. He was overcome with a feeling of shame—for himself and for her, too. Had she been playing a game with him? Had malicious neighbors arranged to make a fool of him? His apartment struck him as half empty. I won't eat dinner, he decided. He felt a pressure in his stomach. "At my age one shouldn't make a fool of oneself," he murmured. He lay down on the sofa and dozed off, and when he opened his eyes again it was dark outside. Maybe she'll ring my doorbell again. Maybe I should call her? She had given him her phone number. Though he had slept, he woke up exhausted. He had letters to answer, but he put it off until morning. He went out onto the balcony. One side of his balcony faced a part of hers. They could see each other here and even converse, if she should still be interested in him. The sea splashed and foamed. There was a freighter far in the distance. A jet roared in the sky. A single star that no street lights or neon signs could dim appeared above. It's a good thing one can see at least one star. Otherwise one might forget that the sky exists altogether.

He sat on the balcony waiting for her to possibly show up. What could she be thinking? Why had her mood changed so abruptly? One minute she was as tender and talkative as a bride in love; a moment later she was a stranger.

Harry dozed off again, and when he awoke it was late in the evening. He wasn't sleepy, and he wanted to go downstairs for the evening edition of the morning paper, with the reports of the New York Exchange; instead he went to lie down on his bed. He had drunk a glass of tomato juice before and swallowed a pill. Only a thin wall separated him from Ethel, but walls possessed a power of their own. Perhaps this is the reason some people prefer to live in a tent, he thought. He assumed that his broodings would keep him from sleeping, but he quickly nodded off. He awoke with pressure on his chest. What time was it? The luminous dial on his wristwatch showed that he had slept two hours and a quarter. He had dreamed, but he couldn't remember what. He retained only the impression of nocturnal horrors. He raised his head. Was she asleep or awake? He couldn't hear even a rustle from her apartment.

He slept again and was awakened this time by the sound of many people talking, doors slamming, footsteps in the corridor, and running. He had al-



DRAWING LESSONS

I

Your pencil will do particles and waves—
We call them points and lines—and nothing else.
Today we shall explore the mystery
Of points and lines moving over the void—
We call it paper—to imitate the world.
First think a moment of the ocean wave
When it stubs its toe against the shelf of the shore
And stumbles forward, somersaults, and breaks.
A moment ago nothing was there but wave,
And now nothing is here but particles;
So point and line not only turn into
Each other but each hides from the other, too.
The seed of a point grows into a tree of line,
The tree unfolding generates the plane
Of the world, perspective space in light and shade.

II

The points and lines, the seashore and the sea,
The particles and waves, translate as well
Into the consonants and vowels that make
The speech that makes the world—a simple thing.
Or else a complex thing proceeding still
From simple opposites that make it seem
As if it might be understood, though this
Is probably illusion in the sense,
Delusion in the mind, making the world
Our true hallucination. Much as matter
And antimatter are said to explode at touch,
So at the interface of sea, air, shore,
Both sides explode, the ocean into spray,
The shore more slowly into boulders, rocks,
And final sand. All this repeats itself.

III

Always repeat yourself. To draw a line
's not much, but twenty-seven wavy lines
In parallel will visibly become
The sea; by tempering their distances
Apart, now near, now far away, we make
Ranges of mountains standing in their valleys;
By arbitrary obstacles of shape
That will prohibit passage to our lines,
We make a fleet of sailboats or a forest,
Depending on what shapes we have left void.
We see that repetition makes the world
The way it is. Nature repeats herself
Indefinitely in every kind, and plays
Far-ranging variations on the kinds,
Doodling inventions endlessly, as the pencil does.

IV

We said the water and the shore explode
And then repeat; that's not quite the whole truth,
For water has the wondrous property
And power of assembling itself again
When shattered, but the shore cannot do that.
The Second Law seems to reverse itself
For water but not for land, whose massive cliffs
Break into boulders that break into rocks
That then descend to sand and don't return.
While I've been talking, you've been drawing lines
With your pencil, illustrating what I say
Along with whatever else you illustrate:
The pencil lead's become a stub, its black
Graphite remains became the world you made,
And it will shorten when you sharpen it.

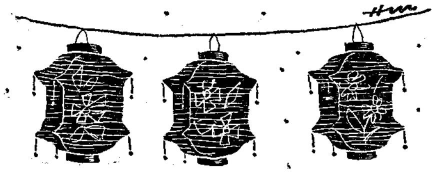
V

The Second Law's an instrument, we're told,
Of immense power, but there's sorrow in it,
The invention of a parsimonious people
Accustomed to view creation on a budget
Cut to economy more than to delight
At splendor overflowing every vessel.
Land is the locus of form and dignity
Disguising the way down to age and death.
Shameful decay, and dust that blows away—
See, rub your drawing and it smudges into dust,
Because your pencil is a citizen
Of the middle-class material world, designed
To be a minor illustrator of
What we become and what becomes of us.
The sea's a little more mysterious than that.

—HOWARD NEMEROV

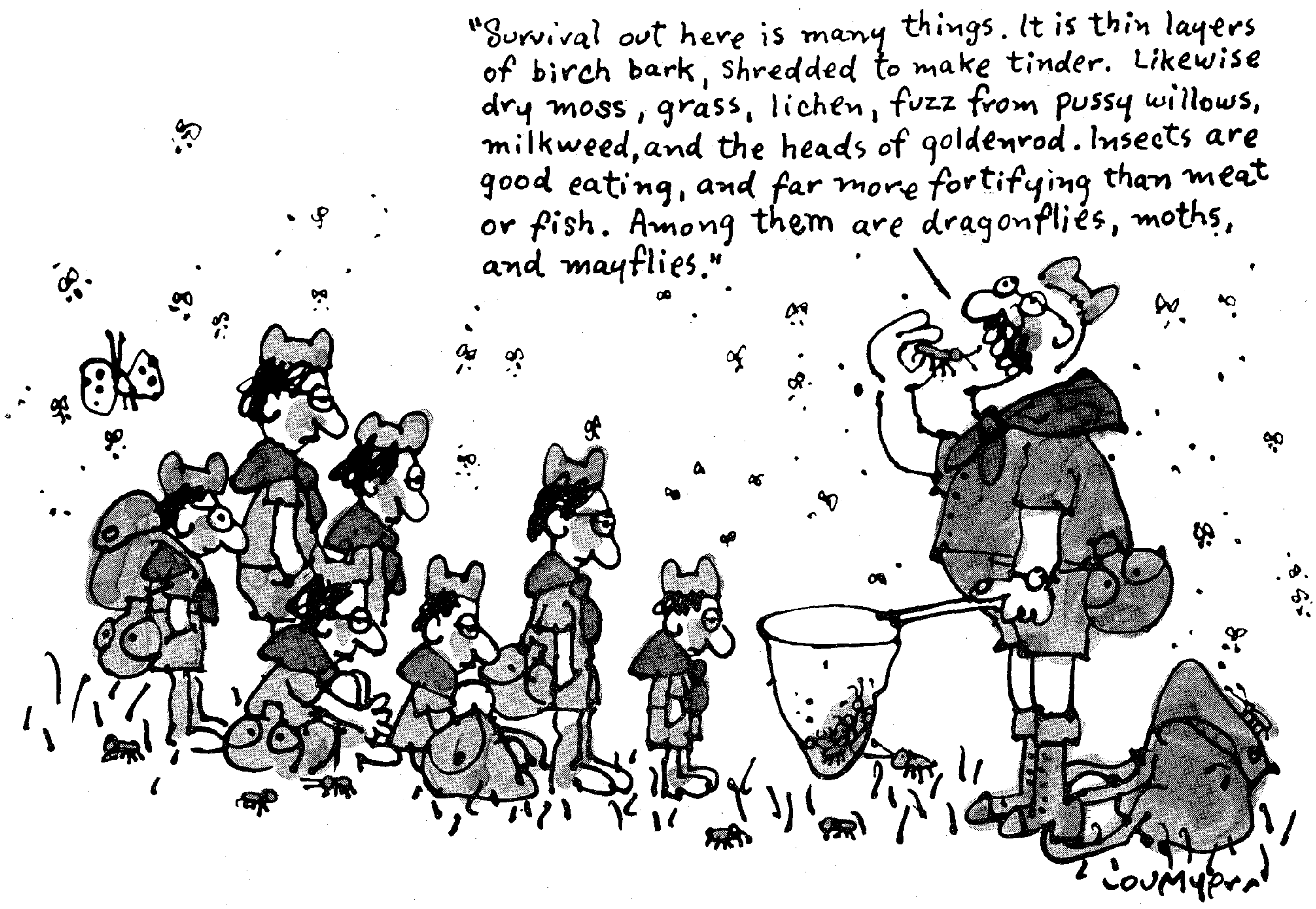
* * *

ways been afraid of a fire. He read newspaper accounts of old people burning to death in old-age homes, hospitals, hotels. He got out of bed, put on his slippers and robe, and opened the door to the hall. There was no one there. Had he imagined it? He closed the door and went out onto the balcony. No, not a trace of firemen below. Only people coming home late, going out to night clubs, making drunken noise. Some of the condominium tenants sublet their apartments in the summer to South Americans. Harry went back to bed. It was quiet for a few minutes; then he again heard a din in the corridor and the sound of men's and women's voices. Something had happened, but what? He had an urge to get up and take another look, but he didn't. He lay there tense. Suddenly he heard a buzzing from the house phone in the kitchen. When he lifted the receiver, a man's voice said, "Wrong number." Harry had turned on the fluorescent light in the kitchen and the glare dazzled him. He opened the refrigerator, took out a jug of sweetened tea, and poured himself half a glass, not knowing whether he did this because he was thirsty or to buoy his spirits. Soon afterward, he had to urinate, and he went to the bathroom.



At that moment, his doorbell rang, and the sound curtailed his urge. Maybe robbers had broken into the building? The night watchman was an old man and hardly a match for intruders. Harry couldn't decide whether to go to the door or not. He stood over the toilet bowl trembling. *These might be my final moments on earth* flashed through his mind. "God Almighty, take pity on me," he murmured. Only now did he remember that he had a peephole in the door through which he could see the hall outside. How could I have forgotten about it, he wondered. I must be getting senile.

He walked silently to the door, raised the cover of the peephole, and looked out. He saw a white-haired woman in a robe. He recognized her;


"Survival out here is many things. It is thin layers of birch bark, shredded to make tinder. Likewise dry moss, grass, lichen, fuzz from pussy willows, milkweed, and the heads of goldenrod. Insects are good eating, and far more fortifying than meat or fish. Among them are dragonflies, moths, and mayflies."

• •

it was his neighbor on the right. In a second, everything became clear to him. She had a paralyzed husband, and something had happened to him. He opened the door. The old woman held out an unstamped envelope.

"Excuse me, Mr. Bendiner, the woman next door left this envelope by your door. Your name is on it."

"What woman?"

"On the left. She committed suicide."

Harry Bendiner felt his guts constrict, and within seconds his belly grew as tight as a drum.

"The blond woman?"

"Yes."

"What did she do?"

"Threw herself out the window."

Harry held out his hand and the old woman gave him the envelope.

"Where is she?" he asked.

"They took her away."

"Dead?"

"Yes, dead."

"My God!"

"It's already the third such incident here. People lose their minds in America."

Harry's hand shook, and the envelope fluttered as if caught in a wind. He thanked the woman and closed the door. He went to look for his glasses, which he had put on his night table. "I dare not fall," he cautioned himself. "All I need now is a broken hip." He staggered over to his bed and lit the lamp. Yes, the eyeglasses were lying where he left them. He felt dizzy. The walls, the curtains, the dresser, the envelope all jerked and whirled like a blurry image on television. Am I going blind or what, he wondered. He sat and waited for the dizziness to pass. He barely had the strength to open the envelope. The note was written in pencil, in Yiddish. The lines were crooked, and the words badly spelled. It read:

> Dear Harry, forgive me. I must go where my husband is. If it's not too much trouble, say Kaddish for me. I'll intercede for you where I'm going.
>
> Ethel

He put the sheet of paper and his glasses down on the night table and switched off the lamp. He lay belching and hiccupping. His body twitched, and the bedsprings vibrated. Well, from now on I won't hope for anything, he decided with the solemnity of a man taking an oath. He felt cold, and he covered himself with the blanket.

It was ten past eight in the morning when he came out of his daze. A dream? No, the letter lay on the table. That day, Harry Bendiner did not go down for his mail. He did not prepare breakfast for himself, nor did he bother to bathe and dress. He kept on dozing in the plastic chaise on the balcony and thinking about that other Sylvia—Ethel's daughter—who was living in a tent in British Columbia. "Why had she run away so far?" he asked himself. Did her father's death drive her into despair? Could she not stand her mother? Or did she already at her age realize the futility of all human efforts and decide to become a hermit? Is she endeavoring to discover herself, or God? An adventurous idea came into the old man's mind: to fly to British Columbia, find the young woman in the wilderness, comfort her, be a father to her, and perhaps try to meditate together with her on why a man is born and why he must die.

—ISAAC BASHEVIS SINGER

(*Translated, from the Yiddish, by Joseph Singer.*)

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The present director of campaign and political finance is Norman Gleason who, until his appointment, was considered the state's foremost expert on election laws.
—*Boston Herald American.*

Now it's a whole new ballgame.

REFLECTIONS

THE TIME OF ILLUSION

VI—CREDIBILITY

IN the years of the Vietnam war, the United States experienced a systemic crisis, which reached its final stage when, under the Administration of Richard Nixon, the American Constitutional democracy was almost destroyed by its President. Then, as the Nixon Administration was forced from office, the nation seemed—for the time being, at least—to reaffirm its allegiance to its Constitutional traditions. After a period in which almost any situation called an emergency was considered reason enough for the executive branch to suspend the rights of citizens, to arrogate power to itself, and otherwise to distort or simply break the law, the nation seemed to rediscover its forgotten political principles. It was reminded, for example, that great power can easily be abused; that if one powerful man is allowed to rise above the law, the law as a whole is placed in jeopardy; and that a heavy reliance on secrecy is incompatible with democracy. All these principles were dealt with in millions of words in the press and in hundreds of hours of television, and I will not be further concerned with them here. Instead, I will offer some thoughts on the particular conditions that made our time the one in which the most serious threat to liberty in American history could take place.

One school of thought has it that the nature of the various stages of the Vietnam period was determined largely by the background and character of the various men who occupied the White House in those years. According to this way of thinking, the great accumulation of powers in the Presidency served to expand the character flaws of the officeholders and their staffs into national disasters. In the John Kennedy and Lyndon Johnson years, it is said, government policy came to be dominated by a group of brilliant, overconfident, privileged men of an East Coast "Establishment," whose character flaws were soon writ large in the war in Vietnam. And in the Nixon years, it is said, government policy came to be dominated by a ruthless, unprincipled group of men, many of them from southern California, whose character flaws were soon writ large in "Watergate" (as President Nixon's attempt to seize power came to be called). And certainly the variations in the character of the men in the White House were reflected in the events of the time. However, what stands out much more sharply than any variations is the astonishing degree of continuity which binds the stages of the mounting systemic crisis together—the marked differences in character of the officeholders notwithstanding. The distortions in the conduct of the Presidency which deformed national politics in the Vietnam years—the isolation from reality, the rage against the political opposition, the hunger for un-Constitutional power, the conspiratorial-mindedness, the bent for repressive action—knew no party lines. They were all as clearly evident on a small scale at the Democratic Convention in Chicago in 1968 as they were on a national scale in the Nixon Presidency. The Kennedy and Johnson men supposedly belonged to "the Establishment," and the Nixon men regarded themselves as enemies of "the Establishment" and wished to destroy it forever; yet in handling the policies that had the most direct bearing on the Constitutional crisis the men of the three Administrations made decisions that were strikingly alike. In fact, when it came to making contributions to the Constitutional crisis President Nixon seemed to pick up precisely where President Johnson had left off, as though there had been no change of party in the White House.

The most telling decisions were, by and large, in the area of "foreign affairs"—our anachronistic euphemism for the unlimited sphere of action which now encompasses the life and death of every soul on earth. For in the Vietnam years the exigencies of foreign policy, and particularly the exigencies of the nuclear dilemma, began to dominate the course of the nation's politics. In those years, Presidents consistently sacrificed the welfare of the nation at home to what they saw as the demands of foreign affairs; and in the domestic record of the period one finds only discontinuity and neglect. The Johnson Presidency embodied the dominance of foreign affairs in a tragic form. President Johnson was more interested in domestic affairs than in foreign affairs, yet it was foreign affairs that, in the shape of the Vietnam war, determined the fate of his Presidency, leaving his dreams of reform at home in ruins. Under President Nixon, the role of foreign affairs was even larger. Foreign affairs were his chief interest to begin with, and he looked on domestic politics almost entirely as a cheering section for his foreign policy and—what amounted in practice to the same thing—as an arena for his reëlection. His indifference to the substance of the most important issues facing the country at home was, apparently, complete. He came closer to destroying the American Constitutional system than any man or group of men had come before, yet he had no clear conception of a system to put in its place. In the domestic record of the Nixon Administration one finds, instead of rigid adherence to a system of ideas, a deliberate separation of the image of government policy from the substance of government policy, and also a chaotic veering from one policy to another under the pressure of political expediency. In fact, more often than not the promises that the Nixon Administration made to the public turned out to have been signals that exactly the opposite of what was promised was about to occur. At the beginning of his first term, President Nixon promised to work for national unity, but then he launched a drive to polarize national politics. In economic affairs, he portrayed himself as a champion of the system of free enterprise, but then he became the first President to impose wage and price controls for any reason other than war, and also set about transforming the Cabinet departments and the agencies of the federal government into instruments for the coercion and political control of businessmen. (The fact that some sixty million dollars was raised by his reëlection campaign committee, much of it from corporations and wealthy individuals, provides eloquent testimony to the success of his efforts.) In the field of social programs, he championed a major expansion of spending for social needs, in the form of his Family Assistance Plan—which never came to fruition—but then he initiated a highly organized drive to cut back even the existing programs. As for the question of a political philosophy, he

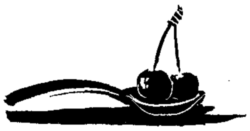
Donald Reilly

"Gee, thanks. That's very thirties of you."

preached the decentralization of federal power, but then he attempted to gather the whole power of the federal government into his own hands. From the moment of taking office, when he promised, in his first Inaugural Address, to build a "great cathedral of the spirit" and unify the nation, to the spring of 1973, when he had the Senate Minority Leader, Hugh Scott, announce on his behalf, "We have nothing to hide," he filled the air with empty and intentionally misleading phrases—phrases that in both tone and content were without relation either to each other or to the actions of his Administration. In the domestic sphere, far from being guided by an unwavering vision of how he wanted things to be, he had no guiding purposes at all. At times, his statements were merely ridiculous, as when he promised "the lift of a driving dream," or promised a "New American Revolution," which would be "as exciting as that first revolution almost two hundred years ago," and then forgot about it immediately. But often the consequences were grave, as they were when, in the words of his political planning group for the 1972 campaign, he set out to "exacerbate" national problems solely in order to "divide the Democrats" in the 1972 Presidential primaries and then win "far the larger half" of the electorate in the general election—and so became the first President on record to establish a program consciously aimed at worsening the torments afflicting the nation. No issue was above exploitation—not the issue of race, not the issue of Supreme Court nominations, not the issue of social spending. All were to be exacerbated. It is true that themes emerged from time to time. President Nixon's feelings were closely attuned to certain deep-running resentments in American politics—resentments against the press, against the television networks, against black people, against the rebellious young, and against the ill-defined entity known as "the Establishment"—and in late 1969 and for most of 1970 he sought to make a partisan drive against these supposed menaces the central theme of national politics. But even this theme, so congenial to the President's temperament, was suddenly dropped from his public statements after the congressional elections of 1970, in which its political usefulness had been tested and found wanting.

In foreign affairs, the gap between image and substance was no less wide, and the sudden, unexplained reversals of policy were no less startling: as a candidate, in 1968, Richard Nixon promised an early end to the war, but then, as President, he continued the war effort for four more years; in 1969, he spoke of "great powers who have not yet abandoned their goals of world conquest," clearly referring to China and Russia, but then in 1972 he went to China and Russia and drank toasts of friendship with the leaders of those powers, while promising the world a "generation of peace." In foreign affairs, however, if one looks behind the surface of shifting images, the more constant concerns can be made out. If one examines the covert record, as it appears in the Pentagon Papers and in other secret memoranda, and ignores the public justifications that were put forward only for reasons of propaganda, a remarkable consistency of purpose emerges; and if guiding principles in government policy are to be found in the years in which the American democracy experienced its crisis, they are buried here, in the realm of strategic theory. For from January of 1961, when John Kennedy took office, until August of 1974, when Richard Nixon was forced to leave office, the unvarying dominant goal of the foreign policy of the United States was the preservation of what policymakers throughout the period called the credibility of American power. (And, indeed, since President Nixon's fall the preservation of American credibility has remained the dominant goal of United States foreign policy.) The various policymakers phrased the aim in many ways. To have a formidable "psychological impact . . . on the countries of the world" is how the Joint Chiefs of Staff put it in a memo to Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara in January of 1962. To prevent a situation from arising in which "no nation can ever again have the same confidence in American promise or in American protection" is how President Johnson put it at a news conference in July of 1965. To "avoid humiliation" is how Assistant Secretary of Defense John McNaughton put it in a memo in January of 1966. To shore up "the confidence factor" is how Assistant Secretary of

State William Bundy put it in a speech in January of 1967. To prevent "defeat and humiliation" is how President Nixon put it in a speech in November of 1969. To demonstrate America's "will and character" is how President Nixon put it in a speech in April of 1970. To prevent the United States from appearing before the world as a "pitiful, helpless giant" is another way that President Nixon put it in that speech. To maintain "respect for the office of President of the United States" is how President Nixon put it in a speech in April of 1972. To win an "honorable" peace or a "peace with honor" is how President Nixon put it from time to time. But, whatever words it was couched in, the aim was always the same: to establish in the minds of peoples and their leaders throughout the world an image of the United States as a nation that possessed great power and had the will and determination to use it in foreign affairs. In the name of this objective, President Kennedy sent "advisers" to Vietnam in the early nineteen-sixties, and President Johnson escalated the Vietnam war in secrecy and persisted in carrying on the war in the face of growing public opposition. In the name of this objective, also, President Nixon sent planes and troops into Cambodia, sent an aircraft carrier into the Indian Ocean at the time of the India-Pakistan war, mined North Vietnamese ports in the spring of 1972, and carpet-bombed North Vietnam during the Christmas season of 1972. In the pursuit of this objective, massacres were condoned, hundreds of thousands of lives were lost, dictatorial governments were propped up, nations friendly to the United States were turned into adversaries, the domestic scene was thrown into turmoil, two Presidents were forced from office, the Constitution was imperilled, and the entire world was repeatedly brought to the verge of war.

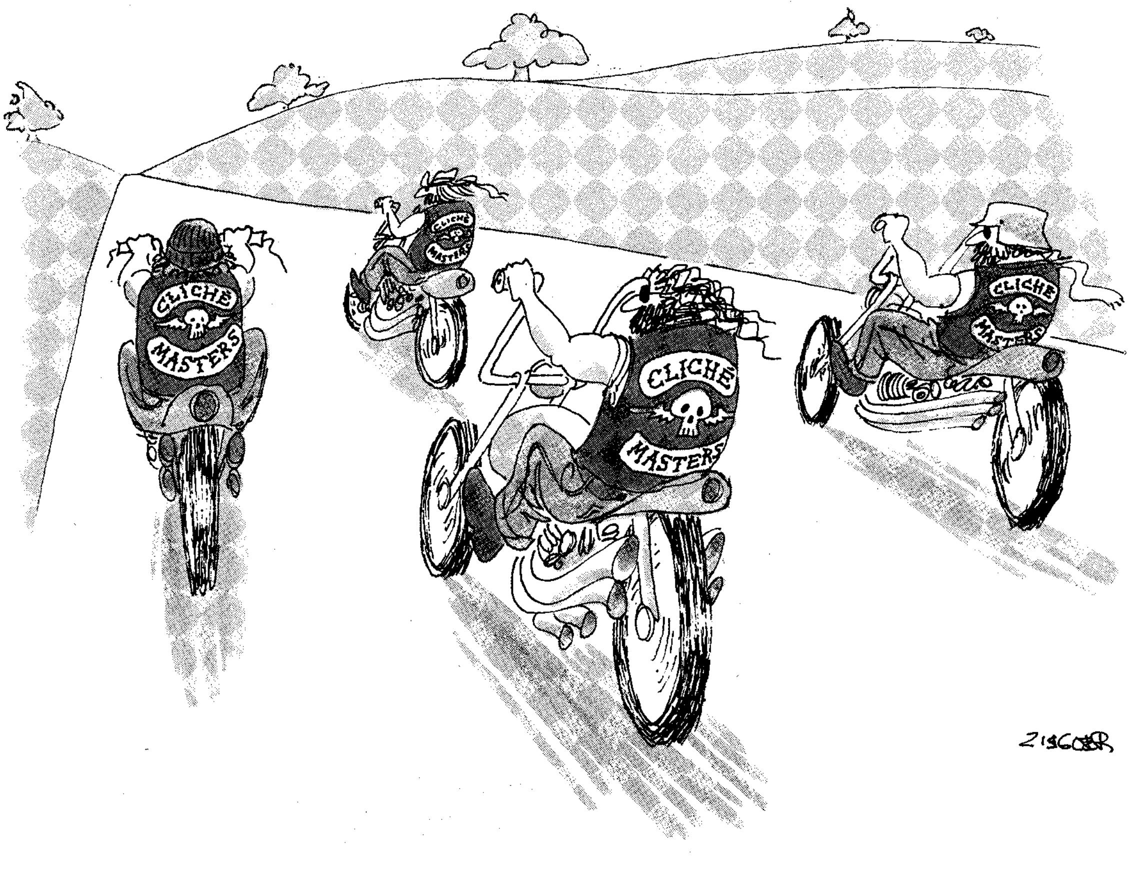


THE doctrine of credibility, far from being a fanatical ideology, was a coldly reasoned strategic theory that was designed to supply the United States with effective instruments of influence in an age dominated by nuclear weapons. The doctrine did not take shape all at once but evolved gradually as the full sweep of American military policy, including, especially, nuclear policy, was subjected to a reëxamination, which got under way outside the government in the late nineteen-fifties and was carried forward within the government in the early nineteen-sixties, after President Kennedy took office. When Kennedy entered the White House, the nation's nuclear policy had remained all but unchanged since the end of the Korean war, in 1953. In fact, although the conditions under which men lived and conducted their politics were altered more drastically by the invention of nuclear weapons than by any previous single invention, nuclear weapons had never become the subject of intensive public debate. In the aftermath of the Second World War, the United States had made a brief effort at the United Nations to bring the new weapons under some form of international control, but the atmosphere of the Cold War had soon settled in and the effort had been abandoned. Then, in the nineteen-fifties, the nation's attention had been further distracted from the new peril by rising levels of consumption, which quickly climbed beyond the highest expectations. In the United States, unprecedented wealth and ease came to coexist with unprecedented danger, and a sumptuous feast of consumable goods was spread out in the shadow of universal death. Americans began to live as though on a luxuriously appointed death row, where one was free to enjoy every comfort but was uncertain from moment to moment when or if the death sentence might be carried out. The abundance was very much in the forefront of people's attention, however, and the uncertainty very much in the background; and in the government as well as in the country at large the measureless questions posed by the new weapons were evaded. As far as any attempt to find a way out of the nuclear dilemma was concerned, the time was one of sleep. But in the late nineteen-fifties, as the reexamination of the American military position gathered momentum, a few men began to think through the whole subject of nuclear strategy anew. Among them were two men whose writings proved to be of special importance, not only because the ideas expressed were influential in themselves but because each man was to take a high post in government in the years ahead. One was Henry Kissinger, who was a professor at Harvard during the nineteen-fifties and nineteen-sixties, and whose book "Nuclear Weapons and Foreign Policy" appeared in 1957. The other was General Maxwell Taylor, who was the Army Chief of Staff under President Eisenhower, and whose book "The Uncertain Trumpet" appeared in 1960.

Both men were disturbed by a paradox that seemed to lie near the heart of the nuclear question. It was that nuclear weapons, the most powerful instruments of violence ever invented, tended to immobilize rather than strengthen their possessors. This paradox was rooted in the central fact of the weapons' unprecedented destructive force, which made mankind, for the first time in its history, capable of annihilating itself. Nuclear weapons, Kissinger and Taylor realized, were bound to have a chilling effect on any warlike plans that their possessors, including the United States, might entertain. Wars were supposedly fought for ends, but a war fought with nuclear arms might well obliterate any end for which a war could be fought. Not only that but it might obliterate all means as well, and, for that matter, obliterate the only earthly creature capable of thinking in terms of means and ends. As Kissinger put it in his book, "the destructiveness of modern weapons deprives victory in an all-out war of its historical meaning." He decided that "all-out war has therefore ceased to be a meaningful instrument of policy." Thenceforward, the United States would be in the position of having to fear its own power almost as much as it feared the power of its foes. Taylor, in his book, described his doubts about the usefulness of nuclear weapons in somewhat different language. The notion that "the use or the threatened use of atomic weapons of mass destruction would be sufficient to assure the security of the United States and its friends," he wrote, was "The Great Fallacy" in the prevailing strategic thinking of the day. The new strategists were saying that nuclear weapons, instead of making the nuclear powers more formidable, appeared to be casting a pall of doubt over their military policies. The doubt did not concern the amounts of military power at their disposal; it concerned their willingness, in the face of the dread of extinction, to unleash that power. Kissinger wrote, "Both the horror and the power of modern [nuclear] weapons tend to paralyze action: the former because it will make few issues seem worth contending for; the latter because it causes many disputes to seem irrelevant to the over-all strategic equation"—which had to do with the victory of one side or the other. In strength, it had turned out, lurked weakness; in omnipotence, impotence.

Kissinger and Taylor, working separately, set out to frame a foreign policy that would take into account the implications of nuclear weapons. Each of them began to think through a policy that would accommodate two broad aims. One aim was to prevent the extinction of the world in a nuclear war, and the other aim was to prevent the domination of the world—naturally, including the domination of the United States—by Communist totalitarian forces. It was clear to the two men that these aims conflicted at many points. The aim of preventing human extinction, which was peculiar to the nuclear age, seemed to call for unprecedented restraint in military matters, but the aim of preventing global Communist totalitarian rule seemed to call for unceasing military efforts on an unprecedented scale. On the one hand, nuclear dread inhibited the United States from using its military power aggressively; on the other hand, the ambitions, ideals, and fears that have traditionally impelled powerful nations onto the world stage impelled the United States to use its military power aggressively. Kissinger wrote, "The dilemma of the nuclear period can, therefore, be defined as follows: the enormity of modern weapons makes the thought of war repugnant, but the refusal to run any risks would amount to giving the Soviet rulers a blank check." The aim of standing firm in the face of Soviet power, which, of course, corresponded to the broad aim of preventing world domination by Communist totalitarian forces, struck a responsive chord in the thinking of American politicians of the late nineteen-fifties. American political life had been dominated at least since the decade began by a conviction that the freedom and independence of nations all over the world was threatened by a unified, global Communist conspiracy that was under the control of the Soviet Union. Since then, "anti-Communism" not only had been the mainspring of American foreign policy but for a time—when Senator Joseph McCarthy hunted for Communists in the United States—had also been the central preoccupation of domestic politics. In this atmosphere, a reluctance to give Soviet leaders "a blank check" was quickly understood. However, the second aim recognized by Kissinger and Taylor—the avoidance of a nuclear catastrophe—was harder for the politicians of that time to grasp; and it was in championing this aim that the two men had to do the greater part of their explaining. (Something that helped them greatly in getting a hearing on the nuclear question was the fact that the anti-Communism of each of them was so strong as to be above suspicion.) The military, in particular, was difficult to persuade. The notion that an increase in military strength might, in effect, enfeeble the nation was a paradox not to the liking of the military mind. It was therefore difficult at first for the military to agree that, as Kissinger put it, in the nuclear age "the more powerful the weapons . . . the greater becomes the reluctance to use them"—in other words, the greater the power, the greater the paralysis.

Kissinger and Taylor, however, had an answer to those who were afraid that a recognition of the paralyzing influence of nuclear weapons might weaken the nation. While the two men were prepared to point out that reliance upon nuclear weapons might lead to a sort of impotence, they were far from willing to accept the condition. In fact, they were convinced that by failing to take cognizance of the danger the government was actually making the United States weaker in world affairs than it need be. In the late nineteen-fifties, the Eisenhower Administration was relying almost exclusively on the threat of nuclear attack to cope with military challenges around the world. As Kissinger observed, American military policy was governed by the belief that "the chief deterrent to Soviet aggression resides in United States nuclear superiority." The policy was deliberate, and had been framed in response to the nation's experience in the early nineteen-fifties, during the Korean war. At that time, the public had shown that it reacted unenthusiastically to the sacrifice of American ground troops in inconclusive small wars fought far from the United States for goals that were difficult to grasp; and in 1954, after the war was brought to an end, Secretary of State John Foster Dulles had established a policy of using the threat of nuclear retaliation to achieve the sort of limited, local objective for which ground troops had been used in Korea. In a speech in January of that year, he said that in responding to a Communist challenge in any part of the world the United States would "depend primarily upon a great capacity to retaliate instantly by means and at places of our choosing," and he pointed out that a policy of reliance upon the nuclear threat not only would keep the troops at home but would be less expensive than ground operations. The Dulles policy became known as the policy of "massive retaliation," and also as "brinksmanship." It required the United States to rush toward the brink of nuclear war each time a crisis broke out somewhere in the world, and then to draw back at the last moment, having, it was hoped, frightened the foe into complying with American wishes. The strategy assumed, of course, that the Communist movement was a single



force, controlled by the Soviet Union, and that a threat of nuclear retaliation against the Soviet Union would serve to stop Communist moves in, say, the Far East. Kissinger and Taylor were no less firm believers than Dulles in the unity of World Communism, and they did not oppose the Dulles policy on this point. Their charge was that his policy ignored the implications of the all-encompassing destructive force of nuclear weapons. Kissinger, employing a word that was just beginning to come into vogue, observed that a threat to use nuclear weapons in each minor crisis around the world would lack "credibility." What worried him was not only that the United States might make a misstep at the brink; it was also that the Communists might not be adequately deterred by a threat of massive nuclear retaliation. He was afraid that the Communists would find it implausible that the United States should be willing to risk nuclear annihilation merely to serve some minor purpose thousands of miles from home, and that they would therefore be unafraid to oppose the United States. For in the strategy of massive retaliation the government seemed to take the use of nuclear force almost lightly, as though nuclear weapons were ordinary, readily usable instruments of policy rather than engines of doom. The danger was, as Kissinger saw it, that "every move on [the Soviet bloc's] part will . . . pose the appalling dilemma of whether we are willing to commit suicide to prevent encroachments, which do not, each in itself, seem to threaten our existence directly but which may be steps on the road to our ultimate destruction." Kissinger was attempting to work out the implications of the distressing fact that once both adversaries were armed with nuclear weapons, a decision to use nuclear weapons was as dangerous to oneself as it was to the foe, for the result might be "suicide." And a threat to commit suicide was not a very convincing way of deterring a foe. Kissinger was suggesting that the policy of brinksmanship menaced the world with both great dangers of the period: global totalitarianism *and* human extinction. On the one hand, that policy threatened to transform every small crisis into a major nuclear crisis, and, on the other hand, it left the United States without "credible" instruments of force in situations where the stakes were too small to justify any risk of "suicide." The need was for a policy that would steer a middle course between the two dangers—for a policy that would, in Kissinger's words, "provide a means to escape from the sterility of the quest for absolute peace, which paralyzes by the vagueness of its hopes, and of the search for absolute victory, which paralyzes by the vastness of its consequences."

A middle course was available, both Kissinger and Taylor believed, in a strategy of limited war. "A strategy of limited war," Kissinger wrote, "would seek to escape the inconsistency of relying on a policy of deterrence [that is, massive retaliation], whose major sanction involves national catastrophe." And Taylor wrote, "The new strategy would recognize that it is just as necessary to deter or win quickly a limited war as to deter general war." Kissinger, for his part, believed that even in the nuclear age the freedom actually to use force rather than merely to threaten the use of force was indispensable to the maintenance of international order. He derided "the national psychology which considers peace as the 'normal' pattern of relations among states," and, while granting that "the contemporary revolution cannot be managed by force alone," he maintained that "when there is no penalty for irresponsibility, the pent-up frustrations of centuries may seek an outlet in the international field." Therefore, "to the extent that recourse to force has become impossible the restraints of the international order may disappear as well." In his view, dangerous as the use of force was in the nuclear age, the United States would have to overcome its uneasiness and thus "face up to the risks of Armageddon." And limited war, he believed, was both a more acceptable and a more effective way of facing up to these risks than was massive retaliation. For a strategy of limited war would rescue the use of force from nuclear paralysis. It would provide "credible" means of threatening the foe. It would make the world safe again for war.

More specifically, there were, in Kissinger's view, "three reasons . . . for developing a strategy of limited war." He listed them as follows: "First, limited war represents the only means for preventing the Soviet bloc, at an acceptable cost, from overrunning the peripheral areas of Eurasia. Second, a wide range of military capabilities may spell the difference between defeat and victory even in an all-out war. Finally, intermediate applications of our power offer the best chance to bring about strategic changes favorable to our side." (By "victory even in an all-out war" Kissinger meant the survival after nuclear war of enough conventional forces in the United States to impose America's will on the surviving remnant of the Soviet population.) His reference to "the best chance to bring about strategic changes favorable to our side" had to do with what he saw as the possibility that on occasion limited war might be used offensively as well as defensively, and would place the United States in a position to reduce "the Soviet sphere." These aims—the defense of a perimeter, the attainment of "victory" in all-out hostilities, and the attainment of improved strategic positions that would reduce "the Soviet sphere"—were straightforward military aims of a traditional kind. They can be called the tangible objectives of limited war.

One aim of the strategy of limited war, then, was to free the use of military force from nuclear paralysis, so that the United States might still avail itself of its arms to stop Communism from spreading around the globe. But there was also a second aim. It was to help in preventing a nuclear war. It was Kissinger's hope that the new policy could "rescue mankind from the horrors of a thermonuclear holocaust by devising a framework of war limitation." Or, in Taylor's words, the new policy "is not blind to the awful dangers of general atomic war; indeed, it takes as its primary purpose the avoidance of that catastrophe." By assigning largely to limited war the achievement of the tangible objectives in the fight against Communist enemies, the policy opened the way to a crucial shift in the mission of the American nuclear force. Secretary of State Dulles had sought to use the threat of nuclear war to work America's will in small crises around the world, but if limited-war forces could take over this job, the nuclear force, relieved of its provocative, belligerent role, could be retired into the purely passive one of deterring nuclear attack. Thereafter, the role of the nuclear force would simply be that of threatening retaliation in order to dissuade the Soviet Union from using its nuclear force in a first strike. Neither Taylor nor Kissinger spelled out the possibility of this shift, but it was implicit in their writings, and was later adopted as policy, under the name of deterrence. The strategy of limited war was thus a necessary companion to the policy of deterrence. In fact, it had been designed, in part, to wean the United States from its perilous sole reliance on the threat of massive nuclear retaliation. The policies of nuclear deterrence and limited war represented a division of labor, in which nuclear weapons would take on the defensive role in military policy and the limited-war forces would take on the offensive role. Taylor, describing a proposal along these lines he had made to the National Security Council, the government's top military-planning body, in 1958, wrote, "Our atomic deterrent forces would be the shield under which we must live from day to day with the Soviet threat. This shield would provide us protection, but not a means of maneuver. It was rather to the so-called limited-war forces that we henceforth must look for the active elements of our military strategy."

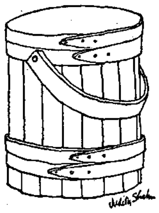
The limited-war strategy would dovetail with nuclear strategy in another way, too. It would give the United States a new opportunity to make demonstrations of its "will" or "resolve" to use force in the world. It would, that is, give the nation a chance to demonstrate its credibility. This objective of limited war can be called the psychological objective. In a passage setting forth some of the fundamental reasoning behind the policy of limited war, Kissinger described the importance of the psychological objective to the whole of American strategic policy:

> Deterrence is brought about not only by a physical but also by a psychological relationship: deterrence is greatest when military strength is coupled with the willingness to employ it. It is achieved when one side's readiness to run risks in relation to the other is high; it is least effective when the willingness to run risks is low, however powerful the military capability. It is, therefore, no longer possible to speak of military superiority in the abstract. What does "being ahead" in the nuclear race mean if each side can already destroy the other's national substance?... It is the task of strategic doctrine to strike a balance between the physical and the psychological aspects of deterrence, between the desire to pose a maximum threat and the reality that no threat is stronger than the belief of the opponent that it will in fact be used.... The reliance on all-out war as the chief deterrent inhibits the establishment of this balance. By identifying deterrence with maximum power it tends to paralyze the will. Its concern with the physical basis of deterrence neglects the psychological aspect. Given the power of modern weapons, a nation that relies on all-out war as its chief deterrent imposes a fearful psychological handicap on itself. The most agonizing decision a statesman can face is whether or not to unleash all-out war; all pressures will make for hesitation, short of a direct attack threatening the national existence. In any other situation he will be inhibited by the incommensurability between the cost of the war and the objective in dispute. And he will be confirmed in his hesitations by the conviction that, so long as his retaliatory force remains intact, no shift in the territorial balance is of decisive significance.... The psychological equation, therefore, will almost inevitably operate against the side which can extricate itself from a situation *only* by the threat of all-out war. Who can be certain that, faced with the catastrophe of all-out war, even Europe, long the keystone of our security, will seem worth the price? As the power of modern weapons grows, the threat of all-out war loses its credibility.

A strategy of limited war would help overcome the deficiency in the psychological equation and restore credibility. By advertising America's strength to the world at levels below the brink, it would hold the world a few steps back from nuclear extinction and at the same time would deter the Communists from aggressive moves. New room for military maneuvering would open up. Whereas under the strategy of massive retaliation there was only one step on the ladder be-

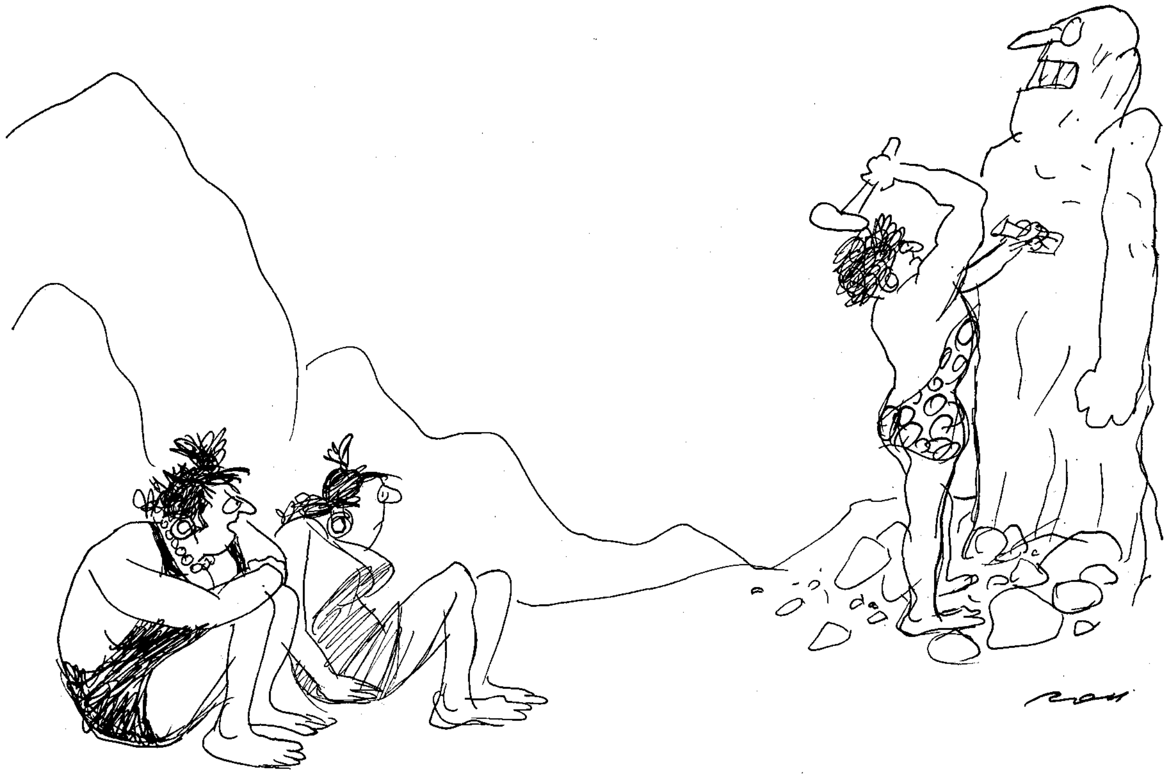
"Miss Woodlow, bring me a coffee, black, no sugar, a poppy-seed roll, and an idea whose time has come."

tween peace and the holocaust, under the strategy of limited war there would be many steps, and at each step the superpowers would have the opportunity to take stock of each other's intentions, to send each other clear signals of their "resolve," and, perhaps, to draw back before things got out of hand. In a passage that compared the opportunities for demonstrating credibility which were offered by the strategy of massive retaliation (in which only threats were possible) with the opportunities offered by a strategy of limited war (in which actual military efforts were possible), Kissinger wrote, "It is a strange doctrine which asserts that we can convey our determination to our opponent by reducing our overseas commitments, that, in effect, our words will be a more effective deterrent than our deeds." Under the policy he was proposing, America's deeds—its actions in limited wars—would "convey our determination." Taylor similarly underscored the psychological importance of limited war, writing, "There is also an important psychological factor which must be present to make this retaliatory weapon [the nuclear deterrent force] effective. It must be clear to the aggressor that we have the will and determination to use our retaliatory power without compunction if we are attacked. Any suggestion of weakness or indecision may encourage the enemy to gamble on surprise." And the best way to prevent "any suggestion of weakness or indecision" from appearing, he thought, was to prepare for limited war. The strategy would, in his words, guard against the danger that "repeated [Communist] success in creeping aggression may encourage a Communist miscalculation that could lead to general war."



The psychological objective was to be sharply distinguished from the tangible objectives. The tangible objectives grew out of an effort to escape the paralyzing influence of nuclear strategy, but the psychological objective was part and parcel of the nuclear strategy. In the new scheme, the attainment of the tangible objectives would belong wholly to the limited-war forces, but the attainment of the psychological objective of maintaining credibility, though it was also an important aim of limited war, would still belong primarily to the nuclear retaliatory force. For it was the inherent futility of ever using the nuclear retaliatory force—a futility that threatened military paralysis—that had driven the policymakers to rely so heavily on credibility in the first place. It was dread of extinction in a nuclear war that had placed in doubt the "will" of the United States to use its undeniably tremendous nuclear arsenal. Of course, there were additional factors that might paralyze America's will to use its military forces. One was the element of isolationism that had long existed in American political life, and another was the natural revulsion of any peaceful people against warfare. Yet these obstacles had been overcome in times of danger in the past. The dread of nuclear war was a paralyzing influence of new dimensions. Now, even if the public should develop a will to victory, a clear upper limit had been placed on the usefulness of violence as an instrument in foreign affairs. The strategists were preoccupied with the question of how to demonstrate America's will—or "resolve," or "determination," or "toughness," as it was variously put. How to make demonstrations of credibility was, above all, a problem of public relations, since what counted was not the substance of America's strength or the actual state of its willingness but the image of strength and willingness. To put it more precisely, the substance of the nation's strength was useful only insofar as it enhanced the image of strength. In Kissinger's words, "Soviet reactions to what we do will depend not on what we intend but on what the Soviet leaders think we intend." Or, as he also wrote, "until power is used, it is . . . what people think it is." The strategy of massive retaliation had been one way of maintaining credibility—the technique in that case being to attest to America's will to go to war by *almost* going to war—but it was in the doctrine of nuclear deterrence that the doctrine of credibility found its purest expression. The deterrent force was real, but its entire purpose was to *appear* so formidable that the Soviet Union would hesitate to take aggressive actions that might provoke the United States into retaliating. The deterrent was not meant for use, because its use would lead to the utter futility of mutual extinction. Appearances, therefore, were not merely important to deterrence—they were everything. If the deterrent was used, deterrence would have failed. If the image did not do its preventive work and there was a resort to action, the whole purpose of the policy would have been defeated, and the human race, with all its policies and purposes, might be lost. In the strategy of nuclear deterrence, the "psychological relationship" was the whole relationship. If power, until it was used, was what people thought it was, then nuclear power could never be anything more than what people thought it was, for its use was forever ruled out, except in retaliation. The strategy of nuclear deterrence presented the nuclear dilemma in the form of pure paradox. It provided for weapons of limitless power whose whole purpose was to prevent their ever having to be used. It called for ceaseless preparations for a war whose prevention was the preparations' whole aim.

This arrangement was what opened up the fissure dividing image and substance which characterized American policy in the Vietnam years. The United States, blocked by nuclear dread from using its military forces on a scale commensurate with its global aims, began to use its power to strike poses and manufacture images. In the strategy of deterrence, the very survival of mankind was made to depend upon an image. An image, however, was a distressingly undependable thing on which to rest the species' hope of escaping extinction. And the image that was required in this case was even more undependable than most. In the first place, the system of deterrence was aimed at producing an impression of certainty in the minds of America's foes about the mental state of the American people; and mental states are inherently obscure. In the second place, the mental state involved was a future one, concerning what the United States *would* do *if* such-and-such a train of events chanced to occur; and therefore it was highly changeable. And, in the third place, the future mental state to be depicted in the image was a willingness to risk destroying the human race, and this willingness was in its very nature open to question. The policymakers might declare their willingness to "face up to the risks of Armageddon," but the meaning of such a declaration was far from transparent. After all, what *did* it mean to "face up" to the extinction of the race? And what did their willingness say about the men who declared it? Clearly, this intention was one of the least "credible" ones imaginable. The doubts became especially keen as soon as one tried to imagine what a President really would do once the Soviet Union had launched a first strike—once deterrence had failed. Would he retaliate, out of pure revenge, and risk completing the annihilation of the human race for no reason? And if he would not, then what became of the doctrine of credibility, which rested on the assumption that the President would do just that? Since the whole system was so shaky, with its cross-currents of belligerence and dread of annihilation, it was perhaps not surprising that the strategists turned in any direction they could, including the direction of limited war, to find theatres where the crucial but elusive quantity of "credibility" might be demonstrated. Certainly limited wars were among the last places where the appearance of "weakness or indecision" which Taylor feared so much could be tolerated. For, in this system, if the credibility of American power should be destroyed in a limited war, then the middle ground between global extinction and global totalitarianism would be lost, and the government would be forced once again to choose between the risk of giving the Soviet leaders "a blank check" and the risk of committing suicide.



"He spends his whole life trying to please the gods, but do you think he ever gives a thought to my feelings?"

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IN considering the origins and the character of the war in Vietnam, the extent of the theoretical preparations for limited war in general must be kept in mind. Today, the notion that the war was a "quagmire" into which successive Administrations were sucked, against their will, has won wide acceptance. The metaphor is apt insofar as it refers to the policymakers' undoubted surprise, year after year, at the way their policies were turning out in Vietnam, and to the evident reluctance of both President Kennedy and President Johnson to get involved there; but it is misleading insofar as it suggests that the United States merely stumbled into the war, without forethought or planning. In 1960, Taylor recommended the establishment of a "Limited War Headquarters"—and this was before the nation began fighting in Vietnam. Rarely has such a large body of military theory been developed in advance of an outbreak of hostilities. The war in Vietnam was, in a sense, a theorists' war *par excellence*. The strategists of the late nineteen-fifties were only slightly interested in the question of which country or countries might be the scene of a limited war. When they turned their attention to questions of geography—which they did only rarely—they tended to speak blurrily of "peripheral areas" around the Soviet Union and China which stretched from Japan, in the east, through India and the Middle East, in the south, to Europe, in the west. A reader in the nineteen-seventies of Kissinger's and Taylor's books is struck by how seldom Vietnam is mentioned. Today, the very word "Vietnam" is so rich in association and so heavily laden with historical significance that an atmosphere of inevitability—almost of fate—hangs over it, and it is difficult to imagine oneself back in a time when few Americans even knew of that nation's existence. Instead of speaking in terms of particular wars, whether in Vietnam or elsewhere, the theorists tended to speak in terms of types of wars. One type that came under discussion was limited nuclear war. The strategists drew a sharp distinction between limited nuclear war and all-out nuclear war. Kissinger devoted a chapter of "Nuclear Weapons and Foreign Policy" to limited nuclear war. What might be called the fear of the fear of nuclear weapons was one of the keystones of the policy he was proposing, and he wrote, "The greater the horror of our destructive capabilities, the less certain has it become that they will in fact be used"—a situation that he evidently contemplated with alarm, for he saw it as undermining American credibility. The use of nuclear weapons in limited war, he thought, would help to overcome this dangerous uncertainty. As he put it, "in this task of posing the maximum *credible* threat, limited nuclear war seems a more suitable deterrent than conventional war." Another way he suggested of combatting the paralyzing effect of the fear of nuclear arms was to fashion "a diplomacy which seeks to break down the atmosphere of special horror which now surrounds the use of nuclear weapons, an atmosphere which has been created in part by skillful Soviet 'ban-the-bomb' propaganda." Kissinger, however, was not strictly consistent on this point, for it had been precisely the "special horror" of nuclear weapons which had inspired him in the first place to recommend the shift from the policy of massive retaliation to the policy of limited war, and in another passage in "Nuclear Weapons and Foreign Policy" he wrote that "a thermonuclear attack may . . . become the symbol of the vanity of all human strivings"—a statement that might be thought to add to the atmosphere of "special horror" surrounding nuclear weapons. Another type of limited war that the new strategists recommended would rely on conventional forces that could be flown to troubled areas around the globe at a moment's notice in a fleet of special transport planes, whose construction the strategists counselled. In virtually all the planning for limited war, the speed of the American reaction was seen as crucial. The strategists of the time apparently believed that limited war would be not only limited but short.

Once one has worked out the strategy and the goals of a war, and has gone as far as to contemplate setting up a "headquarters" from which to fight it, the step to actual hostilities is not necessarily a very large one; and in the early nineteen-sixties the abstractions in Kissinger's and Taylor's books came to life in the hostilities in Vietnam. John Kennedy found the arguments of the limited-war strategists persuasive, and in February of 1960, while he was still a senator, he stated, "Both before and after 1953 events have demonstrated that our nuclear retaliatory power is not enough. It cannot deter Communist aggression which is too limited to justify atomic war. It cannot protect uncommitted nations against a Communist takeover using local or guerrilla forces. It cannot be used in so-called brushfire peripheral wars. In short, it cannot prevent the Communists from gradually nibbling at the fringe of the free world's territory and strength, until our security has been steadily eroded in piecemeal fashion—each Red advance being too small to justify massive retaliation, with all its risks. . . . In short, we need forces of an entirely different kind to keep the peace against limited aggression, and to fight it, if deterrence fails, without raising the conflict to a disastrous pitch." Kennedy was saying that the limited-war forces would accomplish the two great objectives of policy that Kissinger and Taylor had set forth in their books: the prevention of global totalitarianism and the prevention of human extinction. By using limited forces to push back "limited aggression," the United States would be able to oppose the spread of Communism, and at the same time avoid confrontation at the brink. Kennedy, moreover, had become persuaded that the outcome of a limited war would be important not only for tangible objectives that might be attained but for the psychological objective of demonstrating America's "will" to oppose Communism, and after he became President he often referred to the hostilities in Vietnam as a "test case" of America's determination to protect its allies.

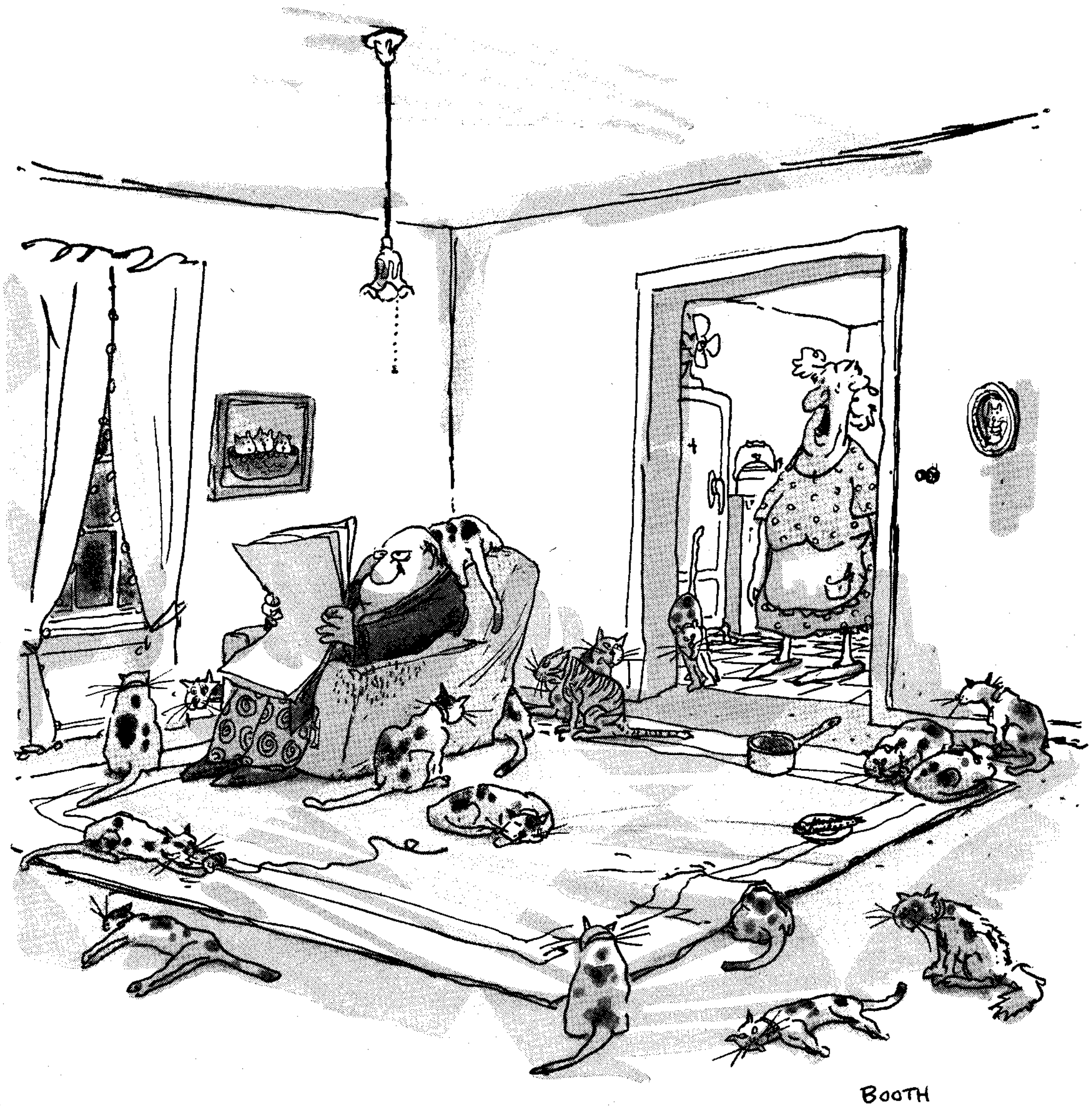
The spirit of the Kennedy Administration was activist, and the policymakers set about their tasks in a mood of high excitement. In April of 1961, three months after his inauguration, Kennedy made a speech to the American Society of Newspaper Editors in which he defined the nature of the challenge that lay ahead:

> We face a relentless struggle in every corner of the globe that goes far beyond the clash of armies or even nuclear armaments. The armies are there, and in large number. The nuclear armaments are there. But they serve primarily as the shield behind which subversion, infiltration, and a host of other tactics steadily advance, picking off vulnerable areas one by one. . . . We dare not fail to see the insidious nature of this new and deeper struggle. We dare not fail to grasp the new concepts, the new tools, the new sense of urgency we will need to combat it—whether in Cuba or South Vietnam. . . . The message of Cuba, of Laos, of the rising din of Communist voices in Asia and Latin America—these messages are all the same. The complacent, the self-indulgent, the soft societies are about to be swept away with the debris of history. Only the strong, only the industrious, only the determined, only the courageous, only the visionary who determine the real nature of our struggle can possibly survive. No greater task faces this country or this Administration. No other challenge is more deserving of our every effort and energy. . . . We intend to reëxamine and reorient our forces of all kinds—our tactics and our institutions here in this community. . . . For I am convinced that we in this country and in the free world possess the necessary resources, and the skill, and the added strength that comes from a belief in the freedom of man. And I am equally convinced that history will record the fact that this bitter struggle reached its climax in the late nineteen-fifties and the early nineteen-sixties. Let me then make clear as the President of the United States that I am determined upon our system's survival and success, regardless of the cost and regardless of the peril.

One of the members of President Kennedy's staff was Maxwell Taylor, who had been appointed Military Representative of the President, and in the fall of 1961 he was sent to Vietnam to take stock of the situation there. In Vietnam, the strategists of limited war, who had been thinking mainly in global terms, found themselves face to face with the challenge of guerrilla warfare. They quickly set about devising techniques to meet the challenge. Turning to the manuals of the Communist foe for guidance, they came up with the concept of "counterinsurgency" war. Men in the Pentagon began to regard themselves as potential guerrilla soldiers, and soon they were repeating such Maoist phrases as "The soldiers are the fish and the people are the sea." And in the early nineteen-sixties it was not only in the military area that the theories of professors were being translated into governmental policy in the struggle against Communism. During that period, a new breed of professor, trained in the social sciences and eager to test theories in the laboratory of real societies, came forward to offer "models" of economic and social development with which the government could rival the Communist "model."

In spite of all the expertise that was being brought to bear on the war, however, the reports from the field in Vietnam, when they began to come in, were discouraging. The long, sad tale of optimistic predictions followed by military reverses, to be followed, in turn, by increasingly drastic military measures, began to unfold, and by the mid-nineteen-sixties it was plain that the war would be far longer and far more difficult to end than any of the professors or policymakers had foreseen. The theory of limited war had been abstract and general, but Vietnam was a particular country, with a particular history and a particular society, and these particularities turned out to be more important than the strategists had ever dreamed they could be. Awed, perhaps, by the magnitude of America's global power and global responsibilities, the strategists had overlooked the possibility that purely local events, not controlled by a centralized, global conspiracy, might pose serious obstacles to their plans. Yet it was on the local events, and not on the balance of nuclear forces, that the outcome in Vietnam was proving to depend. For Vietnamese life had its own tendencies, which not even the power of the United States could alter. Moreover, the strategic theory had it that human beings behaved according to certain laws—that if people were punished sufficiently, they could be deflected from their goals, even if they had not been defeated outright. Accordingly, the strategists had fashioned a policy known as escalation, in which the level of violence would be raised, notch by notch, until the foe, realizing that America's instruments of pain were limitless and its will to inflict pain unshakable, would reach the breaking point and desist. The Vietnamese revolutionaries, however, did not behave in this way at all. Their will stiffened under punishment. And many Americans at home, too, behaved in an unexpected way. Their will to inflict the punishment began to falter. The material resources for inflicting punishment were indeed nearly limitless, but the capacity of the American spirit for inflicting punishment, although great, did have limits. The stubborn uniqueness of the situation in Vietnam was perhaps even more devastating to the plans of the theorists than the unexpected stiffness of the opposition. It meant not only that the war was going to be difficult to win but that it was not the war they had thought it was—that the United States might have sent its troops into the wrong country altogether. For if the Vietnam war was primarily a local affair, rather than a rebellion under the control of World Communism, then it was not a test case of anything. Then, instead of being one of those limited wars between global forces of freedom and global forces of totalitarianism which the theorists had foreseen in their books, it was just a civil war in a small country.

If the war had been planned only to achieve the tangible objectives that Kissinger assigned to limited war in 1957, the unexpected intractability of Vietnamese affairs and the revelation that the Vietnamese forces were not under the control of World Communism might well have inspired a reappraisal of the American effort, and perhaps a withdrawal. After all, even if Vietnam *had* been the right place to oppose World Communism, only a limited tangible advantage could have been gained there: at best, the freedom of one-half of one small country could be protected. And when the situation had deteriorated to the point where the possible strategic gains were outweighed by the manifold costs of the war effort, a strict accounting logic would have dictated that the United States should cut its losses and leave. In the mid-nineteen-sixties, that point was apparently reached. However, the war was not being fought only for the tangible objectives. It was being fought also for the psychological objective of maintaining American credibility—an aim that was bound up in the strategists' thinking with the prevention of nuclear war and the prevention of global totalitarianism. The war had a symbolic importance that was entirely separate from any tangible objective that might or might not be achieved. The policymakers were divided on many points, but they were united on this one. In both their private and their public statements, they unwaveringly affirmed the absolute necessity of preserving the integrity of America's image in the fighting in Vietnam. For the Joint Chiefs of Staff, the importance of the war lay in "the psychological impact that a firm position by the United States will have on the countries of the world—both free and Communist," according to the memo they sent Secretary of Defense McNamara in 1962. For Assistant Secretary of Defense John McNaughton, writing a memo in 1965, the aim of the war was to "avoid harmful appearances which will affect judgments by, and provide pretexts to, other nations regarding how the US will behave in future cases of particular interest to those nations—regarding US policy, power, resolve, and competence." For President Johnson, in a speech in April of 1965, the United States was in Vietnam because it had "a promise to keep." He went on, "We are also there to strengthen world order. Around the globe, from Berlin to Thailand, are people whose well-being rests in part on the belief that they can count on us if they are attacked. To leave Vietnam to its fate would shake the confidence of all these people in the value of an American commitment and in the value of America's word. The result would be increased unrest and instability, and even wider war." By 1966, the aim of upholding credibility had become virtually the sole aim of



"Edgar, please run down to the shopping center right away, and get some milk and cat food. Don't get canned tuna, or chicken, or liver, or any of those awful combinations. Shop around and get a surprise. The pussies like surprises."

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the war. In January of that year, McNaughton wrote a memo in which he said (and the italics are his), "*The present U. S. objective in Vietnam is to avoid humiliation.* The reasons why we *went into* Vietnam to the present depth are varied; but they are now largely academic. Why we have *not withdrawn* is, by all odds, *one* reason. (1) To preserve our reputation as a guarantor, and thus to preserve our effectiveness in the rest of the world. We have not hung on (2) to save a friend, or (3) to deny the Communists the added acres and heads (because the dominoes don't fall for that reason in this case), or even (4) to prove that 'wars of national liberation' won't work (except as our reputation is involved)." In this memo, McNaughton affirmed the aim of upholding credibility ("to preserve our reputation as guarantor") and specifically dismissed the tangible aims ("to deny the Communists the added acres and heads"). The aim of upholding American credibility superseded any conclusions drawn from a simple accounting of tangible gains and tangible losses, and it dictated that the war must go on, for it was on American credibility, the strategists thought, that the safety of the whole world depended. Secretary of State Dean Rusk wrote in a letter to a hundred student leaders in January of 1967, "We are involved in Vietnam because we know from painful experience that the minimum condition for order on our planet is that aggression must not be permitted to succeed. For when it does succeed, the consequence is not peace, it is the further expansion of aggression. And those who have borne responsibility in our country since 1945 have not for one moment forgotten that a third world war would be a nuclear war." Nor did the question of whether or not Vietnam was the wrong country to be fighting in matter much in this thinking. The fact that the United States was fighting there made it the right country; America's presence in Vietnam invested the war with the global significance that it lacked intrinsically, for if the United States involved itself in a war, its credibility was by that very action placed at stake. An analyst representing the Joint Chiefs of Staff wrote in commenting upon a draft paper of a Project Outline on Courses of Action in Southeast Asia, which had been prepared by a National Security Council "working group," "It is *our* judgment, skill, capability, prestige, and national honor which are at stake, and we put them there." And Secretary Rusk wrote in his letter to the student leaders, "We are involved because the nation's word has been given that we would be involved."

Limited war had been conceived in part as a way for the United States to do bold things in an age when nuclear dread made the doing of bold things—particularly if they were violent things—especially dangerous. But now all hope of *doing* anything was abandoned. That aim was now considered to be, in McNaughton's phrase, "largely academic." What remained was proving something, to friends and foes alike: America's will and determination. The tangible objectives of limited war had been completely eclipsed by the psychological objective. The war had become an effort directed en-

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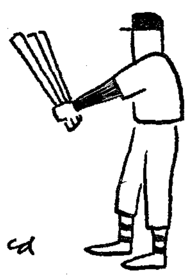
tirely toward building up a certain image by force of arms. It had become a piece of pure theatre. The purpose of the enterprise now was to put on a performance for what John McNaughton called "audiences." In the memo in which he mentioned the need to avoid harmful appearances, he went on to say, "In this connection, the relevant audiences are the Communists (who must feel strong pressures), the South Vietnamese (whose morale must be buoyed), our allies (who must trust us as 'underwriters'), and the US public (which must support our risk-taking with US lives and prestige)." The triumph of the doctrine of credibility had introduced into the actual conduct of the war the gap between image and substance which characterized the doctrine of nuclear deterrence. The whole aim of having a nuclear retaliatory force for deterrence was to create an image of the United States as a nation *not to be trifled with,* and so to forestall challenges that could lead to a nuclear holocaust. Now a real and bloody war was being fought for precisely the same end. As the paper of the National Security Council "working group" put it, the loss of South Vietnam could lead to "the progressive loss of other areas or to taking a stand at some point where there would almost certainly be major conflict and perhaps the great risk of nuclear war." Those who were opposed to the war tirelessly pointed out the disparity between the Johnson Administration's depiction of South Vietnam as a free country battling international Communist aggression and their own impression that the South Vietnamese government was a corrupt dictatorship that, supported by foreign arms and foreign money, was fighting a civil war against indigenous Communist forces. What those opposed to the war did not know was that the Johnson Administration had largely lost interest in Vietnam *per se.* What primarily interested the Johnson Administration from the mid-sixties on was not what was going on in Vietnam but how what was going on in Vietnam was perceived by what the Joint Chiefs referred to as the "countries of the world." In fact, so important were appearances in the official thinking that as things went from bad to worse on the battlefield the policymakers began to dream of completely separating the nation's image from what happened in the war, in order that even in the face of failure the desired image of American "will" might be preserved. The effort to rescue the national image from the debacle conditioned the tactics of the war from the mid-nineteen-sixties on. On one occasion in 1965, McGeorge Bundy, a special assistant to the President for national-security affairs, discussing a plan for "*sustained reprisal* against North Vietnam," wrote, "It may fail. . . . What we can say is that even if it fails, the policy will be worth it. At a minimum, it will damp down the charge that we did not do all that we could have done, and this charge will be important in many countries, including our own. Beyond that, a reprisal policy—to the extent that it demonstrates U.S. willingness to employ this new norm in counterinsurgency—will set a higher price for the future upon all adventures of guerrilla warfare." To Bundy, a disastrous war effort was better than no war effort, because even a disastrous war effort would "demonstrate" the crucial "willingness" to use force in the nuclear age, and so would enhance American credibility. John McNaughton, writing in the same vein in a draft of a memo to Secretary of Defense McNamara in March of 1965, advised, "It is essential—however badly SEA [Southeast Asia] may go over the next 1-3 years—that US emerge as a 'good doctor.' We must have kept promises, been tough, taken risks, gotten bloodied, and hurt the enemy very badly." McNaughton may have been one of the first military advisers ever to suggest that getting bloodied should in itself be an objective of an army in the field. (He was telling men that they must get wounded or killed even though they knew they could not win.) Only in a war fought for credibility could the question of victory or defeat ever seem so immaterial.

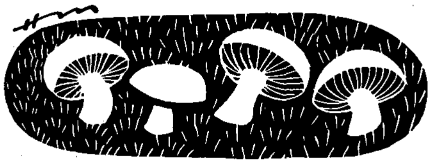


The men in charge of the government were struggling to work out what the uses of military force might be in the age of nuclear weapons. The dilemma in which they found themselves was expressed in a memo that Walt Rostow, chairman of the State Department Policy Planning Council, wrote to Secretary of State Rusk in November of 1964, in which he mentioned "the real margin of influence . . . which flows from the simple fact that at this stage of history, we are the greatest power in the world—if we behave like it." Rostow's qualifying phrase "if we behave like it" summed up the maddening predicament of the great power in the nuclear age. For in reality "the fact" that the United States was "the greatest power in the world" was not "simple" at all. It was endlessly complicated, and contained deep, and perhaps irreconcilable, ambiguities. The reality was that the United States could by no means "behave like" the greatest power in the world if that meant acting the way great powers had acted on the world stage in the past. And it was not only idealism or moral scruple that stood in the way (although one can hope that these factors, too, did have a restraining influence) but also the unprecedented destructiveness, and self-destructiveness, of nuclear war. In October of 1964, in a paper titled "Aims and Options in Southeast Asia," McNaughton wrote that the United States must create an appearance of success in its operations in Vietnam in order to show that the nation was not "hobbled by restraints." But, whatever appearance the United States might create in Vietnam, or anywhere else, the fact was that the United States *was* hobbled by restraints—the very restraints inherent in the possession of nuclear weapons which Kissinger and Taylor had tried to come to grips with in their books in the late nineteen-fifties. Indeed, it was these restraints that had given rise to the doctrine of credibility, which now dominated government policy. It is true that before the development of nuclear weapons powerful nations had sought to cultivate aspects of their power which were similar to what the American policymakers meant when they spoke of credibility. In military affairs, a nation would often make a show of force in the hope of having its way without resorting to arms. The appearance of a gunboat in a harbor might be used to bring a rebellious colony back into line, or a troop movement on a border might be used to deter an attack. But in any matter of the first importance the show of force would give way to the use of force. The situation of a great power in the nuclear age was altogether different. A nuclear power was stuck on the level of show. When nuclear powers confronted one another over an important issue, major use of force was ruled out, since the unrestrained use of force could lead to national "suicide," and even to human extinction. Nuclear powers were in the situation—unprecedented in military history—of always having more power in their possession than they were free to use. The question of "will," which in former times was a question of a nation's capacity for making great sacrifices in order to protect itself, now became a question

of a nation's willingness to approach the point of suicide. For the closer a nation was willing to come to that point, the more force it could permit itself to unleash. According to the doctrine of credibility, a nation that wished to have its way in international affairs was obliged, in a sense, to make demonstrations of indifference to its own survival, for it was obliged constantly to show its willingness not just to unleash force on others but to put the gun to its own head and pull the trigger—its willingness, that is, to "face up to the risks of Armageddon." Perhaps for this reason, policymakers of the time often announced that it was an aim of American policy to cultivate a reputation for "unpredictability." The ultimate in unpredictability, of course, would be to blow up the world, oneself included. Leaving the question of unpredictability aside, the will to victory in the nuclear age was tempered by the realization that victory could be a worse disaster than defeat. This new circumstance had a shaping influence on every phase of the warfare in Vietnam—on the limits of the war effort, on the justifications for the war, and on the atmosphere engendered in the home country by the war. The nuclear predicament forced the great powers to take military action only within a narrowed sphere, and always to behave with extreme caution and trepidation, not because they were weak but because they were too strong, and it taught them to rely more on the reputation of power—on show—than on the use of power. Still, the level of show was not without its possibilities. It provided the military strategists with what they regarded as an entire new sphere of action—the image world, in which battles were fought not to achieve concrete ends but to create appearances. Through actions taken to buttress the image of the United States, the strategists believed, the nation might still lay claim to the "margin of influence" that flowed from being the greatest power in the world. The United States might still have its way in international affairs, they thought, by fighting the admittedly militarily useless but presumably psychologically effective war in Vietnam. The image world was not the world of borders defended, of strategic positions won or lost, of foes defeated in great and bloody battles; it was the world of "reputations," of "psychological impact," of "audiences." It was, in a word, the world of credibility.

In the late nineteen-sixties, the war began to come home. The very nature of the war aims made a political struggle in the United States inevitable. Any long war, and particularly one that is poorly understood and is a failure besides, is likely to stir up opposition in the home country. But when the war, in addition, is being fought to uphold the nation's image, the strife at home takes on a deeper significance. When a government has founded the national defense on the national image, as the United States did under the doctrine of credibility, it follows that any internal dissension will be interpreted as an attack on the safety of the nation. The strain of such a situation on a democratic system is necessarily great. An authoritarian government has the means to project a single, self-consistent image of itself to its own people and the world, unchallenged by any disruption from within, but the image of the government of a free country is vulnerable to assault from every side on the home front. In a democracy, where anyone can say whatever he wants to say, and can frequently get on television saying it, the national image is the composite impression made by countless voices and countless deeds, all of them open to inspection by the whole world. It is not only the President and his men who form the image but anyone who wants to get out on the street with a sign. If the Vietnam war was one aspect of the nation's image, then the political process at home was the very essence of the nation's image. After all, in the United States the public, and not the government, *was* the nation. If the standing of the United States as the greatest power in the world was conditional upon its behaving like the greatest power in the world, then the way the public, in its scores of millions, was seen to behave at home was far more important to the national defense than the way a few hundred thousand soldiers were seen to behave nine thousand miles away. The soldiers in Vietnam could hardly demonstrate that America possessed the "will" to use force freely in the world while America itself denied it. When a war is being fought as a demonstration of the nation's "will and character," as President Nixon put it, what better way is there to oppose the war than to mount a demonstration of one's own—a demonstration, for instance, in which thousands of people march through the streets of the nation's capital in protest against the war? What better way is there to oppose a public-relations war than with a public-relations insurrection? The anti-war movement was often taken to task for its "theatricality." The fact is that it was precisely in its theatricality that its special genius lay. The war had been conceived as theatre—as a production for multiple "audiences"—and the anti-war movement was counter-theatre, and very effective counter-theatre. The demonstrations at home, if they were large enough, said as much about the nation's will and character as the demonstrations that the government was staging in Vietnam with B-52s. And the "psychological impact" of the demonstrations at home was probably greater around the world than that of the demonstrations in Vietnam, because the ones at home were voluntary, whereas the ones in Vietnam were backed by the coercive power of the government. Officials of the government often objected that the demonstrations at home undermined the war effort by giving encouragement to the enemy and by spreading demoralization among the troops. The opposition denied the charges, but here the government was probably right. Yet even the government never fully articulated why domestic dissent had such a devastating effect on the war cause. The fact is that the demonstrations at home struck at the very foundation of the larger aims for which the war was being fought. They struck a crippling blow at the credibility on which the whole strategy was based. In considering the shattering impact of the anti-war movement on the government, and the drastic responses of both the Johnson Administration and the Nixon Administration, it is important to recall that the nation's credibility was not an afterthought of the strategists of national defense but, rather, the linchpin of the deterrence strategy on which the government rested its hopes for avoiding the alternatives of global totalitarianism and nuclear extinction. A blow to the image of "toughness" was not just a blow to the pride of the men in government, or a political setback for them, or a blow to the war policy; it was a blow to the heart of the national defense. The aim of the war was to say something to the "countries of the world" about America's willingness to use force in the world, but the demonstrations at home tended to show the countries of the world that Americans were unwilling to use it. The war was meant to show that America was "tough," but the anti-war movement tended to show that it was "soft." The purpose of the war was to say one thing; the anti-war movement said the opposite thing. Some of the demonstrators took to wearing old Army uniforms, as though to parody the real Army; and they *were* a counter-army, which undid at home the work that the Army was doing in the field. (Certainly part of the special bitterness engendered by the war grew out of the fact that while people died in the field for the sake of an image, people at home who were not risking death could effectively undermine the image merely by talking on television programs or by marching in the streets a few times a year.) Under these circumstances, even if the war could somehow be won militarily, the whole purpose of the war would be destroyed: in the process of fighting the war abroad the all-important appearance of a willingness to fight many more wars of this kind would have been lost at home. On the other hand, if the public were to suffer the war in silence, or were to make some show of supporting the war, then even if the war should be lost militarily, the image of a "tough" nation, unafraid to use its power in the nuclear age, might still be salvaged from the debacle, and McGeorge Bundy's "new norm" might yet be established. In fact, if the public were to go on supporting a disastrous policy indefinitely, that might be the most impressive display of will there could be. What could be tougher than a nation that, as it loses one war, is eager for the next? In this war, it was literally true that the battle at home for public opinion was more crucial to the war aims than the battle in the field against the foe.

The uproar at home over the war took the Johnson Administration by surprise. None of the theorists or practitioners of limited war had foreseen the domestic implications of their policy; their thinking had been restricted to the foreign sphere. President Johnson therefore attempted to cope with his domestic difficulties in a loose and improvisatory—and often a repressive—way, such as when he sent out the F.B.I., the C.I.A., and the military to spy on and harass the opposition. Yet, for all his rage at his opponents, when he saw that his war policy was threatening the fundamental health of the body politic he resisted the temptation to turn an election into a contest between the representatives of order in the White House and disloyal anarchists in the streets; instead, he made his decision to quit political life and offered to open negotiations on the war. Thus, Lyndon Johnson remained devoted to the domestic well-being of the nation, even to the extent of being willing to risk reverses in foreign policy. It was not until President Nixon came to power that the full impact of the war policy made itself felt at home, and put the democratic system in jeopardy.



For when President Nixon saw the domestic opposition to the war policy taking shape again, he accepted the challenge: he made national division the principal theme of national politics, and sought to reorganize the national life around the issue of the war and around such issues subsidiary to the war as the news coverage of the war and the protesters' response to the war. And when he saw that the domestic strife was starting to quiet down, he took covert steps to whip it up again: he launched his secret program of "exacerbating" divisive issues. Here was the basic difference between the two Presidents. President Johnson, a man of great cunning, vanity, and pride, who had no love for the rebels opposing him, and who was not above deceptions and manipulations of all kinds, and who remained convinced up to the end that his Vietnam policy was correct, nevertheless withdrew from politics and altered his course when he saw that, somehow, his policy was leading the nation toward a ruinous political crisis. President Nixon, when he saw the same crisis mounting, set about "exacerbating" it, and eventually had to be driven from office in mid-term.

The immediate question that the nation faced when President Nixon took office was, at bottom, whether the President or the people would have the last word in the forum of public discourse. The Constitution required that it be the people, but strategic doctrine required that it be the President. For the doctrine of credibility, once it was challenged, could succeed only if the President was empowered to take sole charge of the nation's image. The democracy could survive, however, only if the people were allowed, in chaotic, uncontrolled democratic fashion, to demand what they pleased, and let the nation's image take care of itself. In fact, the impression that a democratic nation makes on the world can never, strictly speaking, be organized into an image. Image-making is by its very nature calculated and centralized, whereas the democratic process is by nature spontaneous and decentralized. By the time Richard Nixon assumed the Presidency, the tension between the public-relations requirements of strategic doctrine and the Constitutional requirements of democratic practice had reached the point where the President had to choose either credibility or the Republic. At first, President Nixon seemed to choose the Republic, for he promised the openness, the decentralization of power, the easing of tempers, and, above all, the withdrawal from the war which a full recovery of the democracy required. But his commitment to the war, and to the doctrine of credibility that was the principle justification for the war, was deep, and before long he was speaking of "peace with honor," and the like, and the domestic strife was revived with a new fury. The President then embarked on his effort—which was to continue throughout his remaining years in office—to make himself the unchallenged scenarist of American political life. Vietnam was one stage on which the credibility of American power was being demonstrated, and American life, if he had his way, would be another. Under his Administration, the separation of substance and image which characterized nuclear policy, and had come to characterize the war policy, now grew to characterize virtually all the policies of the Administration, including its domestic policies. After all, what was the use of fighting a war abroad to establish credibility when that same credibility was under challenge at home? How could foreign governments be taught to have "respect for the office of President of the United States" when the Americans themselves had not learned to respect it?

President Nixon's anxiety that the powers of his office were inadequate was reinforced by another worry that grew directly out of the nuclear dilemma: his fear that the United States was threatened with impotence in world affairs. The fear of impotence was a recurrent one in his public statements. President Nixon dreaded that the country might "tie the hands" of the President, that it would "cut off the President's legs," that the nation would be turned into a "pitiful, helpless giant." If the separation of substance and image was the form that the doctrine of credibility took, the fear of impotence—of "softness"—was its content. Everywhere the President looked, at home as well as abroad, he saw "appeasement," "passive acquiescence," Americans inclined to "whine and whimper about our frustrations" and "turn inward." In the courts, in the schools, and in the home, no less than in foreign affairs, he saw signs that the will on which everything now depended was eroding. His uneasiness on this score led him to his belief that the Congress, the courts, the press, the television networks, the federal bureaucracies, and the demonstrators in the streets were usurping powers that were rightfully his, and it fed his apparently insatiable appetite for new powers—powers that would destroy the independence of the other branches

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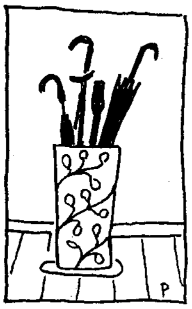
of the government and cancel out the rights of the people. It also led him to try to attempt to compensate for the lack of will he found among the people with a fierce will of his own, which would operate independently of the people. Some observers tended to see the roots of President Nixon's fear of impotence in the psychological idiosyncrasies of his character, and certainly these abounded. He was, however, far from being the first occupant of the White House to fear that the Presidency was in danger of becoming crippled. The fear of executive impotence in world affairs had been one of the deepest themes of nuclear politics for some fifteen years, having been powerfully augmented by the fear of nuclear paralysis which had worried Kissinger as far back as 1957. Indeed, the whole policy of limited war, which became the principal issue between the President and his opposition, had been designed as a means whereby the United States could continue to use military force in a world threatened with extinction—a means whereby "our power can give impetus to our policy rather than paralyze it," as Kissinger put it. Only in the nuclear age was there any question, if one was a giant, of being pitiful and helpless. The Kennedy and Johnson men, too, had argued that the President needed expanded powers if he was to discharge the global responsibilities that were now vested in the office. Moreover, President Kennedy, in his 1961 speech to the newspaper editors, had said that the international challenge facing the United States would require that we abandon our "self-indulgent," "soft" ways and "reëxamine and reorient . . . our institutions here in this community." If a whole succession of Presidents seemed to attach virtually limitless importance to their continued ability to wage limited war, it was because in the prevailing scheme of national defense limited war had been assigned the burden of providing what Taylor called the "active" element in American military policy. In this scheme, to deprive the President of his power to wage limited war was to deprive him of the only instruments of force available to him, and so was to paralyze the Presidency.



There was one more characteristic of the Nixon Presidency which had its roots in the nuclear dilemma: President Nixon's apparent isolation from the world around him. Presidential isolation, like the Presidential preoccupation with images and the Presidential fear of impotence, had a history at least as long as the war in Vietnam. The fact that whoever was President was alone required to concern himself from day to day with the practical and moral problems of survival while his countrymen thought, for the most part, about pleasanter things was at the source of his isolation. The strategists in the White House regarded the war as one way of "facing up to the risks of Armageddon," but the public remained largely unaware of this function. The fundamental principles of the foreign policy of the time had grown out of an elaborate theoretical structure that was meant to accommodate the two broad aims of opposing the spread of Communism and coping with the risk of nuclear war, but the policymakers, in their public statements, tended to give the aim of opposing Communism far the greater emphasis. The aim of preventing nuclear war, when it was brought up at all, tended to be mentioned only in passing. This anomalous state of affairs, in which the government was cultivating a grim "resolve" to brave the risks of annihilation, and was preparing itself for terrible sacrifices and for getting "bloodied," while the public lacked any such sentiments, was partly of the government's own making. Kissinger had warned in his 1957 book that the policy he was proposing would require "a public opinion which has been educated to the realities of the nuclear age"—by which he meant a public that had been educated to accept the need for limited wars. But no such education ever took place. Instead, the executive branch sent American forces into the limited war in Vietnam by stealth while promising to stay out. One reason for the government's failure to apprise the public of the full importance of nuclear strategy in its war policy may have been simply the peculiar combination of abstractness and horror which made the subject so forbidding to think about. An aura almost of obscenity surrounded the calculations of how many millions might be killed and in what manner, and this may have helped cause public figures to shun the whole topic when they could. Another reason for their reticence, certainly, was the political vitality of the anti-Communist position, which made it very dangerous for any politician with national ambitions to suggest policies that smacked in any way of weakness or lack of resolve in the fight against Communism. It may have been that few politicians felt they could afford to maintain publicly that the dread of nuclear war should in any way be allowed to modify the nation's anti-Communist stand; as a result, a strategy such as the doctrine of credibility, which was in fact inspired in great measure by an enlarged respect for the dangers of nuclear war, had to be presented almost entirely as though it were only an improved method of opposing the Communists. But an even more important reason for the politicians' failure to give the public the necessary education in "the realities of the nuclear age" seems to have been intrinsic to the doctrine of credibility itself. For the doctrine included within it a ban of sorts on giving too much public emphasis to what Kissinger called the "special horror" surrounding nuclear weapons, the reason being that the efficacy of the doctrine depended upon maintaining an image of the United States as a nation that was unafraid to use its power—that would not shrink from "the risks of Armageddon." Too great an emphasis on the "special horror" could itself spoil the image. Therefore, although Kissinger's own appreciation of that horror was apparently great, he felt obliged to counsel a diplomacy that would seek to "break down" the atmosphere of horror. It was, after all, fear of a collapse of the image of strength and will that inspired the government to continue the war in Vietnam for so many years and to enter into protracted struggle with Americans who opposed the war. One might say that it was in the very nature of the doctrine of credibility that it had to be presented misleadingly to the public and the world. For to explain the policy fully would be to undermine it. As a result, in part, of these inhibitions, the government strategists and the public they were supposed to represent began to live in two different worlds, and to cease to understand each other.

IN the second half of his first term, as President Nixon went on disengaging American ground troops from the fighting in Vietnam and inaugurated his policy of détente with the Soviet Union, hopes were raised that a spirit of disengagement and détente might come to prevail in the domestic wars, too. It had been these hopes, after all, that carried Mr. Nixon into office in 1968. But just the opposite occurred. The anger in the White House intensified, the President's isolation deepened, and the campaign to humble the Congress, the press, and the other powers in the society which rivalled the executive branch was stepped up. Once again, the public, never having been adequately informed about the imperatives of the doctrine of credibility, had failed to take them into account. For, according to the doctrine, if the President was going to risk American credibility by withdrawing from a war, it became all the more important to uphold credibility on the home front. A period of military retrenchment was no time to allow suggestions of "weakness or indecision" to crop up in domestic affairs. Instead, dramatic and unmistakable demonstrations of firmness were required. And the withdrawal itself could not be rushed or panicky. It would have to be stately and slow. It would have to be accompanied by many awesome displays of unimpaired resolve—displays such as the invasion of Cambodia, the invasion of Laos, the mining of the ports of North Vietnam, and the carpet-bombing of North Vietnam in the Christmas season of 1972. In an era in which the President was haunted by a fear of seeming impotent, a withdrawal was the most delicate of operations. Under no circumstances could it be allowed to appear an expression of weakness or loss of will. The Nixon Administration's resolution of its dilemma was the one suggested by John McNaughton and McGeorge Bundy years earlier—that of trying to maintain an image of toughness in the face of failure by mounting futile but tough-seeming military campaigns. McNaughton had written in 1965 that it was important for the United States to get bloodied even as it failed in Vietnam, and this is exactly what happened. The United States did fail in Vietnam, and it did get bloodied, in Vietnam and at home as well.

If withdrawal from ground operations in Vietnam increased the pressures for militancy in other spheres of Presidential action, the policy of détente increased them even more. The apparent contradiction between the militancy both in Vietnam and at home and the spirit of friendly coöperation at the summit conferences with the Russians and the Chinese baffled the public. For a moment, as President Nixon proclaimed that "America's flag flies high over the ancient Kremlin fortress" while Americans were dying in Southeast Asia in an attempt to counter the Kremlin's influence, the fighting in Vietnam came to look like something without precedent in military history: a war in which the generals on the opposing sides had combined into a joint command. But President Nixon's split

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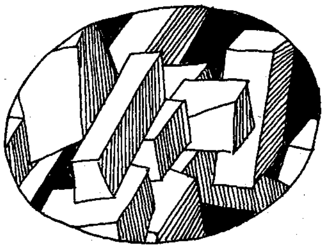
policy was in keeping with the fundamental requirements of American strategy as they had been conceived by men in the White House at least since the time of President Kennedy. Throughout the sixties and the early seventies, White House strategists had sought to balance each move toward peace in the nuclear sphere with militancy in other spheres of competition with the Communists. In the early nineteen-sixties, the move toward peace in the nuclear sphere came in the shift from the provocative doctrine of massive retaliation to the passive doctrine of nuclear deterrence, and the balancing display of anti-Communism came in the adoption of the aggressive strategy of limited war. Now, in the early nineteen-seventies, an Administration was once again taking a step away from the brink in the nuclear sphere—this time by its conclusion of agreements on the limitation of strategic arms at the Moscow summit meeting of May, 1972—and was once again seeking out other spheres in which to shore up the President's reputation as a fierce anti-Communist: to give him opportunities for the expression of his "ruthless" side, to quote the fourth, and final, draft of a speech by Kissinger to Soviet Communist Party Secretary Leonid Brezhnev a few weeks before the summit meeting. In the framework of Kissinger's thinking, it made perfect sense to move toward the summit, and so toward peace, in the sphere of direct relations with the Soviet Union while simultaneously moving toward confrontation, and so toward intensified war, in the sphere of Vietnam policy. As far back as 1957, Kissinger had noted and deplored "the notion that war and peace, military and political goals, were separate and opposite." Now, under his guidance, war and peace were being pursued simultaneously. At the summit, the President would work for a relaxation of nuclear tension (what he now called a "generation of peace"), and in the "peripheral areas" he would continue to make demonstrations of his credibility (what he now called "respect for the office of President of the United States").



There were political considerations to be weighed, too. Although the politics of nuclear strategy were nothing if not complex, one broad rule seemed to be that the political right tended to give greater weight to the fear of global Communist totalitarianism and the political left tended to give greater weight to the fear of human extinction. The right, therefore, tended to favor policies allowing for the free use of military force, and the left tended to favor policies calling for military restraint. The Kennedy policy, belligerent as it was, conformed to this political rule. His Administration was slightly to the left of the Eisenhower Administration, and, accordingly, his military strategy gave a larger place to the fear of nuclear weapons than Eisenhower's had. The same split appeared—though in a different political context—in the Presidential contest of 1964, when President Johnson campaigned as a proponent of restraint in Vietnam and Senator Barry Goldwater campaigned as a proponent of a quick victory. For a man on the right, the political danger lay in seeming oblivious of the danger of nuclear war—as Goldwater then learned. For a man on the left, however, the political danger lay in appearing to have a "soft" attitude toward Communism. From a political point of view, therefore, the course followed by President Johnson in 1964 was probably the most advantageous that could have been devised at the time. By escalating the war somewhat during the campaign, he headed off the charge that he was soft on Communism, and by vowing that he would never take precipitate military action of the kind that Goldwater seemed to be recommending he signalled his determination to avoid a nuclear war. What the public did not know was that this apparently sensible middle course had dangers of its own—dangers that became clear soon after Johnson had been elected to office. President Nixon, too, saw himself as charting a middle course in his dealings with the Communist adversary. During his years in office, it became a cliché to point out that only a seemingly determined anti-Communist like President Nixon could afford the political risks of visiting China and of establishing a policy of détente with the Soviet Union. But even President Nixon, with his impeccable anti-Communist credentials, nevertheless felt obliged to reaffirm his militancy, and he and other members of his Administration often hinted darkly to journalists that a "humiliating defeat" in Vietnam might lead to a dangerous right-wing backlash at home. Politically as well as strategically, therefore, the policy of détente created a pressure to find places where the credibility of American power could be affirmed, and in the early nineteen-seventies those places were Vietnam and the domestic politics of the United States.

IT has not been the purpose of these remarks to blame theorists of the nineteen-fifties for the calamities of the nineteen-sixties and the nineteen-seventies, or to suggest that when they devised the strategies that would rule American politics in the years ahead they should have foreseen the bizarre events that unfolded. Many Americans found these events all but unbelievable even as they occurred. Moreover, the strategists' attention was concentrated on a dilemma that overarched all particular events. This dilemma—the dilemma of nuclear warfare—remains entirely unresolved to this day. And it can also be said that the combined strategies of limited war and nuclear deterrence still seem an improvement over the strategy of massive retaliation, which to the contemporary eye seems to have been an exceptionally reckless and shortsighted way of handling the question of human survival. On the other hand, it is not the purpose of these remarks to in any way excuse the political actors of the period—some of whom were also key strategists—from responsibility on the ground that they did what they did in the cause of human survival. All governments have their burdens to bear and their decisions to make, and if the heaviness of the responsibilities were to be considered justification for repressive action, no country would remain free. A free country does not place responsibilities in one of the scales and the liberties of the people in the other. It holds to the faith that only in an atmosphere of freedom can the responsibilities be squarely met. Moreover, precisely because the United States is a free country, choices were at all times open to the government in the Vietnam years. At each stage, alternative policies were offered—sometimes by men in high positions in the government. In the Kennedy and Johnson years, the names of George Kennan, William Fulbright, George Ball, and John Kenneth Galbraith are among those that come to mind. In the Nixon years, the name of Walter Hickel comes to mind. And, what was of greater importance, millions of ordinary citizens, making use of their freedom, raised their voices to insist that the war be brought to an end. In fact, their voices finally prevailed. And of still greater importance was the broad political coalition that forced President

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Nixon from office. There is every reason to believe that if this coalition had not been successful, the United States, by then a Presidential dictatorship, would still be pursuing credibility in Vietnam. For nothing in the record suggests that President Nixon was anything but dead serious both when he promised President Thieu that the United States would "respond with full force" if the North Vietnamese attempted to take over the South and when he told John Dean, speaking of his struggle with his domestic "enemies," "This is war."

However, if the record of American statesmanship in the Vietnam years, with its sheer mendacity, fumbling, and brutality—not to mention the apparent dementia in the White House which first made its appearance in the Johnson years and emerged fully into public view in President Nixon's last days in office—has a tragic aspect as well, it lies in the fact that in those years the nation experienced the defeat of its first sustained, intellectually coherent attempt to incorporate the implications of nuclear weaponry into national policy. For today it is clear that the doctrine of credibility has failed. It has failed not only in the terms of those who opposed it but also in its own terms. The doctrine of credibility did not provide the United States with an effective means of promoting its interests and ideals at levels of violence below the brink of nuclear war; instead, it provided the notorious quagmire in Vietnam into which the United States poured its energy and power uselessly for more than a decade. The doctrine of credibility, though different from the doctrine of massive retaliation, did not spare mankind from confrontations at the brink between the nuclear powers; far from freezing hostilities at a low level of the escalatory ladder, it led the United States up the ladder, step by step, until, in May of 1972, President Nixon felt obliged to lay down a frontal challenge to the Soviet Union and China by mining North Vietnamese ports against their ships. Finally, the doctrine of credibility failed to enhance American credibility; instead of enabling the United States to "avoid harmful appearances" and to create "respect for the office of President of the United States," it engendered appearances that were supremely harmful to the United States—appearances not only of helplessness, irresolution, and incompetence but of duplicity and ruthlessness—and precipitated a wave of disrespect for a particular President which culminated in his forced resignation from office. Nor did the doctrine

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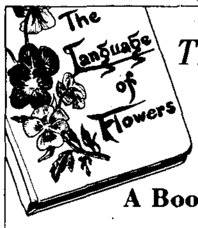

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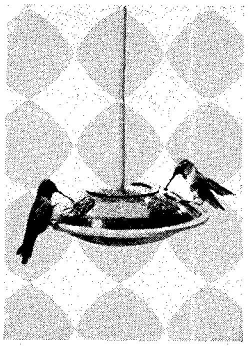

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of credibility merely fail; it was a catastrophe in its own right, which led to the needless devastation of the Indo-Chinese peninsula and the assault on Constitutional government in the United States.

The only benefit to be salvaged from the experience, it appears, is whatever may have been learned from it, and particularly what may have been learned about the political implications of nuclear weapons—for the Vietnam years do provide the record of an attempt to come to grips with the nuclear question, and of the ways in which that attempt drove two Presidents into states of something like madness and led to the near-ruin of our political system. Among the hazards that were translated into reality was one that had been foreseen almost from the start: the tendency for whoever was given custody of the new weapons to gather into his hands a dangerous array of other powers. Something that had been less clearly foreseen was that efforts to bring the weapons under some form of control and to prevent their use would favor the concentration of power even more than the original grant of unlimited authority over their use had done. During the Vietnam years, there were, broadly speaking, two such efforts. The first was the shift from the strategy of massive retaliation to the strategy of limited war, which was inspired, in part, by the "special horror" of nuclear weapons. At first, the shift seemed to mean a reversion to types of warfare which, unlike nuclear warfare, could be brought under the control of Constitutional processes. In practice, however, the war-declaring power did not devolve back upon Congress, for the limited-war power remained a part of the broader military strategy in which the atmosphere of extreme emergency surrounding nuclear weapons prevailed, and the result was that the President gained the sort of discretionary control over conventional forces which he had already been given over the nuclear forces. The potential for immediate abuses was greater in this new grant of authority than in the grant of nuclear authority, for nuclear weapons were all but unusable, whereas conventional forces could be used easily. The second effort to bring nuclear weapons under control was the policy of détente. Détente, too, was inspired by the horror of nuclear weapons, and it, too, had the effect of extending Presidential power. For one thing, it meant that the President was continually moving about on a world stage, and so could utterly dominate the news in an election year. What was more important, though, was that it tended to draw a wide variety of governmental activities into the orbit of nuclear strategy. In fact, there was virtually no governmental activity in America which did not touch in some way on what President Nixon called "the structure of peace." After all, the leadership could ask, did the nation, having given the President the power, at his sole discretion, to effect the extinction of the human race in war, wish to curtail his power to make peace? Having given him the responsibility for framing and executing a global policy that would guarantee national and human survival, did the nation now want a host of others—congressmen, judges, newsmen, even teen-agers marching in the streets—to disrupt the carrying out of its parts? Should we save the Bill of Rights but lose mankind? President Nixon put these questions to the country directly in the impeachment proceedings against him in the spring and summer of 1974. For as soon as he was threatened with removal from office, he repaired to the sanctuary of "national security" and informed the nation that an assault on "the Presidency" could fatally undermine "the structure of peace," on which, he claimed, the survival of mankind depended. He wished the country to weigh the crimes of his Administration and the dangers they posed for the Republic against the danger of human extinction. In that balance, he thought, the crimes would weigh lightly. He was offering the nation the spurious deal implicit in the conduct of his whole Administration: American survival at the price of American liberty.

Another unexpected political danger of the nuclear period which was revealed in the Vietnam years was the tendency for the government to enclose itself in a private reality. To begin with, the subject of nuclear weapons is confined by its very nature to the realm of theory. Since the principal aim of nuclear strategy is to guarantee that the nuclear deterrent forces will never be used, no body of direct experience can ever grow up against which the prevailing theories can be tested. (And probably if the weapons *should* ever be used no lesson will be learned, for the reason that there will probably be no one about to do the learning.) Yet in the postwar period an elaborate body of theory necessarily developed, and it was

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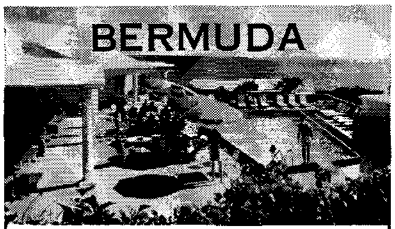

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on the basis of this body of theory that the leaders of the nuclear powers were obliged to determine the shape of world politics. Never before, it seems safe to say, has pure, untested theory played such a decisive role in world affairs. Ordinarily, political men prefer to consult practice rather than theory, and are inclined to seek out men of broad experience to advise them, but on this one matter—the most important matter of all—they have been obliged to depend on the theorists themselves.

In the Vietnam years, the inherent unreality of the nuclear question was reinforced by the particular theories that the strategists relied on in framing their policies. One of these theories was the doctrine of linkage. Two kinds of linkage must be distinguished. One kind was the linkage that was assumed to bind America's foes together into the single force of World Communism. It lost a great deal of its application to the postwar scene when the Russians and the Chinese turned against each other, with each becoming a more resolute foe of the other than either was of the United States, and lost even more of its application during the Vietnam war, when it became apparent that even in small nations the success or failure of a left-wing revolution depended far more on the strengths and weaknesses of local forces than on any "links" with the Russians or the Chinese. (If most of the nations of Eastern Europe were exceptions, that was because in their case the links were not hidden lines of influence but invading Russian armies.) The second kind of linkage was the kind that bound all the United States efforts to oppose Communism—or, indeed, to oppose anything or anyone else it might choose to oppose—into a single force. It was here that the doctrine of credibility came to play its decisive role. According to the doctrine of credibility, the President himself was the universal link: he bound all parts of the world together, for wherever he involved himself he placed the credibility of the United States at stake. The reason that American Presidents became convinced that a single setback anywhere in the world would jeopardize the whole structure of American power was not only that they believed World Communism to be indivisible but that they believed the credibility of American power to be indivisible as well. And what threatened the credibility of American power—the crucial image of will and determination on which the survival of man was now thought to depend—was not only the Communists

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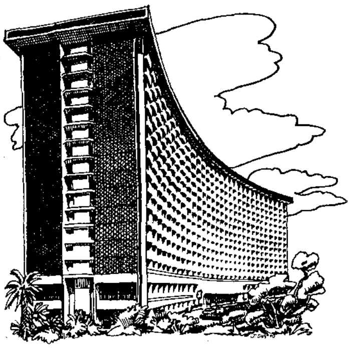

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but, even more important, the American people themselves. In this struggle, "only Americans" could "defeat or humiliate the United States," President Nixon said in 1969. For it was the *Americans'* "special horror" of nuclear weapons, the *Americans'* scruples about endangering the human race, and the *Americans'* revulsion against pitilessly unleashing the nation's force on a small country that were leaving America "hobbled by restraints," and were preventing it from behaving like the greatest power in the world, and were turning it into a "pitiful, helpless giant." A President determined to uphold American credibility at all costs would have to get free of the American people, and the only way he could do that was to destroy the democratic system that gave the people power over him.

The strategic doctrine of the day therefore drew the nation into a confrontation with itself which was quite distinct from any confrontation with World Communism. It made the country self-absorbed, and distracted its attention from the world—for this internal struggle had an integrity of its own, which did not depend on events elsewhere. Even while America fought a war in distant Vietnam, it was they themselves that Americans were interested in—their own "character," their own "reputation"—and the rest of the world, as far as they were concerned, was, in John McNaughton's words, "largely academic." And, finally, of course, the images on which the whole strategic system rested—the images that were meant to build American credibility—tended in themselves to draw the government into a world of fantasy, for the images, like the theories that had given rise to them, could not be tested against experience. The evidence of their efficacy lay in the impenetrable territory of people's minds. Ultimately, the reliance on images for the national defense drew the government into an interior world in which success and failure were determined not by visible results but by pure guesswork. The nuclear question, which revolved around the most concrete peril that the world had ever faced, was proving to be an elusive, phantom thing—the province of professors, psychologists, public-relations men, and other mind-readers and dealers in the shadowy, the insubstantial, the half real.

The fact that the inception of nuclear weapons coincided with the launching of a worldwide crusade by the United States against the spread of Communist influence; the fact that the President's exclusive control over the nuclear arsenal tended to concentrate other kinds of power in his hands; and the fact that nuclear strategy enclosed the White House in a hermetic world of theories and images which was all but impervious to real events and which fostered an atmosphere of unreality in the White House—all these were circumstances that belonged to a distinct phase of the nuclear story. The boastfulness, the hypocrisy, the hard-heartedness, the obsession with outward appearance and the neglect of inward substance, and the nervous insecurity in spite of matchless power which marred American policy in the Vietnam years may all be seen as aspects of one contortion in the nation's writhing in the grip of the nuclear dilemma. With the fall of President Nixon and the end of the war in Vietnam, this particular episode in the story of the nuclear dilemma has apparently come to an end, and, with it, some of the special problems of that time may have come to an end as well. What will not come to an end is the nuclear dilemma itself. Nor does it seem likely that the decisive influence of the nuclear dilemma on the American Presidency—whatever form that influence may take as time goes on—will come to an end. For the advent of nuclear weapons has done nothing less than place the President in a radically new relation to the whole of human reality. He, along with whoever is responsible in the Soviet Union, has become the hinge of human existence, the fulcrum of the world. He lives and works astride the boundary that divides the living world from universal death. Surveyed from where he stands, the living creation has no more permanence than a personal whim. He or his Soviet counterpart can snuff it out as one might blow out a candle. If Presidents in recent years have lost touch with reality, bringing disaster to their Administrations and to the nation, may it not be because their grip on what is literally human reality—on the continued existence of mankind—is so tenuous and shaky? When the whole of human existence is trembling in one's grasp, it may be difficult to train one's attention on each detail. And, measured against the extinction of the whole, almost anything that does not contribute directly to the current scheme for survival may seem to be a detail. If President Nixon, then, slipped into the habit of treating

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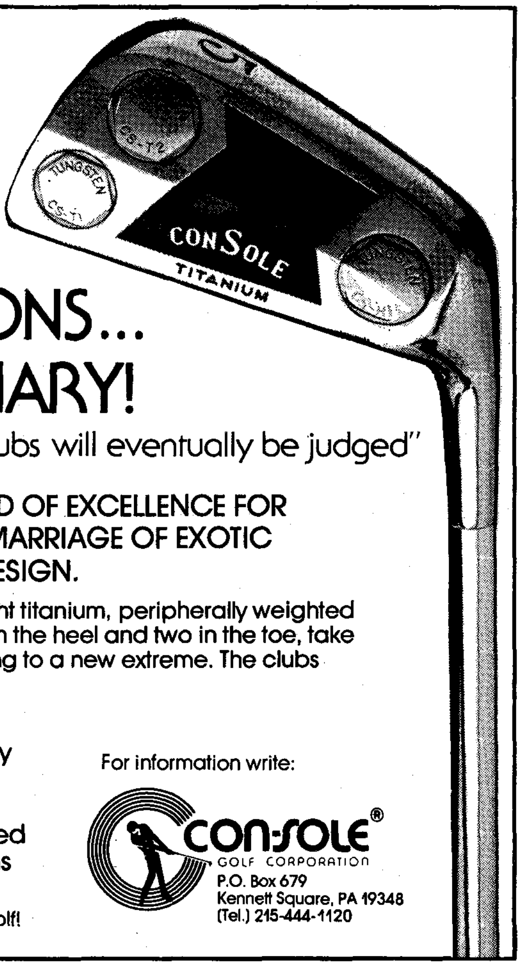

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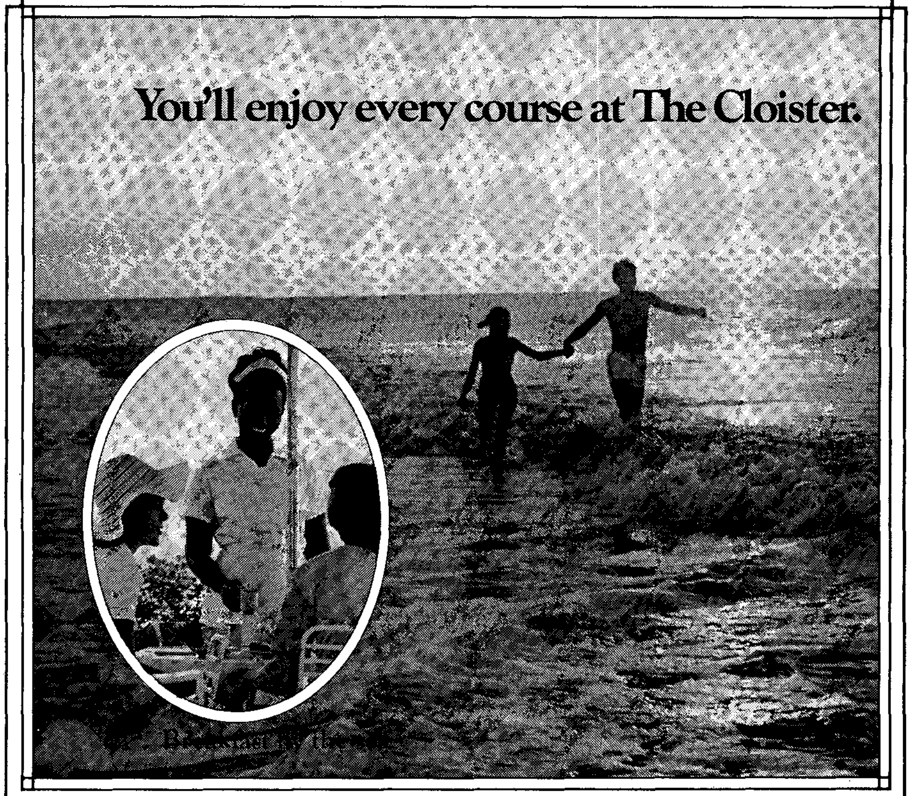
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the world as though it were nothing but a dream, may it not have been because the world's continued existence did rest on the foundation of his thoughts, his moods, his dreams? And if a false atmosphere of emergency came to pervade White House thinking on every issue that arose, surely it was in part because the men there lived with a vast, perpetual, genuine emergency. And, finally, if the President tended to gather tremendous new power into his hands, to violate the rights of others, to break the law, and generally to ride roughshod over every obstacle, the reason, at bottom, may have been much the same. He had discovered a rationalization without limits in the altogether real aim of protecting mankind from extinction. For what right, what law, what fact, what truth, what aspiration could be allowed to stand in the way of the imperative of human survival, in which all rights, laws, facts, truths, and aspirations were grounded? The first question of the age was how to guarantee survival. Another question was the one that the strategists asked themselves in the nineteen-fifties—how a great power can exercise its influence in the face of the paralyzing effects of nuclear dread. And still other questions that were posed by the ruinous experience of the Vietnam years were how, in the face of the nuclear imperatives, other human aims and human qualities, including freedom and sanity, could be preserved. For thirty years, the burden of nuclear weapons has rested upon the nation with a crushing weight. Their presence has corrupted the atmosphere in which the nation lives, distorted its politics, and coarsened its spirit. The questions they raised have all outlasted the Presidency of Richard Nixon and the nation's reaffirmation of its Constitution and its laws. They are questions on which the framers of the Constitution and all other counsellors from other centuries are silent. The questions are unprecedented, they are boundless, they are unanswered, and they are wholly and lastingly ours.

—JONATHAN SCHELL

(This is the last part of a six-part article.)

•

Semantic deviance does not cause metaphorical meaning, but rather brings out what is already latent by blocking out a literal meaning, just as an eclipse of the sun does not "cause" the moon to shine, but makes its light perceptible by blocking out the sun.—*From an article in Daedalus.*

Astronomy is *such* fun.

THE THEATRE

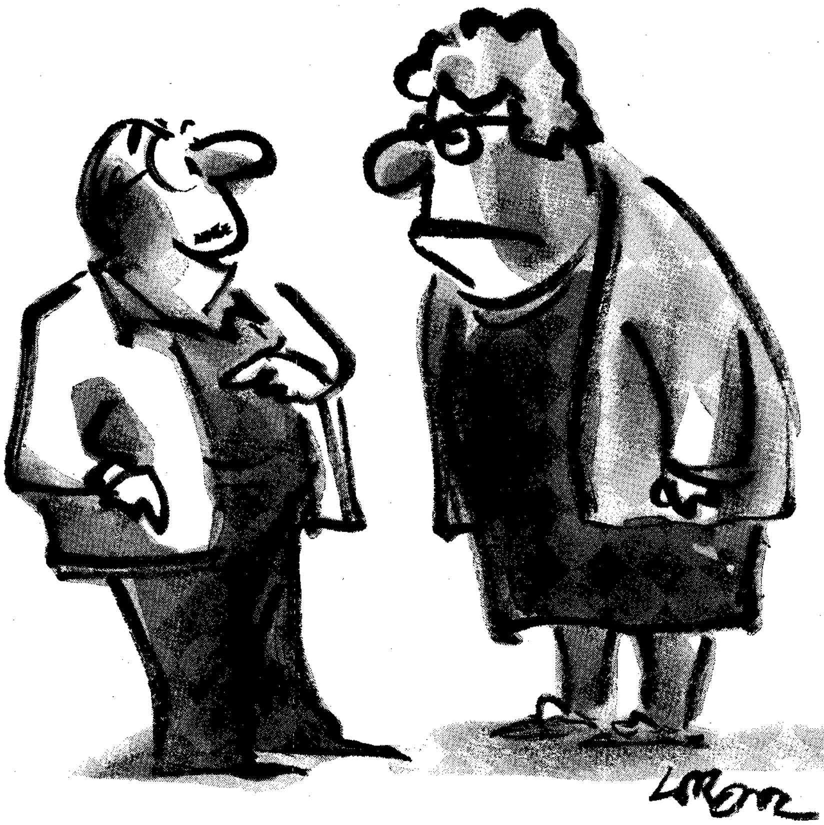
A PAINFUL CASE

ARTHUR MILLER's "Death of a Salesman" is a more curious piece of work than it looks at first glance. The play is so formidably compelling onstage—from the first moment, it seizes us by the throat and will not let us go—that we scarcely pause to examine its intentions, or to weigh the means by which those intentions are achieved. For me, the play has always been much easier to admire than to like. The skill with which the author manipulates our emotions is an enviable one, but this is far from saying that I find his manipulations appealing; on the contrary, I tend, in a quite unexpected fashion, to sense that my good will has been cunningly taken advantage of. The fact is that the emotions the play arouses are not of the loftiest; they are exacted from us by a situation so pitiable that to fail to respond to it would be to bear witness to our inhumanity. Of *course* we feel a tearful sympathy for Willy Loman, the distracted, suicidal hero of "Death of a Salesman," and for his dull-witted, about-to-be-bereaved family; of *course* we perceive that they are in desperate trouble and that, given their natures, there is no way out of that trouble. As fellow-creatures, we dare not turn our backs on them or even follow our instincts and look away, as we would from some dreadful accident in the street. At the same time, what we feel for them is the all too easy compassion that is a function of a sentimental view of life. And no wonder, for, closely observed, "Death of a Salesman" turns out to have as little to do with the harsh, mutilating, and yet sometimes noble realities of existence as a musical comedy. In a shocking way, it is a sort of "Smilin' Through" turned inside out, at once touching and untrue, and that is why I reproach myself for consenting so readily to its sad blandishments.

I have said that we weep, and it is the case that whole audiences at the current revival of "Death of a Salesman," at the Circle in the Square, sit sobbing in unison, with every sign of thoroughly enjoying their miserable state. The same phenomenon was evident twenty-six years ago, when I first saw the play. Weeping, and dismayed at myself for weeping, I recollected in the course of the second act that Thomas Mann was seated directly behind me. If that ice-cold man of genius was also weeping, then the play was indisputably a nonpareil. I stole a glance at Mann; sure enough, tears were streaming down his cheeks. Now, what is there in Willy to produce this uncanny effect upon all of us? I think it is the fact that it is his fate never to know who he is, or who the members of his family are, or who his employers are—to be, in short, the one consummately obtuse man, who will end by taking his own life through a misapprehension. Such a man is pathetic in the extreme, and to pathos we pay the lowly tribute of tears; Mann would not have wept at "Hamlet."

The present production of "Death of a Salesman" has been superlatively directed by George C. Scott, who also plays the role of Willy. It is a performance on a grand scale, and it happens to serve the author exceptionally well. In the 1949 production, we were invited to think of Willy as the embodiment of a type and to think of that type—the go-getting, backslapping, success-oriented salesman—as an indictment of the crude materialism of our society. In this production, the emphasis is upon Willy as an individual. Fat, bald, and rumpled, filled now with foreboding and now with false hopes, Willy staggers downward to his doom; no society, however just, could find a place for anyone living at so great a distance from himself. Willy's wife, Linda, played with a grave charm by Teresa Wright, utters her famous "Attention must be paid," and it is a mark of Mr. Scott's tact as a director that the moment is got past without our asking "Why?" We see that Linda knows very little more about Willy than Willy does, and equally little about herself; it is only her two sons whom she is able to pass shrewd judgments on. Hap (Harvey Keitel) is, as a self-deceiver, a chip off the old block, repellent in the likelihood that he will succeed to the same degree that Willy failed. It is the older brother, Biff, very well played by James Farentino, who struggles to find himself as a real man in a real world. He misses his chance again and again, in part because he has been brought up in a house where "we never told the truth for ten minutes."

The scenery is by Marjorie Kellogg, the lighting is by Thomas Skelton, and the costumes are by Arthur Boccia. But the evening is Mr. Scott's. What an actor he is! Though the role is an exhausting one, I hope he will feel inclined to play it for many months to come. —BRENDAN GILL



"Whom? Meem?"

MUSICAL EVENTS

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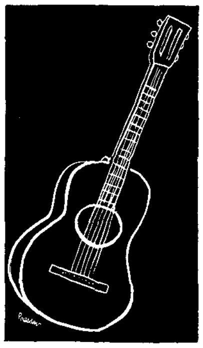

THE Philharmonic's Rug Concerts, now in their third year, are a promising development. The seats are removed from the floor of Avery Fisher Hall, carpet (if not the rich rugs suggested by the title) is laid there, and squares of foam rubber are scattered about. The players are stationed where the front rows of seats usually are, and some of the audience sits behind them, on the platform. Admission to floor and platform costs four dollars; regular seating remains in the loge and the terraces, and tickets there cost from three to five dollars. The lighting, alas, is gloomy. Good houses have attended the concerts, whose programs are drawn largely from the twentieth century and mainly from the Philharmonic repertory. The achievement should not be overrated. The Rugs are a modest little venture, not yet to be compared with the London Proms that are presumably their inspiration: eight summer weeks of music orchestral, choral, chamber, and operatic, including new commissioned works, whole operas, and reprises of the season's major events, filling the vast Albert Hall and, in live broadcasts nightly, reaching a wider audience still. But the Rugs made a small, good start in 1973, and this year there has been some progress: ten concerts instead of six, and the invitation to a visiting ensemble, Peter Serkin's TASHI, to join in the proceedings (it played Messiaen's "Quartet for the End of Time") and slightly lighten the rehearsal load on the Philharmonic players. Rehearsal time seems to have been inadequate; execution at the concerts I attended varied from the first-rate to the deplorable.

"The critic who is grateful is lost." Shaw said so, refusing to thank Sir Augustus Harris for producing "Otello" and reviving "Fidelio" at Covent Garden but asking instead why he had not done "Siegfried;" threatening that when "Siegfried" was done he would ask about "Die Walküre" and when "Die Walküre" was done about "Tristan."

After that, I can fall back on "Das Rheingold," "Götterdämmerung," and "Parsifal;" but by that time, at the present rate of progress, I shall be celebrating my hundred and fiftieth birthday. If even then I say that I am satisfied, let there be an end of me at once; for I shall be of no further use as a critic.

I won't be quite so severe as Shaw, won't "purposely refrain from saying anything about the praiseworthy points," but before praising them I will ask why Pierre Boulez settled for play-safe programs and missed so many chances. Only one work by a living American composer, and that Aaron Copland's Orchestral Variations, an instrumental reworking of a 1930 composition (an excellent piece, but an early one). Of postwar compositions only three, and those pretty well established favorites: Luciano Berio's "Circles," Peter Maxwell Davies' "Eight Songs for a Mad King," and György Ligeti's "Lontano." Ravel in his centenary year represented only by the Mallarmé songs. Well, perhaps we've had enough familiar Ravel lately, but why not bring to a wide audience, in world deuxièmes, some of the unknown Ravel works given world premières at Queens College in February? Or invite Beveridge Webster, a Ravel pupil, to play a piano piece or two? Bartók's Sonata for Two Pianos and Percussion, fine—but why not George Crumb's new "Music for a Summer Evening"? Where was Jacob Druckman's "Windows," an excellent orchestral piece that, earlier this season, the Philharmonic hashed at first but then learnt to play? On the same bill, Jon Deak, Philharmonic bassist, could have repeated his virtuoso turn with Druckman's "Valentine," admired at a Prospective Encounters concert. Six of the seven works that Mr. Boulez and the orchestra are billed to take to the Edinburgh Festival next month (works by Bartók, Beethoven, Berlioz, Ligeti, Mahler, and Stravinsky) figured in Rug programs; why not the seventh, Elliott Carter's Concerto for Orchestra? There are possibly good answers to these questions. Behind them lies a charge that Mr. Boulez and the Philharmonic management underrate the curiosity, adventurous appetite, and receptiveness of the young audiences who attend the Rugs, and another, that the organization is inward-looking, unresponsive to music-making outside its orbit. The invitation to TASHI was a move in the right direction. When the Rugs resume—there may be a hiatus next year, for in summer the interior of Avery Fisher Hall is to be rebuilt—I hope there will be guest evenings from, say, Speculum Musicae and the Light Fantastic Players. (In fact, the Bartók Sonata and the Berio did use several Speculum artists, though uncredited as such.) Some of the orchestras from other towns which visit Carnegie Hall in high season and do not fill it might be able to reschedule, and play their boldest programs to an assured and appreciative Rug audience. The City Opera or the Minnesota Opera might like to give a concert showing to one of its new productions. Ensembles medieval as well as modern might take part. And soloists—when was Schoenberg's "Variations on a Recitative" last heard from the Fisher Hall organ? The events that could give New York a great summer season exist already. Imaginative planning could bring them together and insure that they were more widely heard.

Plainly, the Philharmonic cannot carry the full burden. Even by this year's ten concerts it was taxed beyond its abilities. In a performance of the "Siegfried Idyll" (at chamber strength, with single strings), its playing touched bottom. Frank Gullino was a thin and insecure first violin; pitch and balance generally were errant. The program that evening closed with an account of Stravinsky's "Pulcinella" suite that was very promising, brilliant by intention, crisply and wittily conducted by Mr. Boulez. But it needed much more rehearsal for his intentions to be realized. The concert began with a miserable Schubert's Fifth Symphony. Usually it is possible to hear what a conductor is trying to achieve, to "tune in" to his conception of a work rather than match and measure it against one's own ideal conception or great interpretations of the past. But what Mr. Boulez thought he was up to in this Schubert, or in Mozart's E-Flat Symphony, K. 543, a day or two earlier, eluded me. He plowed his way regardless through both works, showing no feeling for their melodic and harmonic incident, and left me sighing for Beecham or Bruno Walter, men who understood the essence of this music. Is it because Mr. Boulez has so little response to the individual shape of a "singing" instrumental phrase and so little concern for charm of instrumental timbre that of classical and romantic music he can be so insensitive and depressingly dull an interpreter? Dvořák's Serenade for Strings is better unplayed than gracelessly and unsmilingly delivered, as it was, with scrawny string tone, at the start of another concert. Mozart's C-

Minor Wind Serenade, K. 388, followed; if the eight players had been invited to rehearse by themselves and do it as chamber music, rather than to the conductor's beat, they would surely have given a more flexible, more eloquent performance.

On the other hand, at each of these concerts there were also superb things. After the Mozart Serenade, Varèse's "Octandre" was given as powerful and cogent a performance as I have heard. (Not so his "Offrandes," the next day; here dynamic distinctions were blurred, and Jan DeGaetani tended to coo a vocal line that should be brilliant and forward.) After the Mozart symphony, Gerard Schwarz was a dazzling soloist in Haydn's Trumpet Concerto. He played the work earlier this season, in the regular Philharmonic series, but not with the merry, mischievous virtuosity that made his Rug performance so keenly delightful. A cadenza of his own composition in the first movement was outrageously brilliant. Reprises in the Andante were graced and decorated with the aplomb and artistry of a great singer. The finale was taken at a lick that left the string players unable to articulate, but who could mind when the limelight was on the nimble, coruscating soloist? After the "Siegfried Idyll," Phyllis Bryn-Julson was a beautiful soloist in Webern's Opus 8 and Opus 13 songs, and between the two song groups Mr. Boulez and the orchestra gave an ideally accomplished, delicately shaped, and exquisitely balanced account of Webern's Five Pieces.

A PERFORMANCE on a level that would have graced the Rugs was that of Holst's First Suite for Military Band, done at one of the free-admission end-of-term concerts of the Juilliard School, in Alice Tully Hall, at lunchtime. Mr. Schwarz conducted it, and showed Holst's inventions to be heady stuff. James Chambers conducted Strauss's Second Sonatina for Winds, "From a Happy Workshop"—a protracted but endearing work. At a formal concert, one might become impatient at the winding bouts of linkèd sweetness long drawn out, but they whiled away forty-five minutes or so of the early afternoon most agreeably. These Juilliard School concerts deserve to be better known. They are more carefully rehearsed than much of what we hear professionally, and add variety to the Lincoln Center repertory. At a choral concert, also lunchtime, in Tully Hall, Ravel's "Trois Chansons" were deftly done. At an evening con-

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cert in the Juilliard Theatre, Paul Dowling gave the American première of Hans Werner Henze's "Prison Song," for tape and a solo percussionist who must also declaim the Ho Chi Minh poem on which it is based. The work was written for Stomu Yamash'ta, a flamboyant, beautiful acrobat-actor-percussionist. Mr. Dowling's version was a trifle restrained, but confident and compelling; Rug audiences would probably have enjoyed it. On the same bill, Richard Reid's limpid, poised playing of the piano part in Stravinsky's Duo Concertante was impressive.

THE Tycho ensemble's claim to be "the American counterpart to the Fires of London" is unfounded. The London group is formed of seasoned, spirited young professionals, among the most brilliant players of their instruments in the country; so New York counterparts are the Speculum Musicae, the Contemporary Chamber Ensemble, and the Light Fantastic Players. The Fires are stoked by a composer-conductor of international renown, Peter Maxwell Davies; the Group for Contemporary Music, founded by the composers Harvey Sollberger and Charles Wuorinen, and the Composers Ensemble have something of that composer/executants relationship, though neither has yet built up a repertory or a following to compare with that of the Fires. (Rug appearances would help to swell the public; catchier titles might also help.) What Tycho and the Fires do have in common is a starting point in Schoenberg's "Pierrot Lunaire." The Fires began life as the Pierrot Players and consisted of the vocalist and five instrumentalists needed for Schoenberg's work, plus a percussionist. Tycho, named for the lunar landmark, is twelve strong, but looks similarly to "Pierrot" as its inspiratory composition. (In these pages, last year, David Hamilton praised a Tycho performance of "Pierrot.") Two concerts the ensemble gave a few weeks ago, in Washington Square Church, contained some dross but also some first performances worth brief mention. Andrew Thomas's "Music of the Wind Road," a virtuoso piece composed for Barry Jekowsky, an alert Juilliard—and Tycho's—percussionist, and tape (there was also a dancer moving about while it happened, but her contribution was best ignored), is an orderly and colorful work. Lawrence Widdoes' "Love Song" is a dialogue for voice and pianist, again with tape. It is built from slight materials, often incoherent banalities of amorous pleading ("Touch me" is the refrain), to which the pianist responds unfeelingly with sounds and a spoken word or two, but is cunningly organized. Whenever it seemed to be going on too long, something new and arresting happened. And the singer, Nadine Herman, is a magnetic performer. "Love Song" made an impression that has remained unexpectedly strong. Claus Adam's "Herbstgesänge," a cycle for soprano and piano to poems by Georg Trakl, is an endearing work, not distinguished but honestly felt and lovingly composed. As the season draws to its close, from a mass of new-music events I remember with pleasure these two modest but enterprising concerts—even though only the two performers mentioned above were in any way exceptional. The bare, shabby church makes a very agreeable, informal, but somewhat over-reverberant recital hall. There were six members of the public at the first concert, and about sixty at the second.

—ANDREW PORTER

• •

ASK ME

Some time when the river is ice ask me
mistakes I have made. Ask me whether
what I have done is my life. Others
have come in their slow way into
my thought, and some have tried to help
or to hurt—ask me what difference
their strongest love or hate has made.

I will listen to what you say.
You and I can turn and look
at the silent river and wait. We know
the current is there, hidden; and there
are comings and goings from miles away
that hold the stillness exactly before us.
What the river says, that is what I say.

—WILLIAM STAFFORD

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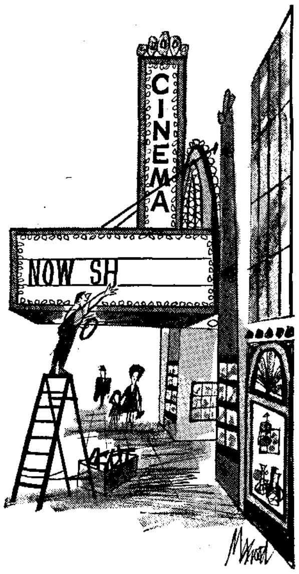
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Skates, Bikes, Sharks

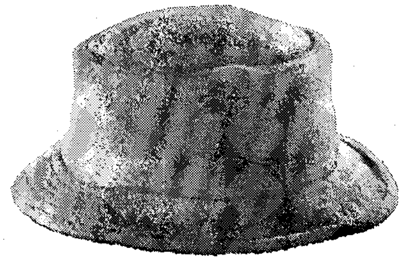
"ROLLERBALL" opens with a solemn blast of organ music and the not particularly solemn sight of teams of grown men in cuddly-toy clothes, on skates and motorbikes, parading into a raked arena to engage in a bout of Rollerball. And how, you are entitled to ask, does the game of Rollerball go? Norman Jewison's film is a sci-fi vision of a Rollerball-dominated future, but you can sit through it for an answer to this basic question till the cows come home. Rollerball is presented by the film as the bloodletter of mankind's aggressive instinct. It is supposed to be the cure for war, and the emblem of a unified world that it has mysteriously rid of opinion, poverty, and every foreseeable physical distress. But all you can discern of the Rollerball recipe is that a lot of men with padded shoulders and inadequate chin guards skate like fury after one another, sometimes hang onto the backs of motorbikes to pick up speed, and pulp each other in gangs. The game is faintly like a slaughterhouse version of tag. The rules and the object remain obscure. This is a preliminary and relatively mild mistake on the part of the film, but it looms large considering the trouble that was taken over inventing the sport. A group of presumed adults assembled for research, and took an English speed skater to the Olympic cycle track and the Olympic Basketball Stadium in Munich; then a German architect built the eventual Rollerball track in the stadium; then the film employed a Norwegian stunt director, seventeen English Roller Hockey players, twelve American Roller Derby skaters, six motorbikers ("experienced on both banked hardwood and the more dangerous dirt tracks of southern California," say the impressed production notes), and eleven stuntmen, from America and England, to get through burning-bike crashes and high-speed pileups. And so? As far as we can see, the aim of the magically beneficent sport is to kill or to maim as many people as possible. The ways by which a team wins points are obviously believed by this thunderously unintelligent film to be nothing to bother an audience with. Occasionally, they seem to have to do with chasing a colossally heavy steel ball. Unlike a baseball, a football, a tennis ball, a cricket ball, or a Ping-Pong ball, the Rollerball ball is something to hit with rather than to hit. This mauling agent is sometimes hurled into a sort of barbecue grill that has an opening like the beak of a baby sparrow. Getting the leaden ball into the throat of the grill may well appear to us to be a way of winning, but that is probably because we are used to the games of the old-time present. The film's message, after all, is that Rollerball is destined to be angry mankind's balm, watched by billions on TV every time it is played; as the allegorical product of the Age of Violence and the Age of Proxy Participation, it could well award victory to the team that leaves the largest number of rival corpses on the track for the billions to gloat over. For Jewison not to have clued us in to the rules is an omission: it is as if he had made a film about the Battle of Waterloo and failed to tell us which were Napoleon's troops, which were Wellington's, and who on earth Blücher was.



However, there is a much more serious omission from the film, and that is the omission of the filmmakers' heads. We have here the spectacle of a film about the future, dealing in the very largest forecasts, that has been made by the first group of topless men. We are sure that they have limbs and trunks, but there is nothing to make us posit the existence of normally filled heads above them. As the script goes on, the putative globes concerned begin to impress us as being occupied by old sweatshirts, used typewriter ribbons, and carbons of discarded C.I.A. projects. The film, you see—which is based on a short story by William Harrison, with a screenplay by him—is about an era in which the entire world has come under the control of "the major corporate conglomerates," which seems to be a euphemism for capitalism. The corporate conglomerates are Energy, Food, Housing, Transport, Luxury, and Communications. Hunger, pollution, and overpopulation have been eliminated. So have crime, militant nationalism, and political corruption. Everyone swims in material comfort. It is typical of the film's politically infant ego that there is no mention of Russia, China, or Africa (although the vicious Rollerball semi-final is played in Tokyo, with an unpleasant overtone of being a reprisal for Pearl Harbor).

Now, these assumptions are, at the very least, questionable. In what possible way have the matters that so trouble the earth at the moment—disease, birth control, ideological differences, territorialism, greed, shortages of food and oil—suddenly vanished, to be replaced by that old doughnut of a problem "How is a worker to cope with two television sets and a five-hour-a-day job?" And what, incidentally, has happened to women in this film? No need for bra burning when there is "Rollerball" to contend with. All the women in it are identically coiffed, identically small-featured beauties, generally in evening dress, always childless, and always with an unwieldy weight of glossy lipstick on their mouths, apparently tattooed into the skin and then given three coats of varnish. Every one of them treats men with a geisha girl's obsequious inability to allow herself any distinction in the way she behaves to different clients. The women's jobs are as continuous-smile receptionists or as computer attendants, and the posts have obviously been won for them by the whiteness of their teeth. Never were so many capped teeth together in one movie. Now and again, tired men in the film with Rollerball on their minds will watch silent playback scenes of old flames on multi-screen TV sets. The girls in the memory movies always grin as if kids had fitted them out with smiles from disguise kits. They are often on horseback, or near pristine showers of water, like models in menthol-cigarette advertising. Presumably this is where Norman Jewison thinks women's future lies. Centuries of us might as well never have lived. A woman in the film, characteristically, is told by her unstirred loved one that he has to be left alone to think. He watches her in the past on TV and then commits one of the clichés of futuristic films by switching off the set with a remote-control device that detonates the word "ERASE" on the screen. Being turned off TV by a luxury society's gadget is not exactly a universal worry.

"Rollerball" projects an evilly parish-



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pump idea of the future. It couldn't be Cambodia's or Portugal's or Cuba's or Israel's or India's or Chile's. Whose but ours are these legends that beautiful girls are born to be identical windup dolls; that economic difficulties, class conflicts, and differences of thought can be ironed out by an élite of corporate conglomerates; that the ideological antagonisms that have led to war ever since religion and the nation state were thought of can be purged by the surrogate violence of rooting for players in an intentionally bloody and loathsome game? The one crime in the Rollerball society is to hold an individual opinion. The hero, played by James Caan, does the socially unforgivable in the final match by dramatically declining to be as brutal as the Rollerball audience expects a winner to be. But it is an overblessed reverie to suppose that the small act of a man's struggling petulantly to express his identity has anything to do with the longings of the majority. I don't think Jewison can be aware of how locally tuned and out of joint with more widespread sources of disquiet his Solution by Rollerball seems.

The world's knowledge in the movie is stored in a watery computer that looks like a clearance bargain in Op Art. Marine memory waves are visible, moving up and down behind a series of portholes. The only person in the film who talks with any eloquence at all is a librarian, played by Ralph Richardson. The glassy-eyed computer, which is called Zero and emits the thought-free smugness of a Landseer sheep, has lost the thirteenth century. "It's embarrassing to misplace things," says Ralph Richardson. Pity. Poor old thirteenth century. "Just Dante and a few corrupt popes." But it shouldn't happen. The librarian is alone among the characters in imparting a sense of the possibility of another world. He says about Zero, as if he were despairing of a powerful don's poor scholarship, "He's become so ambiguous now, as if he didn't know anything." No other actor in the English-speaking world is as moving and idiosyncratic as Sir Ralph at suggesting a man with great matters on his mind. Talking to a dulled futuristic citizen about the Rollerball world's disarray, he will suddenly sit down on a stair the better to express his concern; and then, when his bored companion has sat down beside him, he will immediately stand up again, because his thoughts are bent on proceeding downstairs to pursue the problem. The thirteenth century should be retrieved; that's the thing. As a lover of knowledge, Zero is not up to the job. It finds things and then loses them. It is supposed to know what things are, and what they can possibly mean, but it fails. In a rapt and singular fury expressed with great poetry, Zero's custodian attacks the computer when it declines to answer questions about the past. "We *do* have the answers! You *bully*, you!" shouts Sir Ralph, making the only reviving utterance in this bully of a film.

"ROLLERBALL" is not the only lout roaming the theatre circuits. "Jaws" is another. "Jaws" is about a shark that snaps up Fourth of July bathers around a resort, which is here called the town of Amity. The director is Steven Spielberg. The scriptwriters are Peter Benchley and Carl Gottlieb. The stars (one swallowed) are Robert Shaw, Richard Dreyfuss, and Roy Scheider. The shark is plastic. The film is punk.

It is also a thug, thrashing round the streets of Manhattan to swallow up the Fourth of July crowds. The very wit of the way it excites audiences by delaying its signalled calamities is knowing and lowly. It keeps us aghast while children by the hundred bathe in water in which we have been led to think the shark is lurking. It then terrifies us with the sight of a shark fin that turns out to be some kids' practical joke. And then, at last—having created in us the sense of relief that can easily be mistaken for disappointment by an audience in a carefully concocted state of jumpiness—it provides the thrill that thus speciously passes for the dramatically satisfying by getting the shark to surface somewhere quite different and to swallow a man alive.

"Jaws" is a foolish exercise in special effects, not to be mistaken for sci-fi; "Rollerball" is ideological sci-fi, but politically as purblind as any film dealing in augury that I have ever seen; and both films are dependent on sorts of grossness, lassitude, and blood lust that they break their necks to create in us. Without our compliance, which we could contemplate withholding, they would be non-negotiable goods.

—PENELOPE GILLIATT

•

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DANCING

Personal Appearance

AS Lucifer in the ballet of that title made for him by Martha Graham, Rudolf Nureyev wore his hair blown out like an angel by William Blake. His costume consisted of a gold, jewel-studded jockstrap, and an Ace bandage wrapped around one foot, which was injured; his choreography was a recapitulation of all the tortured-hero roles Graham ever created—notably for her former premier danseur Bertram Ross. In spite of the way he looked, Nureyev was not ridiculous. The element of camp in his personality frees him for incongruous undertakings such as this; he gives to the bizarre a touch of authority. And the generosity of his nature (he donated his services for the evening, which was a benefit for the Graham company) gives him a whole-souled dignity. Heroes have always been of secondary interest to Graham; hers is a theatre of feminine tempests. Nonetheless, it seemed fitting—inevitable, even—that Nureyev should work at this moment with Graham and in this way. A knight-errant of the dance theatre, one feels, must come sometime to lay his shield before Our Lady of Silences, Calm and Distressed, and in the smoke of battle we glimpsed the ensign of mutual trust, the sure hope that one pro would do right by another. Like Ross, Nureyev has always been a good man with a cape. There were nearly as many flying textiles in "Lucifer" as there were in "Mendicants of Evening," a season or two ago. Lucifer's cape, designed by Halston, looked like a bedspread made for a king. The jockstrap, by Halston, with the assistance of Samuel Beizer & Associates and Elsa Peretti of Tiffany's, was the same sort of royal affair. It took Martha Graham to finally give us Rudi in the nudi, as his fans used to claim they wanted him, but not many of the shriekers were present at the Uris on this night when the tickets were scaled from fifty to ten thousand dollars and when, to add lustre to the beaten bronze of his presence, Nureyev's partner in the piece was Dame Margot Fonteyn.

To look for art in such an event seems an impertinence. Nureyev took a mighty swipe at Graham technique. It wasn't good Graham dancing but it was good Nureyev. He has never created a great modern role and probably he never will. Lucifer is less a role than it is an extended appearance in the landscape of Graham theatre, but there are few places he could have turned his personal magnetism to such warm and glamorous effect. Fonteyn (who also waived her fee) was not quite as mobilized as Nureyev. Together they gave the second-act pas de deux from "Swan Lake," which it would have been wiser to leave out; at fifty-six, Fonteyn is not giving us the "Swan Lake"s she gave us at fifty. Then, in snake headdress and body tights, she was Night, Lucifer's antagonist. (Lucifer is seen as the bringer of light, after his fall; Night represents all the temptations he is prey to in his fallen state.) Dramatically, the role is butter to her; the dancing looked late-Denishawn Oriental and in that style quite delicious. (A program note explained that the choreography had been worked out on a Graham dancer and "restaged" for the ballerina.) Through it all, one could almost hear a sweetly confident little voice saying "I've been angular" in the same way Barbara Stanwyck, in "The Lady Eve," says "I've been British." Night did a long solo with a rope, which could have been symbolic. The action of the piece was never clear, although the rhythm was—clearer and more lively than it has been for some time in Graham works. The setting was simple—a giant shell scooped out of a rock promontory, by the Philippine architect Leandro Locsin—and a Graham chorus (Captains of Fear, Daughters of the Dawn) was employed, mostly to bring on and take away the capes.

Actually, of course, Graham technique isn't angular, and its sculptural precision has affected American dancers and audiences profoundly for nearly fifty years. On the same program, the forty-five-year-old solo "Lamentation" was revived. The dancer (Peggy Lyman), sheathed from crown to ankle in a tube of stretch jersey, sits blocklike on a low bench, rocks incessantly, strains from side to side, plunges fists deep between her knees. The form of the dance says it all—solid geometry as live emotion. The same organic principle is seen in the space-slashing design of "Diversion of Angels," which was also presented. "Seraphic Dialogue," the Joan of Arc piece, is an old friend whose shoulder can be wept on countless times; I love it as theatre, but I can't admire it as drama. One doesn't weep over "Lamentation," despite the story Graham tells about the bereaved woman whom the sight of it released into tears. Pure drama is too interesting for that—there is too much to learn. Graham told that story and many others on this occasion, speaking with her customary sibylline charm and looking splendid in a series of Halston caftans. Her good stories always contain a subtle admonition to the audience: Pay attention! Be strict! She is in her own person an embodiment of theatre—at times of drama, too. Perhaps the best she can give us now, besides more historic revivals, is herself, just talking.

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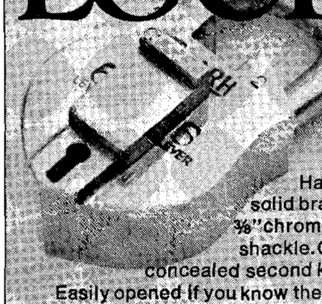

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City Ballet was seduced by the large stage and overlarge proscenium of the State Theatre into putting on spectacles with décor disproportionate to the human scale of the dancing. "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet," with its drapes and tassels, "A Midsummer Night's Dream," with its oversized forest scenery and second-act pavilion, were doomed attempts to mask the high vault of dead space over the dancers' heads. "Divertimento No. 15," that celestial Mozart ballet, acquired its ivy-twined ramparts and trellises. Another masterpiece, "Ballet Imperial," was revived in a setting of painted architecture surmounted by painted curtains in cold, deep blue drawn back in swags; beneath those bulging forms the dancers looked like beetles creeping around on a plate. Eventually, the scenery for "Ballet Imperial" (along with its more attractive costumes) was scrapped in favor of a bare stage—a surrender rather than a solution. Although the State Theatre is still an uncomfortable space for dancing, the company at least no longer draws our attention to the fact by trying so often to disguise it; but it has never really solved the problem of how to make a stage look clean without looking bare. And it is stuck with some of those compensatory mid-sixties décors.

The worst of these is probably the "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet," which lingers from the company's swag-happy period, together with a forlorn set of rained-out-bridal-party costumes. The choreography was Balanchine's first full-company all-dance work for the new stage. Using Arnold Schoenberg's orchestration of Brahms' Piano Quartet in G Minor, he composed four self-contained ballets, with no returns by the dancers of each movement. The movements that are musically the best (the second and fourth) come off best as dancing; the rest of the piece seems to me as weakly ingratiating as its music, and fussily concerned with filling out space to the last full Brahmsian measure. Despite the padding of the large choral sections, the ballet has sustained itself as an audience favorite on the performances of its stars—Patricia McBride in the Intermezzo (second movement), Edward Villella in the "martial" break in the Andante (third movement), Suzanne Farrell and Jacques d'Amboise in the closing Rondo alla Zingarese. Balanchine has given these dancers material so much their own that it's like a personal signature. The Intermezzo unfurls in a continuous line indistinguishable from the line of McBride's body; the dance

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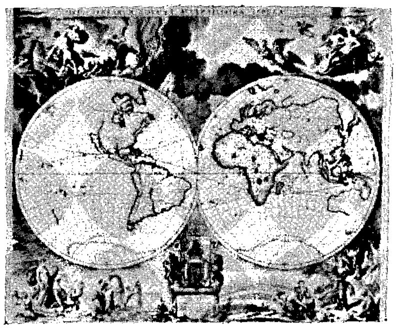

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just seems to grow out of the curve of her deeply indented lower back and to shape itself voluntarily in a series of unarrested scroll-like plunges. Over and over she plummets and returns upon herself—up through her partner's hands, behind his shoulder, or caught on his chest—and each time the recovery seems to fix both of them momentarily in a new condition, a new intimacy. In this way, the pas de deux never loses dramatic tension, never becomes remorselessly physical, but the illusion of drama is created entirely by McBride's steadiness through the variable sweep of the patterns Balanchine has set for her. In the years when she was dancing it with Conrad Ludlow, the Intermezzo was the greatest McBride performance that one could see. Now, without Ludlow to partner her, McBride is having to take a few risks, and Balanchine has made a few adjustments in the partnering. Bart Cook copes gallantly and knowledgeably, and the season's first two Intermezzos were the best. Later, things got more difficult. But this is still among the greatest dance performances I know.

Without Villella, the Andante doesn't explode the way it used to, like a gunshot from a bouquet of roses. Robert Weiss has the timing the part calls for (this wins him applause) but not the range; Peter Schaufuss has more range but not, as yet, the timing. Farrell's return to the Gypsy Rondo restores a phase of the evolutionary process that led to her dazzling "Tzigane" in the Ravel festival. The Rondo is a lighthearted whirl—the antics of "Hungarian" floor-show dancing adapted to the temperament and technique of a brilliant young American ballerina. It is lyrical light verse, as opposed to the swelling dramatic periods of "Tzigane." And Farrell understands so well the semi-serious imposture involved in each of her gypsy impersonations—understands it not only theatrically (in the Rondo, the pretense of hauteur in response to d'Amboise's monkeyshines) but conceptually, as a vivid pretext for formal progress. The "gypsiness" of it all is a mode of presentation merely—a way of framing successive stages in the crystallization of a style. Within the ornate European frame there's a hale American girl doing the most advanced classical dancing of our day.

This season, Farrell also resumed such choice roles as "Movements for Piano and Orchestra," the "Agon" pas de deux, and—to lesser effect, because it is a lesser role—Titania in "A Midsummer Night's Dream." "Meditation," the dramatic vignette that she alone performs with d'Amboise, came back with a new undercurrent of sympathy in the performance. As we watch Farrell consciously shaping her roles instead of, as in former days, yielding—sometimes misguidedly—to their basic impulse, we are seeing something of incalculable value on the ballet stage. But the revived powers of Violette Verdy strike me as something special, too, and the advent of Merrill Ashley has been one of the most gratifying events of the season.

Ashley has come along very quickly and by the hardest route—the route of the Tchaikovsky gut-crunchers: "Ballet Imperial" (or "Concerto No. 2," as it's now called) and the Theme and Variations of "Suite No. 3." The débuts came about a half year apart; by the time of the Theme début, just before the Ravel festival, she had improved to the point of near-invincibility. She has a bold, mettlesome style, newly softened and clarified, and she has unclenched and expanded throughout the upper body. She now has the scale to match her size (she's one of the tall ones), and the delicacy to make you appreciate it. Terrifically strong and fast, Ashley eats up difficult parts. "Valse-Fantaisie," which she also did this season, is no challenge—it's as easy for her as rolling over in bed. She makes the "Stars and Stripes" pas de deux look easy, too, and in the Rondo alla Zingarese she's technically better than Farrell. The way she emphasizes the lunge attack in the manège of bent-knee piqué turns in attitude and holds the high wide line of the attitude is characteristic of the force she can bring to a role. It's an unharrying, exhilarating force. In "Divertimento No. 15," she's comfortably relaxed—but in the wrong part. I'd like to see her speed and clarity put to work on the leading role. —ARLENE CROCE

•

INTERACTION OF MALE AND FEMALE CAR DRIVERS AT ROUNDABOUTS. J. Leff and J. Gunn. Accident Analysis and Prevention (Pergamon Press, Maxwell House, Fairview Park, Elmsford, NY 10523), Vol. 5, No. 4....

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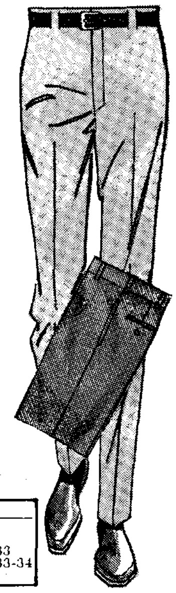

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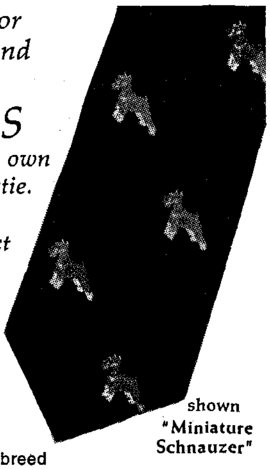

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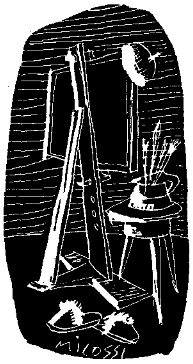
THE ART WORLD

Lyric Steel

ANTHONY CARO, the British sculptor whose first major showing in the United States is now at the Museum of Modern Art, is an artist of the nineteen-sixties, but with a difference. The first creation in his mature, along-the-ground style, "Midday," is dated 1960, and it is in relation to the modes and attitudes dominant in that decade that his work defines itself. A principal impulse in the art of the period was to dissociate abstract art from extreme feelings (Rothko's "tragedy," de Kooning's "desperation") and from metaphysical concepts (Pollock's "immediacy," Newman's "sublimity"). In the sixties, these intangibles were rejected, almost with indignation, by artists, art critics, and curators. Art was no longer to be considered a platform for fervid declamations but a learned profession, university-taught and foundation-supported, whose field was aesthetics and the evolution of forms. Emotional utterance was replaced by a militant literalism—"Only what can be seen there [in the painting]," said Frank Stella, "*is* there"—not unlike the anti-idealism of the Russian Constructivists in the early years of the Soviet Revolution. The emphasis was on the work of art as "thing" rather than as representation or symbol; on the clean-edged regularity of geometrical shapes; on the impersonality of industrial materials and the absence in them of art references. The ultimate tone of the decade was set by Minimalism, as the embodiment of intellectual austerity (or, if one prefers, attrition) and detachment. Minimalist paintings and structures reiterated the functional style of the Constructivists, but without the social aims of that movement, as Pop Art repeated Dada, but without its social criticism.



Caro's constructions fit into the aesthetic framework of cool, factory-related sculptures by such personages as Donald Judd, Robert Morris, Ronald Bladen, and of paintings by Kenneth Noland, Ellsworth Kelly, Helen Frankenthaler. Fabricated of steel I-beams, grilles, bars, pipes, rods, sheets, tank ends, and painted (until 1970), usually in monochrome, with thick, evenly applied industrial pigments, like girders or farm machinery, they neither serve any function nor evoke any mood or philosophical reflection. Though for the most part too complex to be assimilated into Minimalism, so closely are they akin to the unruffled "stain" paintings of the period that early Caros have been described as extensions of this mode of painting into the third dimension. "Like 'Twenty-four Hours' [1960]," writes Richard Whelan in the newly published "Anthony Caro" (Dutton), "'Sculpture Seven' [1961] invites an essentially frontal and pictorial reading. In fact, the sculpture seems to transliterate the effect of staining raw canvas into the language of steel girders." Whether or not this is the case (for me, close scrutiny of "Sculpture Seven," with its massive steel sections, has failed to reveal the resemblance to paintings, and I find it as impossible to "transliterate" stained canvas into metal as into words), Whelan's statement indicates the extent to which Caro's sculpture exists in the mental set of the nineteen-sixties. It is for criticism of the retrospective to determine what, if anything, there is in his work beyond the formulas of a decade ago.

The means devised by Caro for achieving in sculpture—in whatever degree it can be realized—an effect comparable to that of paint spreading into the weave of unsized canvas provides the basis for hailing him as a formal innovator. "Caro's sculpture," writes William Rubin in a monograph issued by the Museum of Modern Art in connection with the retrospective, "is more abstract than [David] Smith's as much by virtue of its horizontality as its morphology"—and he quotes Clement Greenberg's observation that the key to Caro's sculpture is its "emphasis on abstractness, on radical unlikeness to nature," in order to support the view that "more abstract" is equivalent to "more advanced," and even perhaps to "better." The general format of Caro's pieces is the extension along the ground or on tabletops of metal segments of different weights, sizes, shapes, textures, either fastened together or laid in place in relation to the ensemble. The elements of his sculptures are not erected into a vertical structure in the manner of traditional sculpture or of the piled-up abstract forms of Smith, Caro's chief aesthetic ancestor: they drift out in sideways movements and backward and forward, like an erratic signature. This free movement invites a flourish of afterthoughts, or what seem like them—the curved pipe or bar hooked onto the edge of a cutout steel plate in "Crown" or the angle of the latticed plane in "Span"—that is the liveliest and most attractive feature of Caro's art.

To achieve this unhampered mode of creation, with its continuing openness and its play of random decisions, in heavy substances is more meaningful than finding ways to "have things happen" on a canvas. Bringing a sculpture into being, whether by carving or by welding, bolting, or other additive means, requires a series of acts, whose quality of spontaneity, imaginativeness, daring is directly expressive of the level of the artist's creative power and intuitive rightness—whereas a painter can, more or less passively, allow his pigments to spread and be absorbed into the canvas as patterns of color through the activity of the materials themselves. This distinction between free action and programmed process represents a basic division in postwar American abstract art.

Caro began as an Expressionist, though not, like many other artists of the nineteen-sixties, as an Abstract Expressionist. His early figurative sculptures strive for maximum emotional impact through dissolving the natural proportions of human males and females, as if he conceived them with his eyes closed, or, as he says, from "inside the body." "Man Taking Off His Shirt" is a swollen mass of metal with truncated arms and a head the size of a pea. Most likely, these attempts to embody extreme feelings were forced—the fifteen years of work displayed at the Museum of Modern Art shows Caro to be essentially mild and reserved in temperament, with none of the "wild man" traits of his American predecessors. Rubin confirms Caro's easygoing outlook in describing his sculpture as "peculiarly English in the way it values lightness of touch, casualness and digression," and in contrasting his meandering with the single-mindedness of Noland's generation, "more rigorous in spirit and less generous in its means." Rubin also endeavors to detach Caro from the original Abstract Expressionists—in particular from Barnett Newman—in noting that Caro's art remains "eminently relaxed . . . never apocalyptic in tone," that "even at its most stately it avoids the rhetoric of 'The Sublime.'"

Caro's conversion to abstraction,

which took place during a visit to America in 1959, resulted in an immediate lowering of his emotional temperature. The order of the day among the ex- and post-Abstract Expressionists whom he met through Greenberg was impersonal rationality directed toward art as the solution of formal problems. Most important for Caro was the influence of the later works of David Smith, the only sculptor in this circle of revisionist Expressionism. Smith had begun in the nineteen-thirties as a welder of forcefully animated metal silhouettes, with overtones of conflict and, in some instances, explicit social messages. Like that of his contemporaries Rothko, Pollock, Gottlieb, his watchword was "myth;" that is to say, the total human situation. As politics receded from the art world in the years following the war, Smith's concerns became more self-consciously aesthetic, and he experimented with structural arrangements of simple geometrical volumes. By the sixties, he had won acclaim as a pioneer in post-Cubist weldings of machined metal parts—from steel plates, rods, and sections of I-beams to giant wrenches.

The use of industrial materials tends of itself toward a dispassionate art. While discarded manufactured objects found in the street or in junk shops may be richly charged with poetic and psychological associations—as exemplified in the works of Joseph Cornell—this is not the case with new supply-house items. The choice between used and unused materials relates to the degree of expressiveness sought in sculpture. The burnished steel surfaces of Smith's "Cubi" series produce an effect of august self-withdrawal that is in sharp contrast with such contemporaneous creations as Mark di Suvero's improvisations in beat-up railway ties and scraps of old chain or John Chamberlain's compositions of wrecked-auto parts. Caro chose his position by rejecting "the preciousness associated with something because it's old or bronze, or it's rusty, encrusted, or patinated," and by finding in steel the virtues of being "anonymous and arbitrary." These attributes were heightened in his sculptures by their meticulously monochromed farm-machinery and garden-décor look—"The treatment and paint surface," says Caro, "all gave it a blandness."

Like Smith in his later years, Caro is a calmed-down Expressionist, one in whom surges of distorting and revelatory passion have been exchanged for a levelled aesthetic sensibility. Yet he does not, like the Minimalists, seek the rad-

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ical purgation of art, so as to bring it down into the order of material phenomena. In his pieces, feeling is modulated, not programmatically cancelled. His mode of creation, the factor most decisive in determining the imaginative texture of an artist's accomplishment, brings him closer to the early Smith and to Pollock and his generation than to Judd, Noland, Stella, and other Minimalist and "color field" designers. "I don't really know what's going on in my mind when I'm working, and I don't want to," Caro explained recently. "I never make models or drawings"—a description of method that parallels Pollock's by now celebrated "When I'm in my painting, I'm not aware of what I'm doing" and "I don't make sketches and drawings." Like the Action painters, Caro sees the aim of art to be discovery, not the solving of formal problems. At work he "keeps on going," he tells us, until intuition informs him that a culmination has been reached, which is the way Abstract Expressionist painters recognize that a painting is finished. "Really, you discover what you've done afterwards. [Art has] to do with finding out something you didn't know." So Caro stresses that it was an advantage to work in a garage that was too small to let him see the whole piece on which he was engaged, because he wanted to be surprised when he got it outside. And he knew that he couldn't make discoveries and surprise himself if he worked "with an idea of art, or an idea of rightness that I had in my head"—which is, of course, precisely what his ideologically inspired American colleagues were doing. (Conversation in that milieu must have reached an unimaginable degree of ambiguity.)

I DO not wish to press the thought that Caro is a kind of latter-day Action artist—although Michael Fried, a leading admirer of Caro and a strict formalist, sees his pieces as "preoccupied" with physical actions, "such as entering, going through, being enclosed," which, however, have been "rendered wholly abstract;" and Rubin adds the suggestion that Caro's sculpture might equally well imply actions of the eye and the mind. The notion of abstract action—that is, actions not performed in particular situations—is associated with dance or music, and it is in the latter that Caro sees an analogy with what he is doing. He is, he says, "composing the parts of the pieces like notes in music. Just as a succession of these make up a melody or sonata, so I take anonymous units and try to make them cohere in an open way into a sculptural whole." De Kooning or Hofmann could have said something similar, except for one important difference: their "units" are not anonymous. The forms constituting "Excavation" or "Liebesbaum" were forged in passionate improvisation, and the thrusts of singular shapes against one another establish the dramatic tension of the composition. In contrast, abstract and anonymous "notes" counterpose no pressures of the parts against the aesthetic totality. Caro's music contains no subjective dissonances. The fierce and abrasive features of Action painting have been washed away in fluid, interpenetrating rhythms—the "blandness" Caro has sought.

Caro has restored harmony to abstract art—he has reinstated Beauty, against which modernist art movements have rebelled. His work is, in all likelihood, the most consistently lyrical of that of any notable artist since the war. The principal appeal of his pieces, even the largest, lies in the balance and proportion by which the heaviness of their materials is transcended. "Sun Feast," with its shining yellow-painted arcs and circles, "Span," with its cherry-red flaunts of see-through rectangles, are compositions to dance to. Caro's musicality reaches its peak in his smaller constructions and his table sculptures—the latter are mostly linear "drawings" in metal strips and tubes that go over the edge of the tabletop to exist simultaneously on horizontal and inclined planes. "Orangerie," which is set on the ground but includes its own internal tabletop, is the pièce de résistance of the retrospective. Framed in the doorway at the far end of the main gallery, it is indeed a "sonata" of suave curves, turning petal (or propeller) shapes, intervals of arrest and release.

The aesthetics of musicality aspires toward timelessness. In Caro's hands industrial materials lose their contemporaneity. Separated from the *Zeitgeist*, his steel sculptures might as well be made of silver or platinum. His art is deliberately confined to intimations of mood and sentiment, rather than to statements of them, and the air-conditioned-nightmare atmosphere of some nineteen-sixties sculptures—for example, some of the metal and plastic boxes of Judd and Larry Bell—is outside the scope of his interest. Talented, prolific, and variegated, Caro appears to have little inclination to impose his rule on the future of sculpture. In his unpainted, rusted, and varnished pieces of the past five years, which follow the lead of Newman's weathered Cor-Ten steel sculptures—"Durham Steel Flat" and "Straight Up" are powerful upright compositions in this new mode—Caro has in fact returned in spirit, past the neutral art of the sixties, to the greater strength and expressiveness of the immediate postwar years. In this instance, to go back has been to go forward.

Unfortunately, Caro's retrospective is shrouded in rhetoric that remains uncompromisingly sixtyish. Publications issued to coincide with the show interpret Caro in terms designed to present him as setting the future direction of sculpture. Whelan's "Caro" contains an article by Greenberg that envisions a "breakthrough" by Caro that "expands taste" (Greenberg does not tell us whose) and is "compelled by a vision" (Greenberg does not say of what); in fairness, it should be noted that this text was written in 1965. Rubin's monograph begins on the same note: he sees the "destiny" of constructed sculpture as passing from the hands of Smith into those of Caro—in effect, to paraphrase Clausewitz, Caro is a continuation of Smith by other means. We need not examine here this stepping-stone theory of art history, according to which art progresses by leaping from one personage to another. Caro's own conception of art—that it has to do with showing "what it's like to be alive"—is free of art-historical strivings. Nor does the artist appear to believe that he, or anyone else, can push past the existing limits of art by inventions restricted to form. As he sees it, genuine novelty has a more radical character: it effects a violent cancellation. "When the new thing does come," he told a *Times* interviewer, "it's going to blow everything sky high. I hope I'll be able to recognize it."

—Harold Rosenberg

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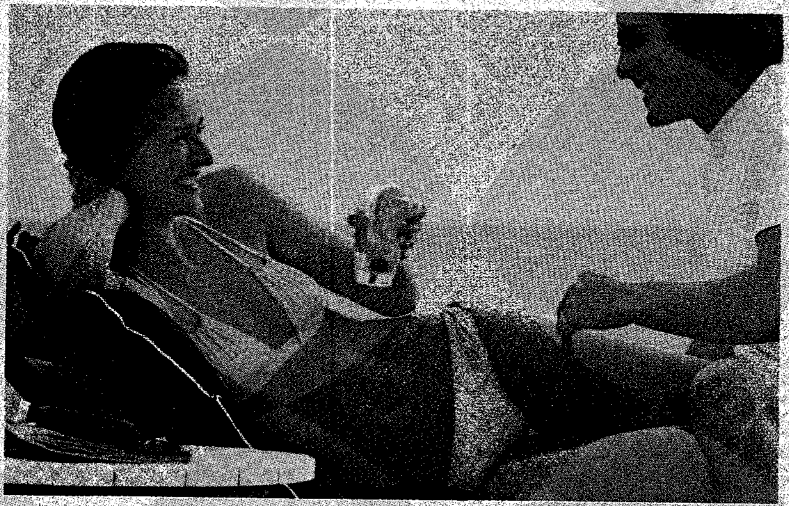

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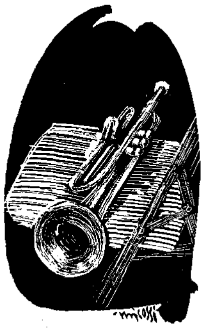
JAZZ

New York Notes

April 7th: Piano players are doubly blessed. Unlike fiddle and wind players, they don't wear out (Artur Rubinstein, Earl Hines, Eubie Blake), and they play an endlessly variegated instrument. The piano, especially in jazz, can be anything. It can be a full band or a consummate solo instrument. It can be a guitar or a bank of percussionists. It can rhapsodize as fulsomely as a string section or release single-note melodic lines that course like the wind. It can define the bones of harmonic thought. It can uniquely support and point up the human voice. It can, in its lowest registers, produce mysteries and majesties only a tuba can rival. It can even produce, when cleverly manipulated, notes that technically do not exist—blue notes and interstitial notes, those elusive non-notes jazz musicians invented. Yet the piano is a comparatively easy instrument, and as a result there's scarcely been room for all the jazz piano players. This overcrowding has been particularly discouraging for those special and delicate pianists whom Count Basie once called the "poets of the piano." Everything about them tends to be delicate—their attack, their touch, the construction of their solos, their very careers, which are often thwarted by a lack of recognition, by timidity, by poor timing, or by the discovery that there are easier ways to make a living. Consider Walter Norris. His name has been in the air in New York for years, but the only place he has worked any length of time is that non-place the Playboy Club. He was mentioned briefly in Leonard Feather's "Encyclopedia of Jazz" (born in 1931, in Little Rock; went to Los Angeles and worked with Stan Getz, Zoot Sims), but he is not in the most recent edition. There is a full-page photograph of him—thin, dark, gesticulating—in a documentary book about West Coast jazz by William Claxton, but no text. He played on Ornette Coleman's first recording, but few people remember. He has been with the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band a year, but it plays here only one night a week when it is not on the road. But Norris's turn has come. A while ago, he told Bradley Cunningham, the sheltering and sagacious owner of Bradley's, that he is now "ready" to come out by himself. So he opened tonight at Bradley's, with the bassist George Mraz, for a week. (It all happens at once: Audio Fidelity is bringing out a solo album soon, and Norris will probably go into Barney Josephson's Cookery for a long engagement early next year.) He is a marvellous pianist. He has clearly listened to Art Tatum, but he has also listened to Bud Powell and Teddy Wilson and Debussy and Ravel. His touch is even and light. He uses his considerable technique beautifully: his arpeggios, which whip and coil, have logic and continuity; his double-time dashes are parenthetical and light up what they interrupt; his long single-note passages continually pause and breathe; no tempo rattles the clarity of his articulation, which has a private, singing quality. He is an adventuresome and oblique pianist who likes to start his numbers with inside-out phrases, who likes to bang the heads of his harmonies together. His slow ballads are singular; they continually tap at the hull of the melody, testing its soundness, cheering its beauties. Tonight, Norris made "Falling in Love with Love" sound lean and hungry and swinging, and he tested every inch of "Everything Happens to Me." "Cherokee" has always had a Hi-ho-Silver quality, but he made it soar rather than race. He made "Maple Leaf Rag," which can be immovable, swing from within. He played a medium-tempo blues that had a swaying, waltzlike quality. And he got "Lover Man" out of the swoon Billie Holiday left it in thirty years ago. Norris's decision to come out is correct, but he should have made it sooner.



May 3rd: Cecil Taylor packing them into the Five Spot for three solid weeks! Cecil Taylor playing *encores* to get off the stand! Cecil Taylor—iconoclast, super-avant-gardist, mysterioso pianist—a matinée idol! Incredible but true. When Taylor first came up, in the late fifties, the thought of such acclaim would have caused jigging hilarity. After four years at the New England Conservatory, he was a classically trained pianist who improvised. He was Bartók or Stravinsky or Berg sitting at a piano and knocking out twenty or thirty choruses, which had a remote but unmistakable jazz flavor. There was nothing accessible or even specially attractive about his music. It operated completely on its terms; to join in, the listener did the work. Little has changed about Taylor. He is still tiny and muscular and solemn, and he still performs like a wrecking crew. He stabs and pounds and hammers the keyboard. His enormous glissandos skid so heavily one expects the keys to remain flattened. He plays staccato arpeggios so fast they become ribbons of sound. His arms are blurred pistons, and he rocks in wild irregular circles. He comes very close to making three-dimensional music—visual music. And so his new popularity is suddenly understandable. His music, though totally dissimilar in content and construction, has all along been a forerunner of electronic music, of hard rock, and so has his way of performing it. The music around him has simply caught up to Taylor, and everything he does is now apposite. One can easily imagine turning on to Taylor, drifting down through his polyrhythms and dense harmonic tongues, through his massive chords and thundering arpeggios. Taylor's first number tonight at the Five Spot was the first set, and it lasted almost an hour and twenty minutes. It consisted of several immense Taylor solos spelled by somewhat shorter statements by the alto saxophonist Jimmy Lyons, an indefatigable cohort of Taylor's and an eclectic who spins out variations on the thoughts of John Coltrane and Ornette Coleman and Eric Dolphy. It was vintage Taylor—extraordinary agitato passages, with their ribbon runs and savage glisses; cool, almost lyrical asides; furious chords; jolting percussive outbursts. Perhaps Taylor's instrument no longer matters. He has become obsessed with blocks of sound, with sequoias of sound, and if he could not produce on the piano what he hears in his head, he would do it by other means. He would gather about him whales and jets and cascades, and make them sing and roar and crash. And we'd listen.

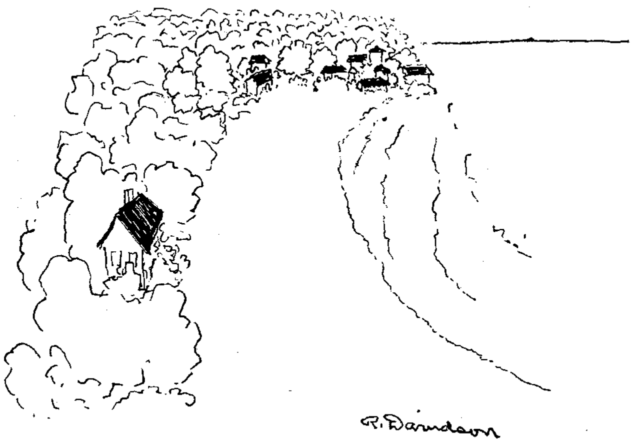
May 6th: "Take me, warts and all!" Norman Granz, the West Coast jazz impresario, seemed to keep crying out in the fifties, when his one-man jazz empire was pumping away night and day. And so we did, suffering his Jazz at the Philharmonic concerts, with their interminable solos and drum battles and tenor-saxophone histrionics, on the chance that Roy Eldridge or Charlie Parker or Lester Young might play a great solo; suffering the endless records by Ella Fitzgerald and Oscar Peterson on the chance that next week Granz might release a priceless session by Ben Webster and Harry Edison or by Eldridge and an Ellington contingent; suffering his compulsive prolixity, his "This, then, is this, then" liner notes, so that we wouldn't miss the occasional pearl. It was the L.P. recording that went to Granz's head. He recorded entire concerts, and simulated jam sessions in which one number might last over half an hour. He recorded all those musicians who grew up in the three-minute cage of the old 78-r.p.m. recordings, musicians who came to do everything in three minutes—smoke a cigarette, eat a sandwich, drink a drink. But their minds and imaginations tended to wander and grow diffuse when they were turned loose in the endless pastures of the L.P. recording. Brevity was beauty to them, a way of life impossible and unwise to try and unlearn. But impresarios do not grow rich by being sensitive and sensible. In 1953 and 1954, Granz got Art Tatum into a recording studio for three or four sessions and told him to play whatever he wanted at whatever tempo he liked for whatever length of time seemed right. Tatum forthwith produced almost two hundred numbers, and a veritable selected works of Art Tatum was released. The albums have long been out of print, but Granz, after a fifteen-year hiatus in his activities in this country, is making records again, and one of his first acts has been to reissue one hundred and twenty-one of the Tatum solos in a thirteen-volume set called "The Tatum Solo Masterpieces" (Pablo 2625 703).

There is an expensive and important aura about all these L.P.s in their box. The expense (about sixty dollars at Goody's) is real, but the importance is an illusion. There is nothing startling or major here. The albums simply contain Tatum piano solos that range from two minutes to almost seven minutes in length and that unsurprisingly average around four minutes. The material is familiar and includes retreads of such Tatum display pieces as "Humoresque" and "Elegy" and "Danny Boy" as well as such Tatum-owned ballads as "Willow Weep for Me," "Moonglow," "Stompin' at the Savoy," "Begin the Beguine," and "Love for Sale." The albums take over nine hours to listen to, and if one dives in for a couple of hours at a time, several disconcerting things become clear about Tatum as he is here. He seems to have lost his sense of proportion and design. Many of the numbers move in fits and starts and have lumps and gaps and irregularities. A statement of the melody is interrupted (and so virtually destroyed) by one of Tatum's celebrated, out-of-tempo Earl Hines whirlpools. A passage of driving, on-the-beat improvisation suddenly dissolves into arpeggios and glissandos and grandstanding harmonies. A number abruptly ends after two choruses or rambles on indefinitely. (Compare the flawless pointillism of Teddy Wilson, who is so often wrongly thought of as a lesser Tatum.) Tatum never had much taste, and it is all but gone here. He gives straight rhapsodic treatments to "Deep Purple" and "Night and Day" and "Without a Song"—which have cried out since the day they were written for a little derring-do and deviltry from their interpreters. And he attempts to take apart and rebuild such melodic edifices as "Willow Weep for Me" and "The Man I Love," the last of which turns into the only bad Tatum performance I can recall. Finally, his clichés become unavoidable for the first time. Here is the glissando that leads coyly into an in-tempo passage; the swirling, meaningless, befogging arpeggios, a Sargasso Sea of arpeggios; the busy ad-lib passage in which he keeps rushing up to and backing off from the beat. He rarely surprises us rhythmically or dynamically or with his improvisations, which tend to conceal rather than enhance. One must blame Granz for putting this flawed Tatum before the public and then magnifying him. He got to Tatum just three years before his death, when the great engines were beginning to run down. He also recorded him in the wrong way, for Tatum was a born showoff who was not particularly happy by himself in a recording studio. And Granz asked too much of him: better thirty beauties than over a hundred flawed effusions.

But there *are* stunning numbers in the set. "Come Rain or Come Shine" is Tatum near his best. It has a marvellous ad-lib chorus, full of reverent and exquisite harmonies, improvised passages that are serious and graceful extensions of Arlen's tune, and a climax that oddly celebrates two moods—cheerfulness and fleeting gloom. "Tea for Two" is joyous parody that moves at top speed and has an in-tempo, out-of-tempo section that is a rococo masterpiece. "Blue Lou" is short, stripped-down, and full of business. "Please Be Kind" has an uncanny chorus in which the rhythm sways from side to side in slow motion. "I'm Comin' Virginia" is wild and irreverent and jammed with extraordinary harmonies. "Isn't It Romantic" has a brilliant double-time explosion, and "Aunt Hagar's Blues" is a merciless ribbing of the blues, a form that Tatum—bored? embarrassed? jumpy over its empty harmonic expanses?—invariably poked fun at. And "Jitterbug Waltz" is ingenious simply for the off-center way that Tatum places his notes during his statement of the melody.

Norman Granz set out to build Tatum (and himself) a monument in his Tatum solo recordings. But how was he to know that twenty years later an extraordinary L.P. named "God Is in the House" would appear (it was discussed here two years ago), and that it would be full of material recorded by Tatum mainly in Harlem after-hours clubs in the early forties, when he was at his peak—an album, indeed, that eclipses much of the rest of Tatum's recorded output? But perhaps it doesn't matter to Granz, if one is to believe his introductory note to "The Tatum Solo Masterpieces": "The most important and satisfying work I ever had was the Tatum project—imagine! Having Art Tatum all to myself, an audience of one, doing almost 200 songs for me."

No attempt has been made to improve the sound, which is muddy and uneven.



MAY 24TH: Three more New York Jazz Repertory Company concerts have trudged by. The first, given in mid-April, was a history of jazz, made up of snippets from earlier concerts. It began with a ragtime number for small band, "St. Louis Tickle," and ended with big-band impressions of Ornette Coleman, John Coltrane, and Miles Davis. Two noteworthy things happened. The remarkable Bob Wilber summoned up the clarinettists Omer Simeon and Frank Teschemacher with superb, intuitive readings of their solos on Jelly Roll Morton's recording of "Shreveport Stomp" and Red Nichols' of "Shimme-Sha-Wobble," and then gave an uncanny demonstration of how Johnny Hodges played "Warm Valley" on the soprano saxophone. And later on there were some superb film clips, among them the Billie Holiday and the Thelonious Monk sequences from the 1957 CBS television show "The Sound of Jazz," and a hitherto unknown segment made in 1951 and showing a swollen Charlie Parker and a thin Dizzy Gillespie playing "Hot House." The next N.Y.J.R.C. concert, early in May, presented first-rate re-creations of the Savoy Sultans and Lucky Millinder's Blue Rhythm Band. The Sultans had nine pieces and served as the house band at the Savoy Ballroom between 1937 and 1946. The group had derivative soloists and purely functional arrangements, but it swung so hard, night in and night out, that it caused continual disarray among the bands it spelled. Millinder's band lasted from 1934 to 1943, and is chiefly memorable as an ongoing on-the-job training program through which passed such splendid souls as Red Allen, J. C. Higginbotham, Sandy Williams, Harry Edison, Clyde Hart, Ellis Larkins, Dizzy Gillespie, Frankie Newton, and the whole John Kirby band, Russell Procope excepted. (Kirby had Charlie Shavers, Buster Bailey, Procope, Billy Kyle, and O'Neil Spencer.) The pianist in the N.Y.J.R.C. orchestra throughout the evening was Patti Bown, who appears to be another of Basie's poet-pianists. Her solos were inventive and even a little scary (she can go Cecil Taylor one better), and her accompanying was swinging and subtle and prickly. Tonight's repertory concert turned out to be the last of the season (the highly praised April Bix Beiderbecke affair will be repeated as the first concert of the Newport Jazz Festival), and it was devoted to stride piano. The best moments were provided by Eubie Blake, Claude Hopkins, Dick Wellstood, and Brooks Kerr. Kerr played a rhapsody written by Willie the Lion forty years ago and a good 1913 Luckey Roberts piece, "Pork and Beans." The subtle and harmonically adroit Claude Hopkins, who is not a stride pianist but a

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swing pianist, played soft and sliding versions of "I Would Do Anything for You" and "Three Little Words." Wellstood lamentably dodged in and out, but his single solo number, "Snatches," was adept and funny. Eubie Blake delivered a little Blake, a little Gershwin, and another Luckey Roberts. Again he shamed us by holding aloft a standard of warmth and proficiency and joy that little contemporary music can match.

Brooks Kerr reminded us along the way that Duke Ellington died a year ago tonight, and then played and sang an Ellington trifle called "Ain't Nothin' Nothin' Baby Without You." Ellington's presence has become, if anything, a little larger than it was in life. One still runs into him all over town: on West Fifty-fifth Street, walking uphill from Fifth Avenue to City Center with his careful, rocking old man's gait; on the stage at Carnegie Hall, dipping his head and doing his funny finger-popping bit; steaming along in a cab and seated beside the surprised driver, who sneaks looks at Ellington's working clothes—a ratty sweater and an old bandanna wrapped around his head; at the Rainbow Grill, where he took a small group from the band to play for dancing in the summer of 1969, and where, during intermission, he would sit at his table and talk, his eyes shining and laughing, his voice threading its cool, gracious way through his hand-chosen words, his gestures like flags.

June 25th: That small, rare group of lyric trumpet players who came up in the thirties (nurtured, in the main, by Louis Armstrong, Roy Eldridge, and Red Allen) is just about gone. It included Emmett Berry, Buck Clayton, Shorty Baker, Doc Cheatham, Joe Thomas, Bill Coleman, Sidney de Paris, Frankie Newton, and Harry Edison. Only Coleman and Cheatham and Edison are still working. Coleman lives in Europe, Cheatham in New York, and Edison on the West Coast. Edison will be sixty this year, but his playing—particularly on a new recording, "Basie Jam" (Pablo 2310 718)—has lost none of its subtlety and sureness and swing. His career has been uncomplicated. He came out of Columbus, Ohio, and after a spell with Alphonso Trent, joined Lucky Millinder. He left Millinder and went with Count Basie in the late thirties, and stayed until 1950. Then he moved to California, where he has worked in the studios and for Norman Granz and Basie and Buddy Rich, had his own small groups, and played a thousand obbligatos for various singers. (Most of those muted, plaintive, calling-in-the-hills sounds in the background of Frank Sinatra's records in the sixties are Edison.) The origins of Edison's laconic style are not as clear. He is frequently said to have passed through Roy Eldridge's umbra, but one suspects that he also listened to Red Allen's legato statements with Fletcher Henderson and to Frankie Newton. In any case, his style was set by the time he reached Basie, and it hasn't changed. Edison constantly plays with time. He loafs behind the beat on medium and fast numbers, and on very slow ones he goes into unaggressive double-times. He is fond of silence and he plays almost as many rests as he does notes. He is also fond of striking the same note like a bell over and over again. He likes to bend notes, in a mocking, slurred way, the way Billie Holiday did in the late thirties. And his sense of dynamics is dramatic: he will inflate and deflate a single note within the space of a beat. He has a majestic tone, which seems to continually overflow. Those famous booming legato bridges he'd take with Basie's band always suggested an old gent shouting into his first telephone.

Edison is in excellent condition on "Basie Jam," which is just that. Count Basie, on both piano and organ, has Edison, Zoot Sims and Eddie Davis, J. J. Johnson, Irving Ashby, Ray Brown, and Louis Bellson, and they jam their way through five blues of varying speeds. Edison is remarkable on the slow "Hanging Out," where he hits one note twelve times in a row, sounds like Frankie Newton, pulls a complex run out from under us, and bends a variety of notes every conceivable way. He plays a fine halftime open-horn solo on the very fast "Freeport Blues," and a good inner-ear muted one on "One-Nighter." But everyone is exemplary on "Basie Jam," in particular Zoot Sims, who opens his solo on "One-Nighter" with a short double-time phrase of such beauty and perfection one is forced to go back again and again to marvel at its construction. Perhaps Edison inspired it; he favors such *mots* himself.

—Whitney Balliett

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—Label on a biological-supply-company jar.

And not just a cursory glance, either.

THE RACE TRACK

You Pays Your Money . . .

THE filly Ruffian and the colt Foolish Pleasure should put on a good show in their match race at a mile and a quarter for a purse of $350,000 at Belmont Park on Sunday. She is unbeaten in her ten starts, all in fast time. He has won eleven of fourteen, including the Kentucky Derby, and was second in the Preakness and the Belmont Stakes. Curiously, match races have seldom been the enthralling contests they promised to be. In the last one, at Hollywood Park a year ago, Chris Evert beat Miss Musket, the best filly out there, by fifty lengths, and doddering old-timers will tell you that the one in which Man o' War ran away from Sir Barton, back in 1920, was a sorry affair. You can be sure that Sunday's race will be nothing like that. However, much will depend on how it's run. No doubt Ruffian will go to the front from the start; she always has. Trainer LeRoy Jolley's riding orders to Baeza, who will be aboard Foolish Pleasure, would be interesting to hear. Obviously, they would be to send him with her from the first jump. Nothing has ever looked Ruffian in the eye, as horsemen put it. And she has never felt the whip, so nobody knows what she might do if Vasquez had to use it. Many fillies resent being hit, and either swerve or sulk, or do both. But I can't imagine Ruffian reacting like that.

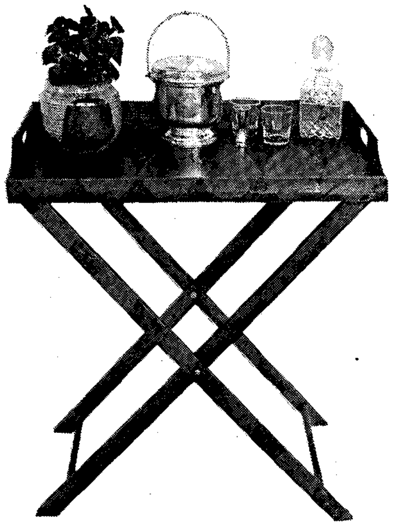
Both runners have trained well. Frank Whiteley, who handles Ruffian, says that she came out of the mile-and-a-half Coaching Club American Oaks less tired and more relaxed than after any of her previous starts this season. Morning watchers say that Foolish Pleasure looks and acts ever so much better than he did before the Belmont Stakes. As you know, Ruffian is bigger than Foolish Pleasure. She stands sixteen hands two inches (a hand is four inches) and weighs 1,125 pounds, which is tremendous for a three-year-old filly; he is fifteen hands three and a quarter inches high and weighs 1,061 pounds. Taking one thing with another, I'm picking Ruffian.

THE ladies gave a crowd of nearly twenty-seven thousand a thriller at Belmont last Saturday. In the Sheepshead Bay Handicap, for fillies and mares at a mile and a quarter on the grass, Gems and Roses, coming from far back in the last three furlongs, won by a head. Then it took the judges eleven minutes to split out the next three runners. They finally placed Hinterland, who had led from the start, second, Carolerno third, and Assemblywoman fourth. Gems and Roses, a five-year-old by Stage Door Johnny, is owned by Townsend B. Martin.

Attendance picked up the third Sunday at Belmont, but thirty-five thousand was much smaller than the management had expected. So it has moved post time for the three remaining Sundays from one-thirty back to two o'clock, to attract the slow beginners. In the old days, when there were six races, post time was two-thirty. The best race that afternoon was the Gravesend Handicap, for fillies and mares at six furlongs. Honorable Miss ran over the leaders in the stretch to win it by nearly three lengths. At Aqueduct, she had won an overnight and then beaten the boys in the Toboggan Handicap and the girls in the Vagrancy. Owned by William and Thomas Bancroft, who race the Pen-Y-Bryn Farm, she is trained by the aforementioned Frank Whiteley.

SUSAN'S GIRL has made that million. Although Tizna beat her by a head in the Wilshire Handicap at Hollywood Park a fortnight ago, second money brought her earnings to $1,000,887, which puts her up there in the golden group with David Wildenstein's Allez France ($1,316,135), Nelson Bunker Hunt's Dahlia ($1,208,979), and thirteen males. In the five seasons she has carried the colors of Fred Hooper, she has started in fifty-four races and won twenty-four, and she is still going strong. . . . As had been expected, L'Enjoleur was an easy winner of the Queen's Plate (one of my favorite races) at Toronto's Woodbine last weekend. His breeder and owner, Jean-Louis Levesque, received the fifty guineas, the gift of Queen Elizabeth II of England, from the Duke and Duchess of Kent. . . . Master Derby, the Preakness winner, finished third to Gray Bar and My Juliet in the Omaha Gold Cup at Ak-Sar-Ben last weekend.

WRONG HORSE HARRY reports that they began winterizing Aqueduct last week. What's more, they're using helicopters. The whirlybirds carry the heavy heating units to the grandstand roof, where they're being installed on the underside. —AUDAX MINOR



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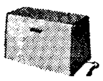

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THREE RESTAURANTS

The Good Eats Cafe

SOME of the Good Eats Cafe's most loyal customers never eat there; they just drink coffee. Junction City businessmen have been gathering at the Good Eats for coffee regularly since at least the early fifties, when the Ford-Mercury dealer and the J. C. Penney manager and an insurance man and the operator of a clothing store found that they were all going to the Good Eats for morning coffee often enough to expect to see each other. These days, at nine-thirty on a working morning a dozen regulars are likely to be sitting at the Good Eats back table. On Monday, when the Good Eats is closed, the coffee drinkers drive out to the Hilton Inn, a motel on the edge of town, for morning coffee, but on Tuesday they are back at the Good Eats for the week. The institution of morning coffee is widespread among Main Street businessmen in towns the size of Junction City. In some towns, the regulars gather at eight-thirty or so, just before the stores and offices open for business; in other places the gathering is later in the morning, after the doors have been opened and assistants have been started on some task and the most important mail has been cleared away. A lot of the gathering spots look something like the Good Eats—storefront cafés that have a counter and tables and, along the walls, booths outfitted with individual jukebox selectors. The subject of serious conversation may vary according to the dominant business or dominant problems of the town, but the banter tends to be similar from place to place, the way fraternity-house banter or golf-course banter tends to be similar. The manager of the local utility is subject to mock complaints about lights going out or bills being padded. A mayor or a councilman can expect to be told horrifying tales of unwary motorists disappearing into potholes. There is often someone who is kidded about his flashy clothes and someone who is kidded about his weakness for strong spirits and someone who is kidded about his legendary tightfistedness. About half an hour after the coffee is poured, the conversation slows down. Someone pushes his chair away from the table and says, "Well, can't make any money sittin' here."

One regular at the Good Eats often says that the group meeting there for coffee is the "shadow government" of Junction City. Five of the regulars have been mayor at one time or another. The executive director of the Chamber of Commerce is usually in the Good Eats at nine-thirty, and so is the managing editor of the newspaper. Issues passed on by a shadow government or a government in Junction City are likely to concern Fort Riley, the huge Army post that begins at the edge of town, the troop level at Fort Riley having been Junction City's Dow-Jones for more than a century. How many troops from Riley will be sent on Operation Reforger maneuvers in Europe this fall? Will the City Commission be able to carry out an urban-renewal project that would obliterate a street notorious for payday sin? What can be done about a trend of Fort Riley officers seeking quarters in Manhattan, a college town twenty miles to the east, and leaving Junction City to the enlisted men? In most towns, businessmen gathered for morning coffee constitute a sort of shadow government, but the Good Eats regulars are more conscious than most of being a group. In Junction City, the coffee drinking is organized. The regulars at the back table are actually members of the Good Eats Coffee Club—listed as such on a club roster. The club rules deal exclusively with who pays for the coffee. Anyone bringing along a guest who has never been to morning coffee before has to pay; so does anyone who has been out of town overnight. Otherwise, the coffee is paid for by whoever loses a sort of coin-matching game that has a simple and rapid logic to the regulars but may give a newcomer the feeling that he has wandered onto the floor of a particularly busy commodities exchange that is being conducted in Mandarin. The Good Eats Coffee Club has even inspired a second coffee club—a group called the Peons. The Peons are distinguishable from the Good Eats Coffee Club in that most of them are retired, they come in a bit later in the morning, and they occupy a front table rather than a rear table. For the last couple of years, the Peons have been meeting the Good Eats Coffee Club in a golf tournament. The trophy is a wooden plaque with a full-size coffee cup glued on it.

The proprietor of the Good Eats is a Greek immigrant named John Maduros. He came to Junction City in 1919 to join a brother who had arranged to buy the Good Eats after visiting some Greek friends who were working at Fort Riley, and he has been there ever since, except for a year he spent in Greece in the early thirties to find a wife. Like most Greek-immigrant restaurant proprietors of his generation, he has never served any Greek food. "To serve Greek food you got to be in a big city where you have a lot of foreigners," he says. The lack of Greek influence on the menu of the Good Eats does not mean that Maduros is bashful about being a Greek. "We gave civilization to the world," he often says. "We gave democracy to the world. We gave the first doctor." Maduros is a man who, apropos of not much, may remind whomever he is talking to that "eighty per cent of the body is Greek names." He rolls off alliterative clusters of English words that are derived from the Greek—"philosophy, physics, Philadelphia." He keeps a newspaper column that reprinted the Hippocratic oath in both English and ancient Greek. Compared to English, he says, ancient Greek has fewer words and more meaning.

At one time, there were a half-dozen Maduros brothers running the Good Eats and a couple of other restaurants they owned for a while in Salina and in Jefferson City, Missouri. John Maduros is the last brother left in the business, although one of his sons is his co-proprietor. His other son works as a seismographer for an oil company. That seems to please Maduros. Seismography, he points out, is a Greek word.

Cohen's Chicken House

HALF a block from the Good Eats, a neon arrow points from the main street of Junction City down the highway leading to Cohen's Chicken House, identified in neon as "Internationally Famous." If soldiers count, of course, practically everything in Junction City is internationally famous. It is true that Cohen's is the only Junction City restaurant listed in the Mobil Guide. "We're in Duncan Hines, too," Sam Cohen, the proprietor, said recently. "Also in A.A.A. and A.L.A. and a whole bunch of 'em out of Chicago. We're in their books. They're all gourmet." Cohen still has a copy of the "Ford Treasury of Favorite Recipes from Famous Eating Places," Volume III, which includes the Cohen's Chicken House recipe for orange rolls. Cohen's is the place in Junction City a ladies' club might go for a Wednesday luncheon or a family might go for a Sunday dinner. In the Midwest, most such restaurants are dominated by fried chicken; Cohen's specialty is called Chicken on a Tray. Cohen's is not completely traditional. Its chicken is deep-fried rather than pan-fried, and the vegetables are not served "family style," in bowls in the middle of the table, and the menu includes such deviations as "Continental Special: Italian Spaghetti-Meat Balls." But there is a relish bowl that includes pickled watermelon rind, and the rolls are served with honey as well as butter, and Mrs. Cohen still bakes all of the pies herself. Cohen's is sufficiently family-style not to serve liquor. The section of the menu that is headed "Sharpen Your Appetite with a Cocktail" lists shrimp cocktail and fruit cocktail.

Sam Cohen, a rotund, cheerful man in his seventies, was born only a couple of hundred miles from the birthplace of John Maduros, in a city that was then Turkish but later came under the control of the Greeks. "First he was a Turkish Jew and then he was a Greek Jew," says Maduros, who finds it amusing that Cohen managed that transformation in absentia. Cohen's Chicken House is no more likely to put knishes on the menu than the Good Eats is to feature moussaka as the daily special. Sam Cohen may not be quite certain of what knishes are. Culturally, he is resolutely Midwestern. He has been in Junction City since he came to Fort Riley during the First World War in the Army. His accent is Midwestern. His hobby is singing in barbershop quartets. The style of cooking at Cohen's Chicken House does not come from Turkey or Greece but from the former Millie Walker, who grew up on a farm not far from where the restaurant now is and married Sam Cohen fifty-three years ago, when he was a young bugler at Fort Riley.

Sam Cohen's business life has been altered by the same kinds of natural disasters that have traditionally punctuated the lives of Midwestern farmers. After sixteen years as a bugler, he left the Army to run a barber- and beauty shop on post; it prospered, but it was partly destroyed by fire. A sort of dance hall he ran for a while on the side was ruined in a flood during the thirties. The Cohens took over a restaurant called the Chicken House in the late forties—it served chicken on a tray in the sense that it did not bother with plates—but it was completely under water in the flood of 1951. With the help of a federal disaster loan, the Cohens moved their restau-

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rant and their house to high ground a mile east of Junction City. It seemed like a remote place for a restaurant then—part of an old farm, with a gravel road leading to it—but the highways that have been built in the last twenty years seem to have been designed partly to bring customers near Sam Cohen's door. Cohen has trademarked Chicken on a Tray—its symbol is a rooster standing on a tray crowing "Cohen's"—and expanded the menu to include steaks and barbecued ribs served with a special sauce he bottles and sells. ("It isn't too hot and it isn't too sweet. Kraft would like to have it, you know, but he never will.") A few months ago, Sam Cohen finally felt in a position to rebuild the kitchen and construct an addition that would provide a waiting room and increase the number of tables from sixteen to twenty-two. Some of the regulars at the Good Eats think it odd that Sam Cohen—who is past retirement age and whose only son is an air-traffic controller in California—has begun to expand for the first time. But Cohen says it's merely a matter of getting the restaurant the way he and his wife have wanted it to be since they moved to high ground. Mrs. Cohen says that some of the windows being used in the renovation have been waiting in the garage for ten years. Cohen seems confident that he has now more or less conquered the elements. The lady who used to run a famous—at least regionally famous—family-style fried-chicken place in the Kansas City suburbs dropped by not long ago, he says, and told him, "You little devil, you've got a gold mine here."

The Satalite Cafe

Randolph Tyson's migration to Junction City was only from North Carolina—he is a retired Army mess sergeant whose last post was Fort Riley—but he has not been as quick as John Maduros or Sam Cohen to adapt to the eating habits of the Great Plains. The daily special listed on a Pepsi-Cola blackboard in front of his restaurant, the Satalite Cafe, is normally something like pig's feet with black-eyed peas, rice, gravy, and cornbread. Tyson is black and his customers are black, and the food he serves is the kind of food many black people like to eat—although it happens to be prepared by a Japanese woman everyone calls Judy-san. The jukebox at the Satalite is at a decibel level approximately double the combined noise of the Good Eats jukebox and all of the barbershop quartets Sam Cohen has ever heard. Randolph Tyson wears one earring. As a side business, he manages a band called Solid Funk, whose advertisements say, "We's be get'n down."

The Satalite is on a block of East Ninth Street that has been the place for black soldiers to do their celebrating since the middle of the last century, when the all-black Ninth Cavalry was stationed at Fort Riley. Until recent years, the designation was almost official; when Tyson first came to Fort Riley, in 1957, the taverns on Washington, Junction City's main street, would not serve blacks. Respectable citizens of Junction City who might be skeptical about whether or not Cohen's Chicken House is internationally famous are certain that just about everyone in the civilized world has heard of sinful and lurid East Ninth Street. Wickedness, of course, does not always flourish uniformly. Over the years, large pieces of East Ninth have been lost to sin through the construction of a liquor warehouse (its owner considered East Ninth the safest street in town, since the police are in constant attendance) and the expansion of a farm-implement business and the demolition of some buildings that were considered unsafe. The proprietor of a tavern that attracted more customers to East Ninth than any of the other remaining businesses died recently, and the tavern has been staying open only sporadically ever since. East Ninth Street seems dominated by vacant lots. There is no neon. Despite its urban sound and its honky-tonk reputation, East Ninth looks less like a block in Harlem than a block on the edge of the black district of a small Southern town—a couple of cafés made of cinder block, a tavern or two, some tarpaper-and-weathered-wood buildings decorated with faded 7-Up signs, a couple of places that may be shoeshine parlors or may be garages or may just be places to hang out. If the City Commission has its way, a century of hanging out on East Ninth will soon come to an end. It is the street the Commission plans to turn into a parking lot—thus obliterating what a member of the Commission called "one of the most infamous crime centers in the United States."

Tyson, along with some other East Ninth Street businessmen, is suing to stop the demolition. He seems to think of it as just one more in a series of arbitrary swipes at East Ninth Street by upstanding citizens—rigid moralism having plagued Tyson the way floodwaters once sought out Sam Cohen. Several years ago, there was a post commander at Riley who seemed to discourage soldiers from East Ninth Street with a fervor most officers might have reserved for exhorting the troops to battle. The current incumbent at Fort Riley, in Tyson's view, has a deplorable habit of keeping soldiers in the field—miles away from pig's feet and cornbread. "To make money around here," Tyson says, "we have to have soldiers." The businessmen at the Good Eats, sensitive about the reputation of an Army town, often talk of how the modern volunteer Army has attracted stable, married, highly motivated career men, but Tyson operates on the assumption that soldiers will behave the way soldiers have always behaved. During the last two weeks of the month, the Satalite is open only twelve or fourteen hours a day, but for the first two weeks after payday it remains open from eight in the morning until six the next morning.

Tyson opened the Satalite in 1961, two years before he retired from the military. Eventually, he knocked through a wall to build a kitchen in what had once been a shoeshine parlor, and a couple of years later he built a patio out of wood and tin and cinder blocks—all painted red-white-and-blue. If the urban-renewal project is permitted to go through, Tyson says, he will not be able to re-create the Satalite elsewhere—the way Sam Cohen re-created the Chicken House after the flood. The cost of the improvements he has made could not be recovered, since he does not own the building. The City Commission has frozen beer licenses on the main street, and Tyson believes a black businessman would be held up for rent there anyway. He does not deny that assorted laws and ordinances and solemn promises are broken regularly on East Ninth Street; the sign in the Satalite that says "No Soliciting in Here or in Front of This Cafe" does not refer to solicitations for the United Fund of Geary County. But he believes that what the City Commission wants to eliminate is not East Ninth Street's sin—which everyone acknowledges is repeated in as many varieties and greater volume on a block of the main street, not half a mile away—but its reputation. "The main thing they want is to destroy this street," he said not long ago. It was an evening near the beginning of the month, but only four or five people had wandered into the Satalite to sample Judy-san's pig's feet. "They say it's one of the worsest places in the world," Tyson went on. "But that's hearsay. Those days are past."

—Calvin Trillin

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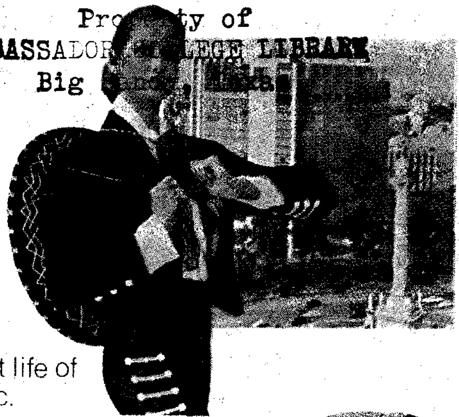

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